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THE CENTURY BOOK OF SELECTIONS

BY
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AND
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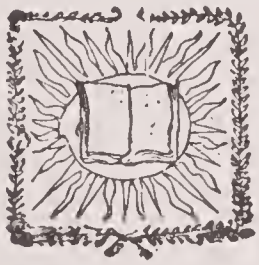

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PREFACE

This book is not just another book of selections. It comes into being in answer to needs not met hitherto. Admirable in various ways as are many existing collections of models, no one of them seems entirely adapted to the student who aims, not at professional authorship, but at reasonable proficiency in workaday writing. Such a student, to be sure, does not demand that every stroke of his pen shall be utilitarian. He is willing to engage in a variety of tasks, both from sheer interest in them and for the sake of developing versatility. But the end for which he undertakes them is that he may acquire the resourcefulness and skill of a person who is truly educated yet who cherishes no desire to be numbered with the classics. Such a student deserves to be met half-way. The purpose of this book is to meet him half-way, to interest him, to help him to the mastery of clear, forceful, flexible English.

What kind of selections will best answer his requirements?

Obviously, the selections should be interesting. This does not mean that they need be brainless. But it is an astonishing fact that many a collection otherwise well-planned is dull—woefully, hopelessly dull. The very teacher balks. Of the work done in class on these "models" it is he who does a good seventy-five per cent.; but he does it from a weary sense of duty, and he flies to tasks more congenial

the moment his conscience is salved. As for the student, he is only too aware that the situation is a bad one and he contents himself with seeing what the teacher can make of it. If called upon to shoulder a portion of the burden, he mutters those "curses, not loud but deep," to the sincerity of which Macbeth once attested.

In the present volume no pains have been spared to secure really interesting material. In merit, of course, the selections vary. They also range afar in tone and topic and method. They are gleaned both from standard and from present-day writers. Nevertheless it is the hope of the editors that they are of the kind which will be read, not primarily from compulsion, but because they attract—because they give pleasure.

In the second place, the selections for an ideal volume should be such as the student will find usable. Here again the material assembled in collections is oftentimes amazingly at fault. The student can make no real use of it. To begin with, the pieces are altogether too long. The student's own themes are but three hundred to five hundred words in length. Yet he is supposed to bear in mind as a model an elaborate piece of writing that devotes as much space to a single paragraph as he has for his whole composition. Moreover the pieces are wrought in a manner he may deem excellent but has no desire to emulate. They are stately and cold and remote. A platonic rectitude exudes from them, whereas he "does something smack, something grow to, he has a kind of taste." He not only cannot write like his models. He does not even wish to write like them. The connection between his "models" and his writing appears to him the most unreal of all the polite fictions that have being

in the educational world. If perforce he imitates one of the pieces, he regards the exercise as a stunt which he will not repeat as long as he lives.

The present volume consists of material that is really usable. For one thing, most of the selections are short. A large proportion of them indeed are confined to a single paragraph; and though the length of the selections increases in the latter part of the book, that length is constantly graduated to the conviction that models should of truth be models. Again, the material, though purposely varied, though sometimes strictly intellectual, though in a few instances shaped with conscious artifice, is never too stilted or too sedate. Its method and manner are such as the student can employ, with due modifications, in writing of his own.

The approach recommended is the simple approach. In this book conventional barriers, such as the mechanical distinction between kinds of composition, are minimized rather than built higher. Forms are well enough, but there are so many of them that no harm can come from skipping a few. The average human being sets out, not to write forms, but to write what he has to say. So, in truth, do the very artists whom the worshipers of forms revere. Therefore the material of this volume has been given its arrangement from natural rather than from scholastic needs and purposes. For those teachers, however, who find the division into forms of value, a separate table of contents is provided.

That models of composition may be really of service two things must take place. The young writer must study each selection he comes to—not recognize it as existing; study it. Afterward he must apply whatever lessons it yields him; after examining what others have done, he himself must do.

How insure the studying of a selection? First, by making the student sure that his studying shall be of the right kind rather than of the hit-or-miss, shot-at-the-universe kind. This book sets up for him a guidepost to each selection. By so doing it does not perform his task for him; it merely places him on the path of definite and intelligent performance for himself. In the second place, the studying of a selection may be insured by making such study the preliminary to further assignment, a practice which this book follows. The nature of the assignment will be explained presently. Here it need only be observed that the closer linking of model with original endeavor is an incentive to the thorough understanding of the model. The student will pay closer heed to a selection if he sees it not as a thing that ends in itself, but as a thing out of which something else shall grow.

But how apply the knowledge gained from the study of the model? By basing original work upon the principles discovered in it. In this book each selection is followed by a number of topics capable of development by the method employed in the selection. The student may chose any one of them—and every effort has been made to make them pertinent and enticing. But if, as is hoped, they stimulate his imagination and by showing him the kind of thing to be done induce him to put forward a topic of his own, so much the better—he may work upon that.

Although it has been said that preliminary clues and apposite assignments accompany each selection, that practice is not invariably followed. No procedure is so good but that it may become monotonous if too rigidly adhered to. Wherever in this book a departure of any kind seems likely

to assist, to stimulate, or to challenge the student, that departure is unhesitatingly made.

Such are the larger ideas, purposes, and methods of the volume. In matters of less scope, also, the editors believe that their work is thoroughly practical. An example is the detailed consideration of the paragraph, the logical unit of writing. Young writers as a rule are decidedly at sea as to ways of developing paragraphs, yet the typical book of selections gives them no aid in this fundamental matter. Here the necessary guidance is forthcoming at the very beginning of the course.

Another problem, and a most vexatious one, for the young writer is how to begin themes and how to end them. A whole section of this volume is devoted to the illustration and analysis of sound methods.

Furthermore the student is accustomed to being told, sapiently but vaguely, of the importance of point of view. Why it is important he cannot see; the abstractions have no meaning for him. Here a section is given over to a grouping of articles that treat single topics in a great diversity of ways. Thus it is borne in upon the student that, instead of being restricted to one approach to a subject, he may make his choice among a multitude. Moreover, point of view is made vital by the printing of two versions of "Wee Willie Winkie"—the one by Kipling, the other (presented from an entirely different angle) by a college student. Now every young writer has his favorite story. With "Wee Willie Winkie" as an example, he may retell this favorite from a new standpoint. Nothing could do more to teach him what is really excellent in literary method.

Here and there in the selections infelicitous or even blun-

dering English intrudes. The editors have thought best to pass over such slips without comment. The alert student, however, should be expected to discover them.

The editors express their thanks to Dr. Easley S. Jones for valuable suggestions during the preparation of the manuscript and for help upon the proofs while the book was in press, and to Miss E. R. Andrews and Miss E. C. Lyons of the Muhlenberg Branch of the New York Public Library for kind assistance and interest in the preparation of this volume. They are also grateful to various publishers for permission to use copyright material. They acknowledge these permissions severally in the footnotes.

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THE CENTURY BOOK OF SELECTIONS

THE CENTURY BOOK OF SELECTIONS

PARAGRAPHS

PART I—PARAGRAPHS ANALYZED AS TO METHOD OF DEVELOPMENT

THE paragraph is the smallest unit of composition in which one may show much real constructive power. In the sentence, to be sure, one must make a certain use of this power, but the use is limited. A sentence is to composition what a single stroke with the racket is to tennis. It may send an idea to the exact spot one intends with the precise force and curve one desires, but it does not exhibit one's resourcefulness, one's all-round playing ability. To exhibit these requires a composition, indeed many compositions. A whole composition is like an entire set at tennis. A paragraph is midway between sentence and whole composition, as a game at tennis is midway between a single stroke and a set. It will scarcely reveal one's entire capabilities, unless indeed they be slight; but it will give some indication of whether one is strong in attack, can foresee and thwart return attacks, varies his style of play, has a genuine sense of form, and not only works but works to definite and calculated ends.

The most appalling, and at the same time most stimulating, thought that can come to the student is that every paragraph he writes is a photograph of his mind. The functioning of his

brain cells shows unmistakably in the negative of those scribbled sheets of paper. Strength and sensitiveness are revealed as by daylight, falterings and defects are branded remorselessly, logic and irrationality are set forth where all men may see. This is not true of talk. One may be an intellectual anarchy, a chaos of murkily whirling elements of ideas, and yet through the interruptions and the tolerated slackness of conversation give somehow the impression that he possesses a modicum of gray matter. But when he has acquainted himself with the rudiments of writing, when he has had time to correct the first stumblings of a new method of expressing himself, he manifests his mental processes in every paragraph he writes. He can no more have a muddled mind and yet write well-rounded paragraphs than he can be a tyro at tennis and yet play a faultless game.

If the paragraphs are right, the whole composition is likely to be right, just as well-played tennis games are likely to be supplemented by a skilful manipulation of the set. What has hitherto been said is not meant in any way to minimize the importance of the sentence or of the theme as a whole. Sentence and theme must both be studied carefully. But the paragraph is the point of attack for him who would learn to do constructive writing. He must make his paragraphs clear and vigorous, logical and pleasing. He must give them firmness of organization.

THE PROPOSITION IS PEACE *

Edmund Burke

If a paragraph has unity, the central thought of that paragraph can usually be compressed into a single sentence. Often the thought is so compressed by the author. It is the more likely to be if the paragraph is expository.

* From "Speech on Conciliation with the Colonies."

The topic sentence may come at the beginning. The development of the paragraph may then come in two stages: (1) false interpretations of the meaning of the topic sentence may be set aside; (2) the true interpretation may be stated.

[*Topic sentence*] The proposition is peace. [*Misinterpretation forestalled*] Not peace through the medium of war; not peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not peace to arise out of universal discord fomented, from principle, in all parts of the Empire; not peace to depend on the juridical determination of perplexing questions, or the precise marking the shadowy boundaries of a complex government. [*Correct interpretation given*] It is simple peace; sought in its natural course, and in its ordinary haunts. It is peace sought in the spirit of peace, and laid in principles purely pacific. I propose, by removing the ground of the difference, and by restoring the former unsuspecting confidence of the colonies in the Mother Country, to give permanent satisfaction to your people; and (far from a scheme of ruling by discord) to reconcile them to each other in the same act and by the bond of the very same interest which reconciles them to British government.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a paragraph on one of these topics, employing the general method followed by Burke:

How to Win the Confidence of People
How to Win the Good Will of One's Fellows
What It Means to Be a Loyal Student of This College (School)
What a Student Paper Should Stand For
What I Really Meant by What I Said
One Way Students Spend Money Foolishly
The Best Way to Dispose of Old Clothes
How My Class Would Profit (Waste Its Time) if Granted an Hour a Week for Class Meetings
What I Really Intended to Do (refute the charge of having intended to do something else).

WHAT SPOILS CONVERSATION *

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

A paragraph may open, not with a topic sentence, but with a question to which the rest of the paragraph becomes the answer. The development is likely to consist (1) in stating and rejecting wrong answers, (2) in explaining the right answer.

A general idea may be clinched, particularly at the close of the paragraph that embodies it, by means of a concrete comparison.

—[*Topic question*] What are the great faults of conversation? [*Possible answers*] Want of ideas, want of words, want of manners, are the principal ones, I suppose you think. I don't doubt it, but [*The right answer*] I will tell you what I have found spoil more good talks than anything else;—long arguments on special points between people who differ on the fundamental principles upon which these points depend. No men can have satisfactory relations with each other until they have agreed on certain *ultimata* of belief not to be disturbed in ordinary conversation, and unless they have sense enough to trace the secondary questions depending upon these ultimate beliefs to their source. [*Comparisons*] In short, just as a written constitution is essential to the best social order, so a code of finalities is a necessary condition to profitable talk between two persons. Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.

ASSIGNMENT

Formulate a question on one of these topics, and devote a paragraph to its answer:

Real Politeness
A College Man's Debt to Society
How Parents Should Treat Children
How Children Should Treat Parents

* From *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

The Right Amount of Sugar for One's Coffee
The Motion Picture Play I Enjoyed Most
The Events That Should Be Included in a Track Meet
Why I Am in College (School)
What I Owe This College (School) as a Student.

THE SLOW PROGRESS OF THE ARTS*

CHARLES LAMB

The topic sentence may be withheld, particularly in narrative, until the end of the paragraph, where it may sum up or give point to the antecedent particulars.

The following paragraph is the culmination of an account of how a Chinese son and father had through the accidental burning of their house discovered that roast pig makes better eating than raw pig, had been brought to trial for their offense against custom, and had been acquitted when the jurymen learned that roast pig really is edible.

[*Particulars and details*] The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt,* as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the

* From "A Dissertation upon Roast Pig" in the *Essays of Elia.*

rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. [*Conclusion: topic sentence*] By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a paragraph on one of these topics, explaining or gathering up the thought that underlies the particulars in a topic sentence at the close:

What Our Discussion Came To
An Abundance of Gossip on a Poverty of Happenings
Recitation Time and an Unprepared Lesson (tell what the student finally resolved to do)
How We at Length Attempted to Cross the Swollen Stream
The Proper Time to Pick Fruit (consider various possible uses for the fruit—home consumption, preserving, shipping, etc.)
How We Got the Baby Still for the Photographer
The Ideal Way to Treat a Visiting Team
How to Make a Living Room Livable
A Fable and Its Moral.

THE DEMOCRACY OF SOCIALISM*

E. A. Ross

The topic sentence may come at both the beginning and the end, explanatory matter being inserted between.

[*Topic sentence*] The advance of socialism in Western countries is simply the later phase of the world wide drift toward democracy. [*Explanation*] Although possessed of the ballot, the working class has so far done little for itself because laborers have persisted in accepting and acting on the economic philosophy of their employers. But now there exists a full-fledged, working class philosophy—with press, literature, pro-

* *Changing America,* pages 30-31. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

gram and propaganda—which is dignified by the support of scholars, scientists, artists, prelates, publicists, journalists and statesmen. This philosophy calls black that which the reigning business-class philosophy calls white, and calls white that which the other calls black. It declares that the workers, not the idlers, are the cornerstone of society and insists that the first thing to be considered is livelihoods, not profits. However biased and wrong-headed this economic philosophy may be, it does give the working man courage to take a line of his own and develop his own attitude toward the social system the possessing class have framed. Through his own organs and orators he learns of damning facts once kept from him and becomes critical, self-assertive and demanding. [*Topic sentence repeated in different words*] The spread of socialism, then, is but the latest phase of the universal tendency for the people to endeavor to control government for their own benefit.

ASSIGNMENT

Write on one of these topics a paragraph which shall open with a topic sentence and close with a repetition or rephrasing of that sentence:

The Greatest Pest to the Crop with Which I Am Most Familiar
The Underlying Principle of Radio
How We Know That Water Is a Compound
The Greatest Handicap to Successful Study
The Chief Obstacle to Coöperation in My Group
What the Church Means to Me.

WORDSWORTH'S PLACE AMONG ENGLISH POETS*

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Instead of giving the topic sentence at the very outset, you may have to lead up to it. This is especially true in paragraphs which do not stand alone, but introduce new phases of a subject already partly discussed.

* From the Preface to *Wordsworth's Poems.*

[*Introductory sentences*] Wordsworth has been in his grave for some thirty years, and certainly his lovers and admirers cannot flatter themselves that this great and steady light of glory as yet shines over him. He is not fully recognized at home; he is not recognized at all abroad. [*Topic sentence*] Yet I firmly believe that the poetical performance of Wordsworth is, after that of Shakespeare and Milton, of which all the world now recognizes the worth, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time. [*Particulars and details*] Chaucer is anterior; and on other grounds, too, he cannot well be brought into the comparison. But taking the roll of our chief poetical names, besides Shakespeare and Milton, from the age of Elizabeth downwards, and going through it,—Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Keats (I mention those only who are dead),—I think it certain that Wordsworth's name deserves to stand, and will finally stand, above them all. [*Concession*] Several of the poets named have gifts and excellences which Wordsworth has not. [*Topic sentence repeated*] But taking the performance of each as a whole, I say that Wordsworth seems to me to have left a body of poetical work superior in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, to that which any one of the others has left.

ASSIGNMENT

Lead up to the topic sentence in a paragraph on one of these themes:

A bad situation may often be redeemed.

We may go around difficulties that we cannot get through.

An ill-written book may sometimes have a wholesome influence.

The countenance is not always an index to character.

Criminals are sometimes the victims of environment.

The best team does n't always win.

Beggars may sometimes be choosers.
A girl is (is not) justified in using make-up.

THE ASCENDANCY OF BUSINESS IDEALS*

E. A. Ross

The topic of the paragraph may be given in the opening sentence, elaborated and applied in the body of the paragraph, and restated in the closing sentence in a backhanded way so as to indicate unexpected consequences.

[*Topic sentence*] In sooth, business men are in the saddle. [*Elaboration of topic*] It is settled that no man who does not bear the O.K. of business men can ever be elected president. A candidate's trump card is the promise of a "business" administration. "Success" has comes to mean the same as "business success," that is, making money. [*Comparisons*] Often one hears "You can't run business on religious principles," but never "You can't run religion on business principles." The highest compliment you can pay a philanthropy, an educational scheme, or a missionary project is to pronounce it "business-like"; whereas a man is insulted if you pronounce his business "philanthropic," or "educational," or "missionary-like." [*Topic repeated in reverse form*] We have a new moral type—the sheep in wolf's clothing—for the employer who provides rest-rooms and seats with backs for his working girls feels obliged to dissemble his humanity by pretending he does it "simply to augment output!"

ASSIGNMENT

In a paragraph on one of these topics give in the concluding sentence a new twist or direction to the thought:

Sauce for the Goose Is Sauce for the Gander
It Is Cheaper to Buy the More Expensive Article

* *Changing America,* pages 87-88. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

College as a Character Builder
Aunt Zenobia's Misplaced Spectacles
The Shortest Distance between Two Points
The Proof of the Pudding
Mamie Spoke Unkindly of No One
Youngsters Should Be Turned Loose with Other Youngsters.

THE FOUR EMPLOYMENTS FOR CAPITAL *

ADAM SMITH

The material of a paragraph may require that the development be made by listing items one after another. Some comment on each item is normally expected.

[*Introductory statement*] A capital may be employed in four different ways: [*Enumeration*] either, first, in procuring the rude produce annually required for the use and consumption of the society; or, secondly, in manufacturing and preparing that rude produce for immediate use and consumption; or, thirdly, in transporting either the rude or manufactured produce from the places where they abound to those where they are wanted; or, lastly, in dividing particular portions of either into such small parcels as suit the occasional demands of those who want them. [*Comment*] In the first way are employed the capitals of all those who undertake the improvement or cultivation of lands, mines, or fisheries; in the second, those of all master manufacturers; in the third, those of all wholesale merchants; and in the fourth, those of all retailers. [*Completeness of enumeration asserted*] It is difficult to conceive that a capital should be employed in any way which may not be classed under some one or other of those four.

ASSIGNMENT

Use the enumerative method of paragraph development with one of these topics:

* *The Wealth of Nations,* Book II, Chapter V.

The Infielders of a Baseball Team
The Types of Aircraft
The Successive Steps in Baking a Pie
The Parts of Ancient Armor (a Modern Revolver)
The Chief Uses of Electricity
Disagreeable Medicines I Have Taken
Types of Coöperative Enterprises
The Reasons for Rejecting the Plan (Proposal)
Trees of the Timber Line
The Advantages of Lace over Button Shoes.

HOW I KILLED TIME DURING LONELY VIGILS AT SEA *

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

The interest of a paragraph may lie in making known the particulars involved in some general statement.

[*General statements*] I commenced a deliberate system of time-killing, which united some profit with a cheering up of the heavy hours. As soon as I came on deck, and took my place and regular walk, I began with repeating over to myself a string of matters which I had in my memory, in regular order. [*Particulars*] First, the multiplication table and the tables of weights and measures; then the states of the Union, with their capitals; the counties of England, with their shire towns; the kings of England in their order; and a large part of the peerage, which I committed from an almanac that we had on board; and then the Kanaka numerals. This carried me through my facts, and being repeated deliberately, with long intervals, often eked out the two first bells. Then came the ten commandments; the thirty-ninth chapter of Job, and a few other passages from Scripture. The next in the order, that I never varied from, came Cowper's Castaway, which was a great favorite with me; the solemn measure and gloomy character of which, as well as

* *Two Years Before the Mast,* Chapter XXXII.

the incident that it was founded upon, made it well suited to a lonely watch at sea. Then his lines to Mary, his address to the jackdaw, and a short extract from Table Talk (I abounded in Cowper, for I happened to have a volume of his poems in my chest); "Ille et nefasto" from Horace, and Goethe's Erl King. After I had got through these, I allowed myself a more general range among everything that I could remember, both in prose and verse. In this way, with an occasional break by relieving the wheel, heaving the log, and going to the scuttle-butt for a drink of water, the longest watch was passed away; and I was so regular in my silent recitations, that if there was no interruption by the ship's duty, I could tell very nearly the number of bells by my progress.

ASSIGNMENT

By supplying particulars expand one of these statements into a paragraph:

I passed a busy afternoon.
My boyhood was normal.
We girls were happiest at recess.
My dog is the finest ever.
It was the crankiest car I ever tried to run.
Youngsters have a hard time of it.
I set out to earn my first dollar.
With care one may make his speaking voice pleasant.
It was dull work trying to pass the time at that railroad station.

ARE DEMOCRACIES OBSTRUCTIVE? *

CHARLES W. ELIOT

A paragraph may be developed by giving specific instances and examples to bear out a general assertion.

[*Introductory statement*] An argument against democracy, which evidently had great weight with Sir Henry Maine, be-

* From "The Working of the American Democracy" in *American Contributions to Civilization*. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

cause he supposed it to rest upon the experience of mankind, is stated as follows: Progress and reformation have always been the work of the few, and have been opposed by the many; therefore democracies will be obstructive. [*General statement*] This argument is completely refuted by the first century of the American democracy, alike in the field of morals and jurisprudence, and the field of manufactures and trade. [*Supporting instances and examples*] Nowhere, for instance, has the great principle of religious toleration been so thoroughly put in practice as in the United States; nowhere have such well-meant and persistent efforts been made to improve the legal status of women; nowhere has the conduct of hospitals, asylums, reformatories, and prisons been more carefully studied; nowhere have legislative remedies for acknowledged abuses and evils been more promptly and perseveringly sought. There was a certain plausibility in the idea that the multitude, who live by labor in established modes, would be opposed to inventions which would inevitably cause industrial revolutions; but American experience completely upsets this notion. For promptness in making physical forces and machinery do the work of men, the people of the United States surpass incontestably all other peoples. The people that invented and introduced with perfect commercial success the river steamboat, the cotton-gin, the parlor-car and the sleeping-car, the grain-elevator, the street railway—both surface and elevated—the telegraph, the telephone, the rapid printing-press, the cheap book and newspaper, the sewing-machine, the steam fire-engine, agricultural machinery, the pipe-lines for natural oil and gas, and machine-made clothing, boots, furniture, tools, screws, wagons, fire-arms, and watches—this is not a people to vote down or hinder labor-saving invention or beneficent industrial revolution. The fact is that in a democracy the interests of the greater number will ultimately prevail, as they should. It was the stage-drivers and inn-keepers, not the multitude, who wished

to suppress the locomotive; it is some publishers and typographical unions, not the mass of the people, who wrongly imagine that they have an interest in making books dearer than they need be. Furthermore, a just liberty of combination and perfect equality before the law, such as prevail in a democracy, enable men or companies to engage freely in new undertakings at their own risk, and bring them to triumphant success, if success be in them, whether the multitude approve them or not. The consent of the multitude is not necessary to the success of a printing-press which prints twenty thousand copies of a newspaper in an hour, or of a machine cutter which cuts out twenty overcoats at one chop. [*General statement repeated in other words*] In short, the notion that democracy will hinder religious, political, and social reformation and progress, or restrain commercial and industrial improvement, is a chimera.

ASSIGNMENT

Supply the instances or examples necessary to make a complete and well-reasoned paragraph on one of these topics:

My observation convinces me that animals reason (do not reason).
The student whose grades are low is not necessarily dull or lazy.
My municipality could do more for the children.
A person may imagine he is seriously ill when he is n't.
There is much more kindness in the world than we think.
Opportunity awaits him who will make it.
There is still much religious prejudice abroad.

HOW THE WOODPECKER USES ITS TAIL-FEATHERS *

MAURICE THOMPSON

A paragraph may contain, at the outset or elsewhere, a statement that indicates the direction the thought will take. The promised unfolding of the thought must of course follow.

* From "A Red-Headed Family" in *By-Ways and Bird Notes.*

This device is often adopted in explaining the use of some object, organ, or member.

[*Statement that indicates direction*] The stiff pointed tail-feathers of the woodpecker serve the bird a turn which I have never seen noted by any ornithologist. [*Follow-up statements*] When the bird must strike a hard blow with its bill, it does not depend solely upon its neck and head; but bracing the points of its tail-feathers against the tree, and rising to the full length of its short, powerful legs, and drawing back its body, head, and neck to the farthest extent, it dashes its bill home with all the force of its entire bodily weight and muscle. [*Instances and illustrations*] I have seen the ivory-bill, striking thus, burst off from almost flinty-hard dead trees fragments of wood half as large as my hand; and once in the Cherokee hills of Georgia I watched a pileated woodpecker (*Hylotomus pileatus*) dig a hole to the very heart of an exceedingly tough, green, mountain hickory tree, in order to reach a nest of winged ants. The point of ingress of the insects was a small hole in a punk knot; but the bird, by hopping down the tree tail-foremost and listening, located the nest about five feet below, and there it proceeded to bore through the gnarled, cross-grained wood to the hollow.

ASSIGNMENT

Indicate that you will explain the function, use, or mode of operation of one of the following. Then explain it.

The kangaroo's tail
The elephant's trunk
Glands
Saliva
The appendix
The finger nails
The eye brows
A private secretary
The preface of a book
A vacuum cleaner.

WINDS AS ADVERTISEMENTS *

JOHN MUIR

Sometimes the way to drive home the idea of a paragraph is by means of an illustration.

Winds are advertisements of all they touch, however much or little we may be able to read them; telling their wanderings even by their scents alone. Mariners detect the flowery perfume of land-winds far at sea, and sea-winds carry the fragrance of dulse and tangle far inland, where it is quickly recognized, though mingled with the scents of a thousand land-flowers. As an illustration of this, I may tell here that I breathed sea-air on the Firth of Forth, in Scotland, while a boy; then was taken to Wisconsin, where I remained nineteen years; then, without in all this time having breathed one breath of the sea, I walked quietly, alone, from the middle of the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico, on a botanical excursion, and while in Florida, far from the coast, my attention wholly bent on the splendid tropical vegetation about me, I suddenly recognized a sea-breeze, as it came sifting through the palmettos and blooming vine-tangles, which at once awakened and set free a thousand dormant associations, and made me a boy again in Scotland, as if all the intervening years had been annihilated.

ASSIGNMENT

By means of a clear and careful illustration round out a paragraph on one of these statements:

An innocent person may be suspected.

One may find out marvelous things in a chemical laboratory.

"Shooting" birds (wild animals) with a camera is a fascinating pastime.

We are more likely to tell our secrets to strangers than to daily associates.

* *The Mountains of California,* Chapter X. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

It does n't pay to be too sure about the weather.
The middleman, rather than the producer, is the man who makes the profit.

CALL FOR A READING OF THE RESOLUTION *

Daniel Webster

A paragraph may be developed by means of a fundamental image rather than a mere illustration. In exposition, a fundamental image is a figure of speech sufficiently apt and extended to illuminate the idea as a whole.

Webster's "Reply to Hayne" formed part of a complex debate which largely ignored the resolution supposed to be under discussion. The speaker's first task was to give the Senate its bearings.

Mr. President:—When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather, and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence, and, before we float on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we now are. I ask for the reading of the resolution.

ASSIGNMENT

Develop a paragraph on the basis of one of these fundamental images:

Sleep is the winding up of the run-down clocks of our bodies.
It has been said that beginning to read a German prose sentence is like putting to sea with sealed orders.
The Turk has been called the Sick Man of Europe.
His mental processes are like involuntary somersaults.
To talk with that man is to travel through far realms of thought.
President Wilson once said that in the modern college the side-shows have swallowed the main circus.

* From "Reply to Hayne."

COMMON SENSE*

WILLIAM WIRT

The development of a paragraph may consist in laying down reasons for considering a given statement true.

Here the statement is such that, if left unsupported, it might seem questionable or even incredible. To justify it the writer must show how much is involved in the apparently simple quality he is discussing.

[*Paradoxical assertion*] Common sense is a much rarer quality than genius. This may sound to you a little paradoxical at first, but you will find it true; [*Reason*] for common sense is not, as superficial thinkers are apt to suppose, a mere negative faculty: it is a *positive faculty,* and one of the highest power. It is this faculty that instructs us when to speak, when to be silent, when to act, when to be still; and, moreover, it teaches us *what* to *speak* and *what* to *suppress, what* to *do* and *what* to *forbear.* Now, pause a moment to reflect on the number of faculties which must be combined to constitute this common sense: a rapid and profound foresight to calculate the consequences of what is to be said or done, a rapid circumspection and extensive comprehension so as to be sure of taking in all the circumstances which belong to the case and missing no figure in this arithmetic of the mind, and an accuracy of decision which must be as quick as lightning, so as not to let the occasion slip. See what a knowledge of life, either by experience or intuition, and what a happy constitutional poise between the passions and the reason, or what a powerful self-command all enter into the composition of that little, demure, quiet, unadmired, and almost despised thing called common sense. It pretends to no brilliancy, for it possesses none; it has no ostentation, for it has nothing to show that the world admires. The powerful and constant action of the intellect,

* From a letter to Wirt's daughter Elizabeth.

which makes its nature, is unobserved even by the proprietor; for every thing is done with intuitive ease, with a sort of unconscious felicity. See, then, the quick and piercing sagacity, the prophetic penetration, the wide comprehension, and the prompt and accurate judgment, which combine to constitute common sense, which is as inestimably valuable as the solar light and as little thought of.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Write a paragraph on one of these topics:

Why We Should Use Home Products
Why I Will (Won't) Tell on the Student Who Cheats
Why Stokes Went to Another College
Why I Prefer the —— to Other Typewriters.

2. Frame a bold statement about one of these topics, and then fortify it with evidence and reasons:

Being Unarmed the Best Protection
Readiness for War an Insurance of Peace
The Comparative Worth of Collar Buttons and Diamonds
The Safest Game a Bold One
The Folly of Being Too Careful
Neglect Ye the Stitch in Time
The Chief Problem Confronting Our Student Body.

SNOW IN THE SIERRA *

JOHN MUIR

A paragraph may be developed through indicating the effects (or results) of a cause. The cause is sometimes explicitly stated, sometimes informally implied.

[*Cause*] Every winter the High Sierra and the middle forest region get snow in glorious abundance, and even the foothills are at times whitened. [*Results*] Then all the range

* *The Mountains of California*, Chapter 1. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

looks like a vast beveled wall of purest marble. The rough places are then made smooth, the death and decay of the year is covered gently and kindly, and the ground seems as clean as the sky. And though silent in its flight from the clouds, and when it is taking its place on rock, or tree, or grassy meadow, how soon the gentle snow finds a voice! Slipping from the heights, gathering in avalanches, it booms and roars like thunder, and makes a glorious show as it sweeps down the mountain-side, arrayed in long, silken streamers and wreathing, swirling films of crystal dust.

ASSIGNMENT

Embody cause and effect (or result) in a paragraph on one of these topics:

A Nasty Fall
Why It Was Necessary to Spray the Fruit Trees
That Bumper Crop
How Flagerty Got the Nomination
One of Burbank's Achievements
A Benefit to the Community
One of the Ways I Improved My Health.

WIT AND HUMOR

Edwin P. Whipple

The development of a paragraph may consist in setting two things in elaborate contrast. At need it may formally define them, perhaps following the definitions with concrete or even homely illustrations of what the things involve.

[*Definitions*] Wit was originally a general name for all the intellectual powers, meaning the faculty which kens, perceives, knows, understands; it was gradually narrowed in its signification to express merely the resemblance between ideas; and lastly, to note that resemblance when it occasioned ludicrous surprise. It marries ideas lying wide apart, by a sudden jerk

of the understanding. Humor originally meant moisture, a signification it metaphorically retains, for it is the very juice of the mind, oozing from the brain, and enriching and fertilizing wherever it falls. [*Elaborated contrast*] Wit exists by antipathy; humor, by sympathy. Wit laughs *at* things; humor laughs *with* them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates single foibles into character; humor glides into the heart of its object, looks lovingly on the infirmities it detects, and represents the whole man. Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; humor is slow and shy, insinuating its fun into your heart. Wit is negative, analytical, destructive; humor is creative. The couplets of Pope are witty, but Sancho Panza is a humorous creation. Wit, when earnest, has the earnestness of passion, seeking to destroy; humor has the earnestness of affection, and would lift up what is seemingly low, into our charity and love. Wit, bright, rapid, and blasting as the lightning, flashes, strikes, and vanishes in an instant; humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its objects in a genial and abiding light. Wit implies hatred or contempt of folly and crime, produces its effects by brisk shocks of surprise, uses the whip of scorpions and the branding-iron,—stabs, stings, pinches, tortures, goads, teases, corrodes, undermines; humor implies a sure conception of the beautiful, the majestic, and the true, by whose light it surveys and shapes their opposites. It is a humane influence, softening with mirth the ragged inequalities of existence,—promoting tolerant views of life,—bridging over the spaces which separate the lofty from the lowly, the great from the humble. Old Dr. Fuller's remark, that a negro is "the image of God cut in ebony," is humorous; Horace Smith's inversion of it, that the taskmaster is "the image of the devil cut in ivory," is witty. Wit can coexist with fierce and malignant passions; but humor demands good feeling and fellow-feeling,—feeling not merely for what is above us, but for what is around and beneath us.

ASSIGNMENT

Consult the dictionary and frame definitions of the two members of one of the following items. Incorporate these definitions in the opening sentences of a paragraph which shall then contrast the two members as concretely as possible.

Stocks and Bonds	Wages and Salary
Weeds and Flowers	Character and Reputation
Fruits and Vegetables	Prettiness and Beauty
Egoism and Egotism	Learning and Knowledge.

EXEMPTIONS VS. GRANTS *

Charles W. Eliot

Two things may be contrasted and distinguished without the aid of dictionary definitions. Especially is this true of public policies.

[*Introduction*] It has been often asserted that to exempt an institution from taxation is the same thing as to grant it money directly from the public treasury. [*Topic statement*] This statement is sophistical and fallacious. [*Concession*] It is true that the immediate effect on the public treasury is in dollars and cents the same, whether Harvard University be taxed $50,000, and then get a grant of $50,000, or be exempted from taxes to the amount of $50,000, and get no grant. The immediate effect on the budget of the university would also be the same. [*Topic idea repeated*] The proximate effects of these two methods of State action in favor of religion, education, and charity are however unlike—so unlike, indeed, that one is a safe method, while the other is an unsafe method in the long run, though it may be justifiable under exceptional circumstances. [*Distinction through contrast*] The exemption method is comprehensive, simple, and automatic; the grant method, as it has been exhibited in this country, requires special

* From "The Exemptions from Taxation" in *American Contributions to Civilization*. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

legislation of a peculiarly dangerous sort, a legislation which inflames religious quarrels, gives occasion for acrimonious debates, and tempts to jobbery. The exemption method leaves the trustees of the fostered institutions untrammeled in their action, and untempted to unworthy acts or mean compliances. The grant method, as practised here, puts them in the position of importunate suitors for the public bounty, or, worse, converts them into ingenious and unscrupulous assailants of the public treasury. Finally and chiefly,—and to this point I ask special attention,—the exemption method fosters public spirit, while the grant method, persevered in, annihilates it. The State says to the public-spirited benefactor, "You devote a part of your private property forever to certain public uses; you subscribe to build a church, for example, or you endow an academy; we agree not to take a portion of the income of that property every year for other public uses, such as the maintenance of schools, prisons, and highways." That is the whole significance of the exemption of any endowment from taxation. The State agrees that no part of the income of property, once private, which a former generation, or the present generation, has devoted forever to some particular public use, shall be diverted by the State to other public uses. The exemption method is emphatically an encouragement to public benefactors. On the contrary, the grant method extinguishes public spirit. No private person thinks of contributing to the support of an institution which has once got firmly saddled on the public treasury. The exemption method fosters the public virtues of self-respect and reliance; the grant method leads straight to an abject dependence upon that superior power—Government. The proximate effects of the two methods of State action are as different as well-being from pauperism, as republicanism from communism. It depends upon the form which the action of the State takes, and upon the means which must be used to secure its favor, whether the action of the State be on the whole wholesome or pernicious.

The exemption is wholesome, while the direct grant is, in the long run, pernicious.

ASSIGNMENT

Devote a paragraph to showing the difference in nature or effect of the two members indicated in one of these topics:

Collections vs. Entertainments as a Means of Raising Money for Charitable Purposes
A Good Fellow and a Fellow Who Is Good for Something
A Bright Student and a Good Student
Precaution vs. Exercise as a Means of Preserving Health
The Right Way and the Wrong Way to Enlist Student Support for Athletics (Debating, Dramatics, the Spirit of Scholarship)
Frankness vs. Rudeness
Two Things That People Confuse
The Difference between Going to High School and Going to College.

WHAT IS MONOTONY?*

CHARLES MERZ

Definition may be informal rather than formal.

What is monotony, anyway? Are we certain in what degree it is the monotony of the kind of work a man does, and in what degree it is the monotony of being forced to do any kind of work at all? In what degree it is the monotony of the job itself, and in what degree the monotony of meager outside interests, with little leisure to enjoy them? The wife of the tenement-dweller has a more varied workday than her husband in his factory, cooking, sweeping, washing, ironing, rescuing her ragamuffin children; but probably most of us believe that longer hours and fewer contacts with the outside world make her life more of a grind than his.

* From "Prudence Militant," in Century Magazine, May 1923. Reprinted by permission.

PARAGRAPHS

ASSIGNMENT

Devote a paragraph to informal definition of one of the following:

A Good Sport
A Good Time
Being Well Off
The Right Sort of Dad
A Dull Lecture
A Prig
A Sissy
American (as distinguished from Mexican, Canadian)
Good Taste in Dress.

TWO VIEWS OF AN INDIAN VILLAGE*

FRANCIS PARKMAN

Contrast may be emotional rather than intellectual. In that case it usually foregoes the privilege (see "Wit and Humor," pages 22-23, and "Exemptions vs. Grants," pages 24-26) of being made piecemeal. Instead, it presents one scene and mood in its entirety, and then the contrasting scene and mood in its entirety.

Note the splendid concreteness of the final sentence in this selection.

When the sun was yet an hour high, it was a gay scene in the village. The warriors stalked sedately among the lodges, or along the margin of the stream, or walked out to visit the bands of horses that were feeding over the prairie. Half the population deserted the close and heated lodges and betook themselves to the water; and here you might see boys and girls, and young squaws, splashing, swimming, and diving, beneath the afternoon sun, with merry screams and laughter. But when the sun was resting above the broken peaks, and the purple mountains threw their shadows for miles over the prairies; when our old tree basked peacefully in the horizontal rays, and the swelling plains and scattered groves were softened into a

* *The Oregon Trail,* Chapter XI.

tranquil beauty,—then the scene around our tent was worthy of a Salvator. Savage figures, with quivers at their backs, and guns, lances, or tomahawks in their hands, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, their arms crossed on their breasts and their eyes fixed in a steady unwavering gaze upon us. Others stood erect, wrapped from head to foot in their long white robes of buffalo-hide. Others sat together on the grass, holding their shaggy horses by a rope, with their dark busts exposed to view as they suffered their robes to fall from their shoulders. Others again stood carelessly among the throng, with nothing to conceal the matchless symmetry of their forms. There was one in particular, a ferocious fellow, named The Mad Wolf, who, with the bow in his hand and the quiver at his back, might have seemed, but for his face, the Pythian Apollo himself. Such a figure rose before the imagination of West, when on first seeing the Belvedere in the Vatican, he exclaimed, "By God, a Mohawk!"

ASSIGNMENT

Embody in a paragraph the emotional contrast called for in one of these topics:

Circus Day and the Day After
An Old Scene Revisited
When I Slipped Away from Home to Go Fishing
View from My Window at Noonday and at Midnight
Our Playgrounds in September and in February
Before and After Taking—a Whipping
When I Mistook the Salt for Sugar
Why Spring (Summer, Autumn, Winter) Is My Favorite Season.

THE MAIDEN CONFRONTED BY SUDDEN DEATH*

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

This paragraph, like the preceding but more concisely than the preceding, employs emotional contrast. Its context is as follows:

* *English Mail Coach,* Section 11.

A heavy mail coach, on which De Quincey is riding, rushes down a narrow lane upon a slight vehicle in which sit two sweethearts. De Quincey portrays the lady when death thus suddenly confronts her.

Study the celebrated last sentence. It is periodic and ends in an impressive climax; also it skilfully embodies the rhetorical device of piling up words and phrases in threes.

But the lady——! Oh, heavens! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing? Figure to yourself, reader, the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your mind the circumstances of that unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night—from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight—from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring love—suddenly as from the woods and fields—suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation—suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger roar of his voice.

ASSIGNMENT

Draw an emotional contrast in a paragraph on one of these topics:

The Bleachers When Todd Made His Touchdown
Our Picnic Party When Charged by a Bull
When Willie Swallowed a Button
When Jack Pointed the Gun at Me
When the Ball Broke the Plate-Glass Window
When Phelps Was Drawn into the Suck-Hole
When My Brother Broke through the Ice
The Scene When the Word Spread That the Dam Had Given Way
Katy When Her Mother Forbade Her to Go to the Party
When the Policeman Bade Me Halt.

APOSTROPHE TO GENERAL WARREN *

DANIEL WEBSTER

For the sake of clearness or of the emotional effect, a carefully selected word or phrase may be several times repeated in a paragraph. It usually is given a salient position, as at the beginning or end of successive sentences.

But ah! Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit! Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom, falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage!—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish; but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!

ASSIGNMENT

Repeat one of these words or phrases as skilfully as you can in a paragraph of which the effect shall be cumulative:

Bird's eggs
That spring
Dog tired
What an idea
That terrible child
Genevieve
Dark
Sleepy
Red Tape
His intentions were good
That was his way
I was never so surprised
Outside the schoolroom
"The fishin's good."

* From "Bunker Hill Oration."

MORNING IN THE MOUNTAINS*

JOHN RUSKIN

A descriptive paragraph may express at the outset a general mood or effect which the remaining sentences reinforce and make specific.

[*General impression*] It was indeed a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. [*Particulars and details*] Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and far beyond and above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept in the blue sky the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Analyze the paragraph for its use of (a) color words, (b) motion words.

2. Follow the general pattern of the paragraph in describing one of the following:

A Hideous Old Man
A Slovenly Old Woman
The Cemetery
Our Haymow
Sunset Over the Lake
The Most Beautiful Scene I Ever Looked Upon
The Saturday Night Band Concert on Main Street
A Downtown Crossing.

* *The King of the Golden River,* Chapter III.

EATING GREEN PEAS*

MRS. ELIZABETH C. GASKELL

In narrative the bases of paragraph unity are more diverse than in exposition, argument, or description. Each paragraph must be a logical unit, but whether it shall be long or short, narrow or inclusive, must depend upon the precise emphasis the writer wishes to impart. Two writers might arrange the same material into entirely different paragraph divisions, and yet each have perfect arrangement according to his plan.

Here we have a single narrative paragraph which presents logically several simultaneous actions, indicates the passage of time, and in the concluding clause gives an excellent "cracker" to this particular portion of the story.

When the ducks and green peas came, we looked at each other in dismay; we had only two-pronged, black-handled forks. It is true, the steel was as bright as silver; but what were we to do? Miss Matty picked up her peas, one by one, on the point of the prongs, much as Amine ate her grains of rice after her previous feast with the Ghoul. Miss Pole sighed over her delicate young peas as she left them on one side of her plate untasted; for they *would* drop between the prongs. I looked at my host; the peas were going wholesale into his capacious mouth, shovelled up by his large rounded knife. I saw, I imitated, I survived! My friends, in spite of my precedent, could not muster up courage enough to do an ungenteel thing; and, if Mr. Holbrook had not been so heartily hungry, he would probably have seen that the good peas went away almost untouched.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Rearrange the material of this selection into two or more paragraphs in order to change the emphasis. Omit or modify sentences if your purpose requires.

* *Cranford,* Chapter IV.

2. Analyze one of the selections on pages 118-143 with reference to its division into paragraph units. Can the division be in any wise altered without changing the emphasis?

3. Write a narrative paragraph on one of these topics:

How Wilkins Ate the Soup
How I Tore My New Dress
Forbes and the Finger Bowl
Dawkins at the Dance
The First Time Mother Let Me Make a Cake
The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw at Table
How I Worked My Way into the Circus
The Mishaps of a Milkmaid
Riding the Roan
My First Cigarette
When I Tried to Walk the Rope.

JOHNSON'S FIRST MEETING WITH HOGARTH*

JAMES BOSWELL

This paragraph illustrates the narration of a simple incident.

Johnson used to be a pretty frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Richardson, author of Clarissa, and other novels of extensive reputation. Mr. Hogarth came one day to see Richardson, soon after the execution of Dr. Cameron, for having taken arms for the house of Stuart in 1745-6; and being a warm partisan of George the Second, he observed to Richardson, that certainly there must have been some very unfavorable circumstances lately discovered in this particular case, which had induced the King to approve of an execution for rebellion so long after the time when it was committed, as this had the appearance of putting a man to death in cold blood, and was very unlike his Majesty's usual clemency. While he was talking, he perceived a person standing at a window in the room, shaking his head, and rolling himself about in a strange

* From *Life of Johnson.*

ridiculous manner. He concluded that he was an idiot, whom his relations had put under the care of Mr. Richardson, as a very good man. To his great surprise, however, this figure stalked forwards to where he and Mr. Richardson were sitting, and all at once took up the argument, and burst out into an invective against George the Second, as one, who, upon all occasions, was unrelenting and barbarous; mentioning many instances, particularly, that when an officer of high rank had been acquitted by a Court Martial, George the Second had with his own hand struck his name off the list. In short, he displayed such a power of eloquence, that Hogarth looked at him with astonishment, and actually imagined that this idiot had been at the moment inspired. Neither Hogarth nor Johnson were made known to each other at this interview.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a narrative paragraph on one of these topics:

A Grotesque Encounter
A Misapprehension
My First Meeting with My Best Friend
When I First Walked Home with a Girl
When Elmira's First Beau Called
A Foolish (Dangerous) Prank
The Dinner We Had When the Minister Dropped In
An Amusing Incident on a Train
A Minnow in the Milk Bottle
Once Too Often.

INFLUENCE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION ON BYRON AND SHELLEY *

EDWARD DOWDEN

Most of the preceding paragraphs could be considered apart from their context. But paragraphs may be affected by the fact that

* From "Last Words on Shelley" in *Transcripts and Studies.* Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

they are members of larger units. The fact that the following paragraph is not isolated has largely determined its structure. It is an excerpt from a study of Shelley. Thus Shelley is thrust into the forefront, though the real theme is a comparison of Byron and Shelley as revolutionists—a comparison in which Shelley follows Byron as a climax, rather than precedes him. The last sentence clarifies and beautifies the comparison through a striking figure of speech.

In the earlier years of our century * the democratic movement concerned itself too exclusively with the individual and his rights, and regarded too little his duties, affections, and privileges as a member of society. It is greatly to the advantage of Shelley's work as a poet, and greatly to his credit as a man, that he assigns to love, that which links us to our fellows, some of the power and authority which Godwin ascribes to reason alone. The French Revolution had been in a great measure a destruction of the ancient order of society, and such poetry as that of Byron, sympathizing with the revolution, is too reckless an assertion of individual freedom. Shelley was deeply infected with the same errors. But it is part of the glory of his poetry that in some degree he anticipated the sentiment of this second half of our century, when we desire more to construct or reconstruct than to destroy. Shelley's ideas of a reconstruction of society are indeed often vague or visionary; but there is always present in his poetry the sentiment or feeling which tends to reconstruction, the feeling of love; and the word "fraternity" is for him at least as potent as the word "liberty." In Byron we find an expression of the revolution on its negative side; in Shelley we find this, but also an expression of the revolution on its positive side. As the wave of revolution rolls onward, driven forth from the vast volcanic upheaval in France, and as it becomes a portion of the literary movement of Great Britain, its dark and hissing crest may be the poetry of Byron;

* The nineteenth.

but over the tumultuous wave hangs an iris of beauty and promise, and that foam-bow of hope, flashing and failing, and ever reappearing as the wave sweeps on, is the poetry of Shelley.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a paragraph, if possible closing it figuratively, on one of these topics. Assume that the paragraph belongs to a fuller discussion of one of the two members compared.

Roosevelt and Wilson as World Figures
Corner Lot Baseball and Professional Baseball
The Influence of the Gang and the Influence of Sunday School upon Me
Outdoor Sports for Girls
Have We Too Much Mere Memory Work in School?
The Sealed Window Man and the Fresh Air Fiend
Doctors Who Prescribe and Doctors Who Operate
College Activities and Scholarship.

THE SUPREMACY OF CHARACTER OVER BRAINS AND BRAWN *

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The right sequence and welding of the paragraph units are vital to longer compositions. The sequence and the manner of welding may of course vary with the material and the purpose. The two following paragraphs deal with one topic. The first introduces, the second develops it.

A year or two ago I was speaking to a famous Yale professor, one of the most noted scholars in the country, and one who is even more than a scholar, because he is in every sense of the word a man. We had been discussing the Yale-Harvard foot-ball teams, and he remarked of a certain player: "I told them not to take him, for he was slack in his studies, and my experience is that, as a rule, the man who is slack in his studies

* From "Character and Success" in *The Strenuous Life.* Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

will be slack in his foot-ball work; it is character that counts in both."

Bodily vigor is good, and vigor of intellect is even better, but far above both is character. It is true, of course, that a genius may, on certain lines, do more than a brave and manly fellow who is not a genius; and so, in sports, vast physical strength may overcome weakness, even though the puny body may have in it the heart of a lion. But, in the long run, in the great battle of life, no brilliancy of intellect, no perfection of bodily development, will count when weighed in the balance against that assemblage of virtues, active and passive, of moral qualities, which we group together under the name of character; and if between any two contestants, even in college sport or in college work, the difference in character on the right side is as great as the difference of intellect or strength the other way, it is the character side that will win.

ASSIGNMENT

Through an anecdote or otherwise introduce in one paragraph one of these topics. Develop the topic in a second paragraph.

My Pleasure (as a speaker) in Coming to Your City
The Rapidity with Which Our Western States Have Been Settled
A Quality I Have Observed in Country (City) Folk
Our Indifference to the Welfare of Immigrants
One's Loneliness and Bewilderment When He Enters a New School
How the Habit of Borrowing Grows upon One
The News That Never Gets Published
The Big Sister Plan
The True Yellow Peril (dandelions).

BROWBEATING THE ORIENTALS*

A. W. Kinglake

This selection illustrates three things, the first two of which have been illustrated already: (1) a sequence of paragraphs on

* *Eothen,* Chapter XXIV.

the same general topic, (2) a merging of narrative and exposition, (3) the fact that even an expository paragraph may be affected as to its dimensions by the purpose and the desired emphasis. The first paragraph of this selection need not include all the matter it does; some of the matter could be placed in an additional paragraph.

Passing now once again through Palestine and Syria, I retained the tent which I had used in the desert, and found that it added very much to my comfort in traveling. Instead of turning out a family from some wretched dwelling, and depriving them of rest without gaining rest for myself, I now, when evening came, pitched my tent upon some smiling spot within a few hundred yards of the village to which I looked for my supplies—that is, for milk, for bread (if I had it not with me), and sometimes also for eggs. The worst of it was that the needful viands were not to be obtained by coin, but only by intimidation. I at first tried the usual agent—money. Dthemetri, with one or two of my Arabs, went into the village near which I was encamped, and tried to buy the required provisions, offering liberal payment, but he came back empty-handed. I sent him again, but this time he held different language: he required to see the elders of the place, and, threatening dreadful vengeance, commanded them upon their responsibility to take care that my tent should be immediately and abundantly supplied. He was obeyed at once; and the provisions refused to me as a purchaser soon arrived, trebled or quadrupled, when demanded by way of a forced contribution. I quickly found (I think it required two experiments to convince me) that this peremptory method was the only one which could be adopted with success; it never failed. Of course, however, when the provisions have been actually obtained, you can, if you choose, give money exceeding the value of the provisions to *somebody;* an English—a thoroughbred English traveler will always do this (though it is contrary to the custom of the country) for the quiet (false quiet though it be) of his own

conscience: but so to order the matter that the poor fellows who have been forced to contribute should be the persons to receive the value of their supplies is not possible; for a traveler to attempt anything so grossly just as that would be too outrageous. The truth is that the usage of the East in old times required the people of the village at their own cost to supply the wants of travelers; and the ancient custom is now adhered to—not in favor of travelers generally, but in favor of those who are deemed sufficiently powerful to enforce its observance. If the villagers, therefore, find a man waiving this right to oppress them, and offering coin for that which he is entitled to take without payment, they suppose at once that he is actuated by fear (fear of *them,* poor fellows!) and it is so delightful to them to act upon this flattering assumption that they will forego the advantage of a good price for their provisions rather than the rare luxury of refusing for once in their lives to part with their own possessions.

The practice of intimidation thus rendered necessary is utterly hateful to an Englishman. He finds himself forced to conquer his daily bread by the pompous threats of the Dragoman—his very subsistence, as well as his dignity and personal safety, being made to depend upon his servant's assuming a tone of authority which does not at all belong to him. Besides, he can scarcely fail to see that, as he passes through the country, he becomes the innocent cause of much extra injustice—many supernumerary wrongs. This he feels to be especially the case when he travels with relays. To be the owner of a horse or a mule within reach of an Asiatic potentate is to lead the life of the hare and the rabbit—hunted down and ferreted out. Too often it happens that the works of the world are stopped in the daytime, that the inmates of the cottage are roused from their midnight sleep, by the sudden coming of a Government officer; and the poor husbandman, driven by threats and rewarded by curses, if he would not lose sight forever of his captured beasts

must quit all and follow them. This is done that the Englishman may travel. He would make his way more harmlessly if he could; but horses or mules he *must* have, and these are his ways and means.

ASSIGNMENT

1. So rewrite the first paragraph of the selection that it shall be divided into at least two paragraphs. Alter the wording in any way the new division may require.

2. Find the topic sentence of the first paragraph as it stands. Find or invent topic sentences for the new paragraphs into which you have divided it.

3. Write a theme in one paragraph on one of the following topics. Then write a theme in two or more paragraphs on the same topic, and observe the change in emphasis.

A Conclusion I Have Come to as to the Way to Deal with People
Things I Have Learned Not to Do
Troubles I Have Had in Keeping Class Accounts
How I Humanized Myself in Regard to —— (some mental attitude of mine, some piece of human conduct).

PART II—PARAGRAPHS FOR STUDENTS TO ANALYZE

You have now reached the stage at which you should be able to analyze or construct paragraphs without outside help or guidance. Study, therefore, each of the following paragraphs with reference to such matters as these:

1. Does the paragraph embody any of the methods or employ any of the devices hitherto encountered? If so, which? Is the use of such methods or devices different in any way from the use hitherto? If so, how? Does the paragraph employ methods or devices other than those previously encountered? If so, what? Do the methods or devices suit the material? If not, why not?

2. Can the paragraph be divided into two or more paragraphs? Should it be so divided? How would the emphasis and general effect be changed by the division?

3. Has the paragraph a topic sentence? If not, supply one or prove that no satisfactory one can be supplied.

4. Write a list of topics that you could develop in a paragraph similar to this. So develop the topic that appeals to you most.

THE CROSS-ROADS TAVERN AND THE CORNER GROCERY *

CARL VAN DOREN

In the annals of America there is a chapter to be written on the influence of the cross-roads tavern and the corner grocery. There the neighborhood wits and wise men have regularly come together, scanning the national horizon and bringing topics home for local commentary. They have measured the most complex events by simple rules; they have wondered and cursed and laughed that such fuss should be made over far-away affairs; they have yarned and gossiped; they have turned universal wisdom into the dry vernacular; they have helped popular opinions to be born. Now and then one of these wits and wise men is something of a poet or a saint, touching the conversation with a little radiance; but most of them walk close to the smooth path of common sense. They know only those things which they have heard many times. They feel confident about only those things which have been tried, and tried many times. Even when they venture into longer speculations, they venture cautiously. Religion in their talk becomes ethics, government becomes politics, economics becomes business, love becomes

* From "Prudence Militant" in Century Magazine, May 1923. Reprinted by permission.

obscenity or matrimony, manners becomes conventions; all the virtues come down to prudence. The heretic among them either shrinks from the stout front which they present or else elaborates his rebellion into a custom which they endure only if he has been prudent in his own life. Partly with incredulity and partly with contempt they greet reports of idealism unless it is idealism standardized and recognized. Everywhere they are the same. As the tavern disappears before prohibition and the corner grocery before the mail-order catalogue, the wits and wise men find new lounging-places, in clubs, in the smoking-rooms of railway trains, in all the minor caucuses of ordinary life. But the channel of folk-disquisition, though thus widened, has not been greatly shifted.

LAKE-BEARING RIVERS OF THE SIERRA *

JOHN MUIR

The Merced River, as a whole, is remarkably like an elm-tree, and it requires but little effort on the part of the imagination to picture it standing upright, with all its lakes hanging upon its spreading branches, the topmost eighty miles in height. Now add all the other lake-bearing rivers of the Sierra, each in its place, and you will have a truly glorious spectacle,—an avenue the length and width of the range; the long, slender, gray shafts of the main trunks, the milky way of arching branches, and the silvery lakes, all clearly defined and shining on the sky. How excitedly such an addition to the scenery would be gazed at! Yet these lakeful rivers are still more excitingly beautiful and impressive in their natural positions to those who have the eyes to see them as they lie imbedded in their meadows and forests and glacier-sculptured rocks.

* *The Mountains of California,* Chapter VI. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

THE PRIEST OF PINES *

JOHN MUIR

No lover of trees will ever forget his first meeting with the Sugar Pine, nor will he afterward need a poet to call him to "listen what the pine-tree saith." In most pine-trees there is a sameness of expression, which, to most people, is apt to become monotonous; for the typical spiry form, however beautiful, affords but little scope for appreciable individual character. The Sugar Pine is as free from conventionalities of form and motion as any oak. No two are alike, even to the most inattentive observer; and, notwithstanding they are ever tossing out their immense arms in what might seem most extravagant gestures, there is a majesty and repose about them that precludes all possibility of the grotesque, or even picturesque, in their general expression. They are the priests of pines, and seem ever to be addressing the surrounding forest. The Yellow Pine is found growing with them on warm hillsides, and the White Silver Fir on cool northern slopes; but, noble as these are, the Sugar Pine is easily king, and spreads his arms above them in blessing while they rock and wave in sign of recognition. The main branches are sometimes found to be forty feet in length, yet persistently simple, seldom dividing at all, excepting near the end; but anything like a bare cable appearance is prevented by the small, tasseled branchlets that extend all around them; and when these superb limbs sweep out symmetrically on all sides, a crown sixty or seventy feet wide is formed, which, gracefully poised on the summit of the noble shaft, and filled with sunshine, is one of the most glorious forest objects conceivable. Commonly, however, there is a great preponderance of limbs toward the east, away from the direction of the prevailing winds.

* *The Mountains of California,* Chapter VIII. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

THE SELECTION OF BELIEFS *

CHARLES W. ELIOT

I shall venture to call your attention to the importance—with a view to a happy life—of making a judicious selection of beliefs. Here we are living on a little islet of sense and fact in the midst of a boundless ocean of the unknown and mysterious. From year to year and century to century the islet expands as new districts are successively lifted from out the encompassing sea of ignorance, but it still remains encircled by this prodigious sea. In this state of things, every inquisitive truth-seeking human being is solicited by innumerable beliefs, old and new. The past generations, out of which we spring, have been believing many undemonstrated and undemonstrable things, and we inherit their beliefs. Every year new beliefs appeal to us for acceptance, some of them clashing with the old. Everybody holds numerous beliefs on subjects outside the realm of knowledge, and, moreover, everybody has to act on these beliefs from hour to hour. All men of science walk by faith and not by sight in exploring and experimenting, the peculiarity of their walk being that they generally take but one step at a time, and that a short one. All business proceeds on beliefs, or judgments of probabilities, and not on certainties. The very essence of heroism is that it takes adverse chances; so that full foreknowledge of the issue would subtract from the heroic quality. Beliefs, then, we must have and must act on, and they are sure to affect profoundly our happiness in this world. How to treat our old beliefs and choose our new ones, with a view to happiness, is in these days a serious problem for every reflective person.

* From "The Happy Life" in *American Contributions to Civilization.* Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

THE POET'S CORNER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY *

BAYARD TAYLOR

We approached by the general entrance, Poet's Corner. I hardly stopped to look at the elaborate exterior of Henry VII.'s Chapel, but passed on to the door. On entering, the first thing that met my eyes were the words, "OH RARE BEN JONSON," under his bust. Near by stood the monuments of Spenser and Gay, and a few paces further looked down the sublime countenance of Milton. Never was a spot so full of intense interest. The light was just dim enough to give it a solemn, religious air, making the marble forms of poets and philosophers so shadowy and impressive, that I felt as if standing in their living presence. Every step called up some mind linked with the associations of my childhood. There was the gentle feminine countenance of Thomson, and the majestic head of Dryden; Addison with his classic features, and Gray, full of the fire of lofty thought. In another chamber, I paused long before the tablet to Shakspeare; and while looking at the monument of Garrick, started to find that I stood upon his grave. What a glorious galaxy of genius is here collected—what a constellation of stars whose light is immortal! The mind is fettered by their spirit, everything is forgotten but the mighty dead, who still "rule us from their urns."

A FOOTBALL GAME AT RUGBY †

THOMAS HUGHES

"Are you ready?" "Yes." And away comes the ball kicked high in the air, to give the School time to rush on and catch it as it falls. And here they are amongst us. Meet them like

* *Views Afoot,* Chapter VII. Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† *Tom Brown's School Days,* Chapter V.

Englishmen, you School-house boys, and charge them home. Now is the time to show what mettle is in you—and there shall be a warm seat by the hall fire, and honor, and lots of bottled beer to-night, for him who does his duty in the next half-hour. And they are well met. Again and again the cloud of their players-up gathers before our goal and comes threatening on, and Warner or Hedge, with young Brooke and the relics of the bull-dogs, break through and carry the ball back; and old Brooke ranges the field like Job's war-horse, the thickest scrummage parts asunder before his rush, like the waves before a clipper's bows; his cheery voice rings over the field, and his eye is everywhere. And if these miss the ball, and it rolls dangerously in front of our goal, Crab Jones and his men have seized it and sent it away towards the sides with the unerring drop-kick. This is worth living for; the whole sum of schoolboy existence gathered up into one straining, struggling half-hour, a half-hour worth a year of common life.

APRÈS VOUS AMONG CAMELS *

A. W. Kinglake

The camels with which I traversed this part of the desert were very different in their ways and habits from those that you hire on a frequented route. They were never led. There was not the slightest sign of a track in this part of the desert, but the camels never failed to choose the right line. By the direction taken at starting, they knew the point (some encampment, I suppose) for which they were to make. There is always a leading camel (generally, I believe, the eldest), who marches foremost and determines the path for the whole party. When it happens that no one of the camels has been accustomed to lead the others, there is very great difficulty in making a start; if you force your beast forward for a moment, he will contrive

* *Eothen,* Chapter XXIII.

to wheel and draw back, at the same time looking at one of the other camels with an expression and gesture exactly equivalent to *après vous*. The responsibility of finding the way is evidently assumed very unwillingly. After some time, however, it becomes understood that one of the beasts has reluctantly consented to take the lead, and he accordingly advances for that purpose. For a minute or two he marches with great indecision, taking first one line and then another, but soon, by the aid of some mysterious sense, he discovers the true direction, and thenceforward keeps to it steadily, going on from morning to night. When once the leadership is established, you cannot by any persuasion, and scarcely even by blows, induce a junior camel to walk one single step in advance of the chosen guide.

HENRY JAMES'S WAY WITH CHILDREN *

WALTER TITTLE

"James always said that an artist should never marry. I cannot agree with him. It is true that the responsibilities of matrimony are likely to be a serious handicap to creative work unless the artist is fortunate in his choice of a wife. If she is able to shield him from the details that would destroy his working time, he should be stronger with her love and sympathy than without it. The temperament of the person has much bearing on the case, too. James was doubtless better off as a bachelor. Yet he had a way with children, apparently. My youngest boy as a child hated to be touched by strangers. He had a mind of his own, and usually managed to have his way. I forbade his coming into my study when I was at work, which seemed to make being there the thing he most desired. He would come into the room in spite of my protests, step by step, with the most irresistible smile on his face, knowing that in

* From "Portraits in Pen and Pencil," Century Magazine, May 1923. Reprinted by permission.

two minutes at most he could conquer me. Then his prattle would make work impossible. James was with me on one of these occasions, talking in his solemn, portentous way. The child stood looking at him, fascinated, and apparently listening attentively to everything that he said. James, with hardly a look at him, reached out slowly in an absent-minded way, took the boy by the arm, and deliberately drew him to his lap, talking solemnly all the while. Contrary to all precedent, there was no resistance. The little one sat without a sound or movement in spite of a cramped position, staring wonderingly into my friend's face, while James forgot the existence of the child, who did not stir until our conversation was ended, and we rose to leave the room."

LIVING IN THE PAST *

CHARLES LAMB

I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years,—from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospect of other (former) years. I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell with past disappointments. I am armor-proof against old discouragements. I forgive, or overcome in fancy, old adversaries. I play over again *for love,* as the gamesters phrase it, games, for which I once paid so dear. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-contrived novel. Methinks, it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fairer eyes, of Alice W——n, than that so passionate a love-adventure should be lost. It was better that our family should have missed that

* From "New Year's Eve" in *Essays of Elia.*

legacy, which old Dorrell cheated us of, than that I should have at this moment two thousand pounds *in banco,* and be without the idea of that specious old rogue.

AT OXFORD IN VACATION *

CHARLES LAMB

I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours.* Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem.* I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for *me.* In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtsey, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favors the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

BACKGROUNDS OF SONG FOR BURNS AND FROST †

CARL VAN DOREN

To compare Robert Frost, as he has often been compared, with Robert Burns, is to call attention at the outset to a differ-

* From "Oxford in Vacation" in *Essays of Elia.*
† From "The Soil of the Puritans," Century Magazine, February 1923. Reprinted by permission.

ence between the Yankees and the Scots which has had a great effect upon the difference between these two poets. Burns grew up among a peasantry which sang. Not only were there ballads of the traditionary sort in every chimney-corner, but there were also gay tunes in the air ready for the new words of any new versifier. Even a genius like Burns in even his most characteristic lyrics was likely to owe some of his lines and the mold in which he cast them to old songs of love or laughter or defiance; and he was sure in such cases to owe to the fame of the older songs some part of the prosperity of his own. The ears of his hearers were already prepared for him. In rural New England Robert Frost had no similar advantages. Almost the only tunes which had ever been lifted there had been the dry hymns of the churches. Ballad-making had died out; hilarious catches had rarely been trolled in cheerful taverns; youth did not sing its love, but talked when it did not merely hint. New England since the Revolution has had but one great popular orator; since "Yankee Doodle" only one popular patriotic song has come out of New England. The voice of that region is the voice of reason, of the intellect, of prose, canny or noble; it walks, not flies. There was nothing to teach or to encourage Mr. Frost to ride on the wings of established melodies.

GREATNESS AND CONSISTENCY *

Ralph Waldo Emerson

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you

* From "Self-Reliance."

said to-day.—"Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood."—Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

THE GREAT MAN AND HIS TIME*

THOMAS CARLYLE

I am well aware that in these days Hero-worship, the thing I call Hero-worship, professes to have gone out, and finally ceased. This, for reasons which it will be worth while some time to inquire into, is an age that as it were denies the existence of great men; denies the desirableness of great men. Show our critics a great man, a Luther for example, they begin to what they call "account" for him; not to worship him, but to take the dimensions of him,—and bring him out to be a little kind of man! He was the "creature of the Time," they say; the Time called him forth, the Time did everything, he nothing—but what we the little critic could have done too! This seems to me but melancholy work. The Time call forth? Alas, we have known Times *call* loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called! He was not there; Providence had not sent him; the Time, *calling* its loudest, had to go down to confusion and wreck because he would not come when called. . . .

BURNS A CONSIDERABLE MAN†

THOMAS CARLYLE

Burns first came upon the world as a prodigy; and was, in that character, entertained by it, in the usual fashion, with

* From "The Hero as Divinity."
† From "Essay on Burns."

loud, vague, tumultuous wonder, speedily subsiding into censure and neglect; till his early and most mournful death again awakened an enthusiasm for him, which, especially as there was now nothing to be done, and much to be spoken, has prolonged itself even to our own time. It is true, the "nine days" have long since elapsed; and the very continuance of this clamor proves that Burns was no vulgar wonder. Accordingly, even in sober judgments, where, as years passed by, he has come to rest more and more exclusively on his own intrinsic merits, and may now be well-nigh shorn of that casual radiance, he appears not only as a true British poet, but as one of the most considerable British men of the eighteenth century. Let it not be objected that he did little. He did much, if we consider where and how. If the work performed was small, we must remember that he had his very materials to discover; for the metal he worked in lay hid under the desert, where no eye but his had guessed its existence; and we may almost say, that with his own hand he had to construct the tools for fashioning it. For he found himself in deepest obscurity, without help, without instruction, without model; or with models only of the meanest sort. An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time; and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is *his* state who stands on the outside of that storehouse, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain for ever shut against him! His means are the commonest and rudest; the mere work done is no measure of his strength. A dwarf behind his steam engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf will hew them down with the pick-axe; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.

LITERATURE AS A CALLING IN THE AGE OF JOHNSON *

LORD MACAULAY

Never, since literature became a calling in England, had it been a less gainful calling than at the time when Johnson took up his residence in London. In the preceding generation a writer of eminent merit was sure to be munificently rewarded by the government. The least that he could expect was a pension or a sinecure place; and, if he showed any aptitude for politics, he might hope to be a member of parliament, a lord of the treasury, an ambassador, a secretary of state. It would be easy, on the other hand, to name several writers of the nineteenth century of whom the least successful has received forty thousand pounds from the booksellers. But Johnson entered on his vocation in the most dreary part of the dreary interval which separated two ages of prosperity. Literature had ceased to flourish under the patronage of the great, and had not begun to flourish under the patronage of the public. One man of letters, indeed, Pope, had acquired by his pen what was then considered as a handsome fortune, and lived on a footing of equality with nobles and ministers of state. But this was a solitary exception. Even an author whose reputation was established, and whose works were popular, such an author as Thomson, whose Seasons were in every library, such an author as Fielding, whose Pasquin had had a greater run than any drama since The Beggar's Opera, was sometimes glad to obtain, by pawning his best coat, the means of dining on tripe at a cook-shop underground, where he could wipe his hands, after his greasy meal, on the back of a Newfoundland dog. It is easy, therefore, to imagine what humiliation and privations must have awaited the novice who had still to earn a name. One of the publishers

* From "Essay on Johnson."

to whom Johnson applied for employment measured with a scornful eye that athletic though uncouth frame, and exclaimed, "You had better get a porter's knot, and carry trunks." Nor was the advice bad; for a porter was likely to be as plentifully fed, and as comfortably lodged, as a poet.

ORIGIN OF THE DIVISION OF LABOR *

ADAM SMITH

As it is by treaty, by barter, and by purchase, that we obtain from one another the greater part of those mutual good offices which we stand in need of, so it is this same trucking disposition which originally gives occasion to the division of labor. In a tribe of hunters or shepherds a particular person makes bows and arrows, for example, with more readiness and dexterity than any other. He frequently exchanges them for cattle or for venison with his companions; and he finds at last that he can in this manner get more cattle and venison, than if he himself went to the fields to catch them. From a regard to his own interest, therefore, the making of bows and arrows grows to be his chief business, and he becomes a sort of armorer. Another excels in making the frames and covers of their little huts or moveable houses. He is accustomed to be of use in this way to his neighbors, who reward him in the same manner with cattle and with venison, till at last he finds it his interest to dedicate himself entirely to this employment, and to become a sort of house-carpenter. In the same manner a third becomes a smith or a brazier; a fourth a tanner or dresser of hides or skins, the principal part of the clothing of savages. And thus the certainty of being able to exchange all that surplus part of the produce of his own labor, which is over and above his own consumption, for such parts of the produce of other men's

* *The Wealth of Nations,* Book I, Chapter II.

labor as he may have occasion for, encourages every man to apply himself to a particular occupation, and to cultivate and bring to perfection whatever talent or genius he may possess for that particular species of business.

FOLK TO WHOM IDLENESS IS COMA *

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Extreme *busyness,* whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country, or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick, they will even stand still. It is no good speaking to such folk; they *cannot* be idle, their nature is not generous enough; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them, you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with; you would imagine they were paralyzed or alienated; and yet very possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school and college, but all the time they

* From "An Apology for Idlers." Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched, he might have clambered on the boxes; when he was twenty, he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff-box empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life.

THE SCHOOLROOM *

Charles Dickens

I gazed upon the school-room into which he took me, as the most forlorn and desolate place I had ever seen. I see it now. A long room, with three long rows of desks, and six of forms, and bristling all round with pegs for hats and slates. Scraps of old copy-books and exercises litter the dirty floor. Some silkworms' houses, made of the same materials, are scattered over the desks. Two miserable little white mice, left behind by their owner, are running up and down in a fusty castle made of pasteboard and wire, looking in all the corners with their red eyes for anything to eat. A bird, in a cage very little bigger than himself, makes a mournful rattle now and then in hopping on his perch, two inches high, or dropping from it; but neither sings nor chirps. There is a strange unwholesome smell upon the room, like mildewed corduroys, sweet apples wanting air, and rotten books. There could not well be more ink splashed about it, if it had been roofless from its first construction, and

* *David Copperfield*, Chapter V.

the skies had rained, snowed, hailed, and blown ink through the varying seasons of the year.

THE INCOMPETENCY OF AMERICAN BUSINESS MEN *

NATHANIEL PEFFER

Dr. Reinsch's most important contribution, however, is his revelation, backed by official facts, of the incompetency of American business men. Here was a university professor and writer, one of these impractical men, trying to egg sound, broad-gauged financiers and captains of industry to invest their money so as to get a footing in the world's best market. He not only tried to persuade them but thought up their "prospects" for them, outlined their "propositions," and promised to "follow up" for them. And there is irony in the professor's recurrent complaint of the business man's provincialism, timidity, lack of enterprise, and gaucherie. When you read concrete cases, such as are given by Dr. Reinsch, you realize that Britain's commercial supremacy all over the world can be attributed not so much to the maneuvers of its Foreign Office as to the superior intelligence of its business men. You realize also how empty is the conventional alibi of the American business man that he has no support from his government. Here was an American minister pleading with American business to let him support it, and American business men bungled; first bragged lustily and then bungled and backed out, bringing ridicule both on themselves and the minister. As any Chinese will say, Americans promise big, they never make good.

ASSIGNMENT FOR THE SECTION AS A WHOLE

1. Study the development of paragraphs in newspapers, magazines, books, your other text books. Bring to class examples of good

* From "The Mysterious East," The Nation, April 11, 1923. Reprinted by permission of The Nation.

paragraph development, of faulty paragraph development, of paragraphs that should be divided, of paragraphs that should be combined.

2. Criticize (do not necessarily condemn) the structure of the following paragraphs:

(a) "English Hotels" (pages 267-68)
(b) "Choosing Our Friends" (page 308)
(c) The second paragraph of "The Old Practitioner and the Young" (pages 223-24)
(d) The first paragraph of "The 'Dropping Song' of the Mocking-Bird" (pages 231-32).

3. Analyze and criticize the following selections with regard to their division into paragraphs:

(a) "The Robin" (pages 228-31)
(b) "The Battle between the Black and the Red Ants" (pages 247-50)
(c) "With What Class of Men Shall Shelley Be Numbered?" (pages 221-23).

MOOD, TONE, AND GENERAL EFFECT

Poor writers convey neither definite ideas nor definite emotions. Fairly good writers—and they are less numerous than they should be—make their ideas clear. Writers with a sure artistic sense—and these are the rarest of all—can summon both an intelligible meaning and the right esthetic and emotional flavor. Besides setting down their exact thought, they induce a particular mood, impart to their pages a preconceived tone, and bend everything they say to one consistent and cumulative effect.

To give writing clearness requires the use of the brain. Any person with judgment and patience can in time become a clear writer. To invest writing with delicate esthetic and emotional qualities requires sensibility as well as judgment and patience. Only the masters can achieve such a standard in its perfection and through sustained passages. But many a speaker or writer has the knack for it in some rude, intermittent form; and any normal person can approach it sufficiently to inform every page he writes with genuine pleasure for the reader.

In every piece of his writing the student should first of all decide upon his objective—should decide what mood, what tone, what effect he will strive for. He should then do whatsoever he can to advance himself upon the road to this objective, and on no account should do anything that will carry him, even for a moment, into some other quarter. The admonition he should give himself constantly is this: *Have everything in keeping.*

Every idea, every feeling he introduces should make for the preëstablished end. The emphasis must be just right, must shift in subtle response to varying conditions, must never fall short of the requirements yet never exceed them. Above all, the haphazard word, the word that bungles an effect, the word that will almost do, must be studiously avoided. In its place must go the word that conveys both the thought and the mood with precision. All this is difficult to achieve. But without it the passage is marred as sadly as is a ghost story by the premature turning up of lights. And with it the passage becomes as impressive as a ghost story is when lights are dim and soft, and the wind outside moans round the gables, and the voice of the narrator flows with an effortless freightage of sepulchral implications.

MY RESCUE BY RATS *

(Mood: loathing)

EDGAR ALLAN POE

The narrator is bound by a surcingle in the path of a pendulum, terminating in a blade of razor-like keenness, that slowly descends upon him. Unable to free himself, he smears the surcingle with food that has been left beside him, his resolution being to lie still until the rats which swarm through the place shall gnaw the surcingle in two. Note the concreteness of the paragraph.

At first, the ravenous animals were startled and terrified at the change—at the cessation of movement. They shrank alarmedly back; many sought the well. But this was only for a moment. I had not counted in vain upon their voracity. Observing that I remained without motion, one or two of the boldest leaped upon the framework, and smelt at the surcingle. This seemed the signal for a general rush. Forth from the well they

* From "The Pit and the Pendulum."

hurried in fresh troops. They clung to the wood—they overran it, and leaped in hundreds upon my person. The measured movement of the pendulum disturbed them not at all. Avoiding its strokes, they busied themselves with the anointed bandage. They pressed—they swarmed upon me in ever-accumulating heaps. They writhed upon my throat; their cold lips sought my own; I was half stifled by their thronging pressure; disgust, for which the world has no name, swelled my bosom, and chilled, with a heavy clamminess, my heart. Yet one minute, and I felt that the struggle would be over. Plainly I perceived the loosening of the bandage. I knew that in more than one place it must be already severed. With a more than human resolution I lay *still.*

ASSIGNMENT

1. Write out a list of the concrete words in this selection. How much do they contribute to the effectiveness of the mood?

2. In a short theme on one of these topics express loathing or repugnance:

Dressing a Chicken
A Person I Detest
People with Clammy Hands
Something I Hate to Touch
Toads
An Encounter with a Snake
My Dream of Being in a Den of Snakes
The Thing Most Repugnant to Me.

THE STABLE-YARD OF A COUNTRY INN ON A RAINY DAY *

(Mood: dreariness)

WASHINGTON IRVING

Note the accurate observation, precise picturing of vivid details, and use of connotative words in this passage. Does the touch of

* From "The Stout Gentleman" in *Bracebridge Hall.*

animation and cheer in the last sentence give relief from the dreariness? enhance it? impair or augment the effectiveness of the scene?

It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but was still feverish, and obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn!—whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travelers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapor rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a doghouse hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; every thing, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hardened ducks, assembled like boon

companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

ASSIGNMENT

Express dreariness in a short theme on one of these topics:

Practising on the Piano
Acting Like a Grown-Up
Missing a Picnic on Account of Mumps
The Dullest Hour I Ever Spent
Waiting for a Train
A Sleepless Night
Killing Time That Well Deserved to Die
That Insufferable Classroom
A Stupid Social Occasion
Sunday Company in the Parlor
A Wretched Hovel
A Forlorn Landscape
A City on Early Sunday Morning
The Campus during Vacation
Five A. M

NIGHT AND HOME*

(Mood: quietude and reverence)

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

It is night now: and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm, the stars peep out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past; sorrowful remorses for sins and shortcomings—memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that have long ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed in the autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses a light keeps watch here and there, in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell,

* From "De Juventute" in *Roundabout Papers.*

and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it.

ASSIGNMENT

Express reverence or awe in a short theme on one of these topics:

The Vast Stretch of Prairie
Sunrise from a Mountain Top
First View of the Sea
Looking Down from an Aeroplane
The Roof Garden at Night
An Experience That Was Sacred
When I Knew That the Soul May Be Great.

SCOTT'S RETURN TO ABBOTSFORD *

(Mood: mingled joy and pathos)

J. G. LOCKHART

Scott, who had traveled to Italy in a vain effort to recover his health, is here pictured returning to his home.

At a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday the 11th, we again placed him in his carriage, and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But as we descended the vale of the Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognizing the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two—"Gala Water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee." As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited, and when turning himself on the couch his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. The river being in flood we had to go round a few miles by Melrose bridge, and during the time this occupied, his woods and house being within prospect, it required

* *Life of Scott,* Volume IX, Chapter LXXXIII.

occasionally both Dr. Watson's strength and mine, in addition to Nicolson's, to keep him in the carriage. After passing the bridge, the road for a couple of miles loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his stupor; but on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became again ungovernable.

Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and assisted us in lifting him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments, and then resting his eye on Laidlaw, said, "Ha! Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!" By this time his dogs had assembled about his chair—they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, until sleep oppressed him.

ASSIGNMENT

In a theme on one of these topics insert touches of joy and also touches of sorrow:

An Afternoon in a Cemetery
Seeing the Meeting of Friends Long Parted
The Old Man's Visit to His Birthplace
The Place Where I and My Companions Played
The General's Visit to the Battlefield on Which He Had Won a Bloody Victory
The Tumble-Down Cottage Round the Corner
Counted Chickens That Didn't Hatch.

LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

(Mood: solemn consolation)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Executive Mansion, Washington, November 21, 1864.

Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachu-

setts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ASSIGNMENT

Take one of the following:

1. Suppose you have known a boy in another town, and now hear he has recently died. Write a letter of consolation to his mother.
2. A boy who lives in the same town with you has gone off to college. In his absence his mother has died. Write him a letter of consolation.
3. You are asked to make an address at a meeting in commemoration of the soldiers in your community who lost their lives in the World War. Write the address.
4. A friend of yours has been thwarted in an effort to bring about the adoption of a reform. Write him a letter of consolation.
5. Write a theme on the subject: "What the Minister Did when Mrs. Chalmers Was in Trouble."

DEATH AT SEA *

(Mood: solemn deprivation)

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. A man dies on shore; his body remains with his friends, and

* *Two Years Before the Mast,* Chapter VI.

"the mourners go about the streets;" but when a man falls overboard at sea and is lost, there is a suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realizing it, which give it an air of awful mystery. A man dies on shore,—you follow his body to the grave, and a stone marks the spot. You are often prepared for the event. There is always something which helps you to realize it when it happens, and to recall it when it has passed. A man is shot down by your side in battle, and the mangled body remains an object, and a real evidence; but at sea, the man is near you,—at your side,—you hear his voice, and in an instant he is gone, and nothing but a vacancy shows his loss. Then, too, at sea—to use a homely but expressive phrase—you *miss* a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark upon the wide, wide sea, and for months and months see no forms and hear no voices but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb. There are no new faces or new scenes to fill up the gap. There is always an empty berth in the forecastle, and one man wanting when the small night-watch is mustered. There is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with you upon the yard. You miss his form, and the sound of his voice, for habit had made them almost necessary to you, and each of your senses feels the loss.

ASSIGNMENT

Put solemnity and a sense of loss into a short theme on one of these topics:

When My Doll Was Broken
When They Sold My Pony
The Old Cat Whose Kittens Had Been Taken from Her
The Days Following the Death of My Playmate
When Cousin Jack Moved to Another Town
A Senior at Graduation Time
The Day I Had n't a Friend in the World.

EXPECTING DISCOVERY BY HOSTILE IROQUOIS *

(Mood: suspense)

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Jasper advanced rapidly but noiselessly to the canoe, and with a gentle violence induced Mabel to place herself in such an attitude as concealed her entire body, though it would have probably exceeded his means to induce the girl so far to lower her head that she could not keep her gaze fastened on their enemies. He then took his own post near her, with his rifle cocked and poised, in readiness to fire. Arrowhead and Chingachgook crawled to cover, and lay in wait like snakes, with their arms prepared for service, while the wife of the former bowed her head between her knees, covered it with her calico robe, and remained passive and immovable. Cap loosened both his pistols in their belt, but seemed quite at a loss what course to pursue The Pathfinder did not stir. He had originally got a position where he might aim with deadly effect through the leaves, and where he could watch the movements of his enemies; and he was far too steady to be disconcerted at a moment so critical.

ASSIGNMENT

Put suspense into a short theme on one of these topics:

Three on Base and None Out
The Finish of the Boat Race
The Last Lap of the Relay Race
The Final Game of the Tennis Tournament
Had the Biscuits Burned?
Stealing Cake and Jam in the Kitchen
Trying to Get to My Room Late at Night Without Waking the Family
When Nat's Younger Brother Almost Found Us

* *The Pathfinder,* Chapter IV.

Slipping by the Beehive
Passing the House Where the Savage Dog Was
While We Waited for the Doctor's Opinion (Judges' Decision)
When We Thought We Heard Burglars
How I Felt in the Dentist's Chair.

THE SOUNDS MADE BY SCREECH OWLS*

(Mood: eerieness)

H. D. THOREAU

When other birds are still the screech owls take up the strain, like mourning women their ancient u-lu-lu. Their dismal scream is truly Ben Jonsonian. Wise midnight hags! It is no honest and blunt tu-whit tu-who of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn graveyard ditty, the mutual consolations of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and the delights of supernal love in the infernal groves. Yet I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses, trilled along the woodside; reminding me sometimes of music and singing birds; as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. They are the spirits, the low spirits and melancholy forebodings, of fallen souls that once in human shape night-walked the earth and did the deeds of darkness, now expiating their sins with their wailing hymns or threnodies in the scenery of their transgressions. They give me a new sense of the variety and capacity of that nature which is our common dwelling. *Oh-o-o-o-o that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n!* sighs one on this side of the pond, and circles with the restlessness of despair to some new perch on the gray oaks. Then—*that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n!* echoes another on the farther side with tremulous sincerity, and—*bor-r-r-r-n!* comes faintly from far in the Lincoln woods.

* *Walden,* Chapter IV.

ASSIGNMENT

Put eerieness into a short theme on one of these topics:

Strange Sounds at Night
Staying Alone at Night
Twilight Where the Frogs Croaked
A Sentinel on a Dark Night in Hostile Territory
The Haunted House
The Hovel where the Old Miser Died
A Graveyard by Moonlight
Our Return from Stealing Watermelons
Uncle Rastus and the Spooks
Lonesome-Like.

RIP VAN WINKLE'S RETURN TO THE VILLAGE

(Mood: bewilderment)

WASHINGTON IRVING

In Irving's famous story Rip Van Winkle has slept in the hills for twenty years, but thinks he has merely been asleep for the night. As he returns to the village the changes bewilder him. Note the effectiveness of the quotation at the end of the paragraph. Hitherto the account has been somewhat general; now it becomes almost painfully specific, and through a single utterance enables us to look at the situation through Rip's eyes.

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left

but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

ASSIGNMENT

Put bewilderment into a short theme on one of these topics:

Waking in a Strange Room
When I Forgot My Own Name
The Day after Our Last Spring Housecleaning
Coming To (after being knocked out of your senses)
The Trick My Rascally Chums Played on Me
Trying to Play a New Game
The Savages when the Sun Was Eclipsed
Old Elkins and the Theory that the Earth Is Round
Aunt Rachel and the Theory that Sickness Is Due to Germs
When I Got Lost in the Woods (City Streets)
Muddling Through.

THE BABY AND THE UNIVERSE*

(Mood: dim dawning intelligence)

ARNOLD BENNETT

While they had tea, Samuel sitting opposite to his wife, and Miss Insull nearly against the wall (owing to the moving of the table), the baby rolled about on the hearthrug, which had been covered with a large soft woollen shawl, originally the property of his great-grandmother. He had no cares, no responsibilities. The shawl was so vast that he could not clearly distinguish objects beyond its confines. On it lay an india-rubber ball, an indiarubber doll, a rattle, and Fan. He vaguely recollected all four items, with their respective properties. The

* From *The Old Wives' Tale* (Book II, Chapter III, Sub-Chapter I) by Arnold Bennett. Reprinted by permission of the George H. Doran Company, publishers of all Arnold Bennett's works in the United States.

fire also was an old friend. He had occasionally tried to touch it, but a high bright fence always came in between. For ten months he had never spent a day without making experiments on this shifting universe in which he alone remained firm and stationary. The experiments were chiefly conducted out of idle amusement, but he was serious on the subject of food. Lately the behavior of the universe in regard to his food had somewhat perplexed him, had indeed annoyed him. However, he was of a forgetful, happy disposition, and so long as the universe continued to fulfil its sole end as a machinery for the satisfaction, somehow, of his imperious desires, he was not inclined to remonstrate. He gazed at the flames and laughed, and laughed because he had laughed. He pushed the ball away and wriggled after it, and captured it with the assurance of practice. He tried to swallow the doll, and it was not until he had tried several times to swallow it that he remembered the failure of previous efforts and philosophically desisted. He rolled with a fearful shock, arms and legs in air, against the mountainous flank of that mammoth Fan, and clutched at Fan's ear. The whole mass of Fan upheaved and vanished from his view, and was instantly forgotten by him. He seized the doll and tried to swallow it, and repeated the exhibition of his skill with the ball. Then he saw the fire again and laughed. And so he existed for centuries: no responsibilities, no appetites; and the shawl was vast. Terrific operations went on over his head. Giants moved to and fro. Great vessels were carried off and great books were brought and deep voices rumbled regularly in the spaces beyond the shawl. But he remained oblivious. At last he became aware that a face was looking down at his. He recognized it, and immediately an uncomfortable sensation in his stomach disturbed him; he tolerated it for fifty years or so, and then he gave a little cry. Life had resumed its seriousness.

"Black alpaca. B quality. Width 20, t.a. 22 yards," Miss

Insull read out of a great book. She and Mr. Povey were checking stock.

And Mr. Povey responded, "Black alpaca B quality. Width 20, t.a. 22 yards. It wants ten minutes yet." He had glanced at the clock.

"Does it?" said Constance, well knowing that it wanted ten minutes.

The baby did not guess that a high invisible god named Samuel Povey, whom nothing escaped, and who could do everything at once, was controlling his universe from an inconceivable distance. On the contrary, the baby was crying to himself, There is no God.

ASSIGNMENT

Put wonder, a sense of novelty, or the sensation of fresh discovery into a short theme on one of these topics:

When I Caught on to the Joke
The Bigness of the World in My Childhood
How Rawlings Learned What Unselfishness Means
When I Began to See Sense in Algebra
The Ignoramus and the Printed Page
My First Day in a City
My First Formal Dinner
Long Trousers.

THE MONOTONY AND HEAT OF THE DESERT *

(Mood: sultriness)

A. W. Kinglake

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains, you pass over newly reared hills,

* *Eothen*, Chapter XVII.

you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm; and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled, and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labors on; your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand, right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses; the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on, comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

ASSIGNMENT

Put sultriness into a brief theme on one of these topics:

Sage-Brush and Cactus
Crossing the Desert in a Train

A Sweltering Day and an Empty Gasoline Tank
When the Hot Winds Swept Across the Country
All Day in the Cornfield
My First All-Day Job (in summer)
The Town Square at Noonday in July
The Sultriness of Country Fairs
The Slums in Midsummer
Siesta Time.

THE HOWLING DERVISHES *

(Mood: clamorous frenzy)

AMELIA B. EDWARDS

Softly at first, and one by one, the dervishes took up the chant: "Allàh! Allàh! Allàh!" Their heads and their voices rose and fell in unison. The dome above gave back a hollow echo. There was something strange and solemn in the ceremony.

Presently, however, the trumpets brayed louder—the voices grew hoarser—the heads bowed lower—the name of Allàh rang out faster and faster, fiercer and fiercer. The leader, himself cool and collected, began sensibly accelerating the time of the chorus; and it became evident that the performers were possessed by a growing frenzy. Soon the whole circle was madly rocking to and fro; the voices rose to a hoarse scream; and only the trumpets were audible above the din. Now and then a dervish would spring up convulsively some three or four feet above the heads of the others; but for the most part they stood rooted firmly to one spot—now bowing their heads almost to their feet—now flinging themselves so violently back, that we, standing behind, could see their faces foreshortened upside down; and this with such incredible rapidity that their long hair had scarcely time either to rise or fall, but remained as if suspended in mid-air. Still the frenzy mounted; still the pace quickened. Some shrieked—some groaned—some, unable

* *A Thousand Miles Up the Nile,* Chapter II.

to support themselves any longer, were held up in their places by the bystanders. All were mad for the time being. Our own heads seemed to be going round at last; and more than one of the ladies present looked longingly toward the door. It was, in truth, a horrible sight, and needed only darkness and torchlight to be quite diabolical.

ASSIGNMENT

Secure the effect of clamor or physical frenzy in a short theme on one of these topics:

A Rustic "Hoe-Down"
Camp Meeting
A Negro Congregation under Emotional Preaching
A Frenchman Attempting to Converse with an Indian
An Indian Sun Dance
The Floor of the Stock Exchange
A Football Rally
When We Won the Championship Game
A Political Convention
The Barkers for the Sideshows
The Ribaldry of Those Squirrels
How the Prairie Dogs "Sassed" Me
A Bird-Mob Assailing an Owl
Those Monkeys at the Zoo
A Menagerie at Mealtime
Slopping the Hogs.

OUTDOOR SOUNDS AT NIGHT *

(Mood: soothing contentment)

MAURICE THOMPSON

The first sentence of this selection gives the general situation; the last a terse and imaginative summary of what has been told us. Between are admirably concrete descriptions of the sounds heard by a person who is sleeping out of doors.

* From "A Fortnight in a Palace of Reeds," in *By-Ways and Bird Notes.*

When the nights were clear we hung our hammocks in the palace, and slept suspended in the perfumed breeze. Often I awoke in the small hours and heard the raccoons growling and chattering in the brake. At such times the swash of the river had a strangely soothing effect, a lullaby of fairy land.

Will had a nocturnal habit. He would slip forth, when the moon shone, long after I had gone to sleep, and the twang of his bowstring would startle me from quiet dreams as he let go a shaft at an owl or a night heron. Reading over some of the notes I made at the time recalls the charmingly unique effect of certain sounds heard at waking moments in those out-door resting-hours:

The leaping of bass, for instance, plash, plash, at unequal intervals of time and distance, breaking through the supreme quiet of midnight, comes to one's ears with a liquid, bubbling accompaniment, not at all like anything else in the world. The mocking bird (*Mimus polyglottus*) often starts from sleep in the scented foliage of the sweet-gum to sing a tender medley to the rising moon. At such time his voice reflects all the richness and shadowy dreamfulness of night. It blends into one's sense of rest and becomes an element of enjoyment after one has fallen again into slumber.

Frogs are night's buffoons. "Croak, croak, croak," you hear one muttering, and with your eyes yet unopened and the silence and stillness of sleep scarcely gone from you, you wonder where he is sitting. On what green tussock, with his big eyes jetting out and his angular legs akimbo, does he squat? Suddenly "Chug!" You know how he leaped up, spread out his limbs, turned down his head and struck into the water like a shot. You chuckle grimly to yourself, turn over in your hammock, and all is forgotten.

Then the screech-owl begins to whine in its tremulous, querulous falsetto, snapping its beak occasionally as if to remind the mice and small birds of its murderous desires. The

big horned-owl laughs and hoots far away in gloomy glens. The leaves rustle, the river pours on, and the wind sinks and swells like the breath of a mighty sleeper. . . . The falling of a slight shower of rain, one of those short, light, even down-comings of large drops, which is not strong enough to break through the leaf-canopy overhead, moves the out-door slumberer to most exquisite enjoyment. He opens his eyes and all his senses at once. The air has sweet moisture in it, the darkness is deep. Above, around, far and near, a tumult is in the leaves. The shower is scarcely more than momentary in its duration, but it is infinitely suggestive. There are millions of voices calling from far and near. Vast organ swells, tender æolian strains, the thrumming of harp-strings and the exquisite quaverings of the violin. Multitudes clapping hands and crying from afar in applause. Then as the cloud passes on, the throbbing sounds trail after it, and at length it all dies out beyond the hills.

So our nights were "filled with music" in the Palace of Reeds.

ASSIGNMENT

Reproduce or suggest as definitely as you can the sounds appropriate to one of these topics:

Under the Whispering Willows
The First Night I Slept Outdoors
A Storm at Night
The Mosquito's Midnight Tocsin
My Auricular Contemplation of Nocturnal Insect Life
Floating Downstream
What I Hear when I Keep My Eyes Closed
The Street Sounds That Come to My Window (draw a contrast between sounds by day and sounds by night)
My Attempt to Sleep Near the Railroad Station
What I Heard from My Berth in the Pullman
A Concert Heard amid Gossips and Critics.

DOBBIN'S VISIT TO THE RUINED JOHN SEDLEY*

(Mood: the pathos of a change for the worse)

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

The first of these paragraphs generalizes upon the pathos of a ruined man, of his bustle, his hopeless eagerness. The second pictures John Sedley in ruin, makes concrete contrast of his old self with his new, and closes with a touching statement of his humility.

Mr. Dobbin went to seek John Sedley at his house of call in the City, the Tapioca Coffee-House, where, since his own offices were shut up, and fate had overtaken him, the poor broken-down old gentleman used to betake himself daily, and write letters and receive them, and tie them up into mysterious bundles, several of which he carried in the flaps of his coat. I don't know anything more dismal than that business and bustle and mystery of a ruined man: those letters from the wealthy which he shows you: those worn greasy documents promising support and offering condolence which he places wistfully before you, and on which he builds his hopes of restoration and future fortune. My beloved reader has no doubt in the course of his experience been waylaid by many such a luckless companion. He takes you into the corner; he has his bundle of papers out of his gaping coat pocket; and the tape off, and the string in his mouth, and the favorite letters selected and laid before you; and who does not know the sad eager half-crazy look which he fixes on you with his hopeless eyes?

Changed into a man of this sort, Dobbin found the once florid, jovial, and prosperous John Sedley. His coat, that used to be so glossy and trim, was white at the seams, and the buttons showed the copper. His face had fallen in, and was unshorn; his frill and neckcloth hung limp under his bagging waistcoat.

* *Vanity Fair,* Chapter XX.

When he used to treat the boys in old days at a coffee-house, he would shout and laugh louder than anybody there, and have all the waiters skipping round him; it was quite painful to see how humble and civil he was to John of the Tapioca, a blear-eyed old attendant in dingy stockings and cracked pumps, whose business it was to serve glasses of wafers, and bumpers of ink in pewter, and slices of paper to the frequenters of this dreary house of entertainment, where nothing else seemed to be consumed. As for William Dobbin, whom he had tipped repeatedly in his youth, and who had been the old gentleman's butt on a thousand occasions, old Sedley gave his hand to him in a very hesitating humble manner now, and called him "Sir." A feeling of shame and remorse took possession of William Dobbin as the broken old man so received and addressed him, as if he himself had been somehow guilty of the misfortune which had brought Sedley so low.

ASSIGNMENT

Make pathos dominate a short theme on one of these topics:

One Who Had Known Better Days
The Gratitude Shown Me That Made Me Ashamed
The Thinker Grown Intellectually Feeble
The Old Veteran
An Actor Out of a Job
The Poor Child That Hangs Round a Hotel Kitchen
"It Might Have Been"
A Mountainside Devastated by a Forest Fire
My Visit to the Poorhouse (Insane Asylum).

THE HAPPINESS OF NOT BEING RICH*

(Mood: the joy of hard-earned pleasures)

CHARLES LAMB

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want

* From "Old China" in *Last Essays of Elia.*

to be poor; but there was a middle state;"—so she was pleased to ramble on,—"in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

"Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent-garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till day-break—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity, with which you flaunted it about in that over-worn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the

old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

. . . . . .

"You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the battle of Hexham, and the surrender of Calais, and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in the Children in the Wood—when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria? You used to say, that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough—but there was still a law of civility to women recognized to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money, and walk in. You cannot see, you

say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty."

ASSIGNMENT

In a short theme on one of these topics portray the pleasing or redeeming side of something regarded as disagreeable:

The Bright Side of Poverty
The Joy of Not Having Quite Enough to Eat
The Satisfaction in Retrimming My Last Year's Hat
Something I Would Save My Pennies For (Willingly Wait For)
"It Has Its Better Side"
Compensations for Having to Shine My Own Shoes
Not Success, but the Struggle
The Bliss of Being Rejected
The Heaven of Not Making the Team
Better Luck Next Time!
A Fighting Failure.

A MUSIC STUDENT'S ROOM IN CHICAGO *

(Effect: drabness)

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

Thea's room was large enough to admit a rented upright piano without crowding. It was, the widowed daughter said, "a double room that had always before been occupied by two gentlemen"; the piano now took the place of a second occupant. There was an ingrain carpet on the floor, green ivy leaves on a red ground, and clumsy, old-fashioned walnut furniture. The bed was very wide, and the mattress thin and hard. Over the fat pillows were "shams" embroidered in Turkey red, each with a flowering scroll—one with "Gute Nacht," the other with "Guten Morgen." The dresser was so big that Thea wondered how it had ever been got into the house and up the

* *The Song of the Lark,* Part II. This selection is used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

narrow stairs. Besides an old horsehair armchair, there were two low plush "spring-rockers," against the massive pedestals of which one was always stumbling in the dark. Thea sat in the dark a good deal those first weeks, and sometimes a painful bump against one of those brutally immovable pedestals roused her temper and pulled her out of a heavy hour. The wall-paper was brownish yellow, with blue flowers. When it was put on, the carpet, certainly, had not been consulted. There was only one picture on the wall when Thea moved in: a large colored print of a brightly lighted church in a snow-storm, on Christmas Eve, with greens hanging about the stone doorway and arched windows. There was something warm and homelike about this picture, and Thea grew fond of it. One day, on her way into town to take her lesson, she stopped at a bookstore and bought a photograph of the Naples bust of Julius Cæsar. This she had framed, and hung it on the big bare wall behind her stove. It was a curious choice, but she was at the age when people do inexplicable things. She had been interested in Cæsar's "Commentaries" when she left school to begin teaching, and she loved to read about great generals; but these facts would scarcely explain her wanting that grim bald head to share her daily existence. It seemed a strange freak, when she bought so few things, and when she had, as Mrs. Anderson said to Mrs. Lorch, "no pictures of the composers at all."

ASSIGNMENT

Make drabness the note of a short theme on one of these topics:

A Dingy Interior
The Dining Room of a Squalid Inn
That Stuffy Old Parlor
The Room where the Pictures of the Kinfolks Hang
A Pretentiously Ill-Furnished House
A Settlement Wedding
The Cold Gray Dawn of the Morning After
What's the Use?

TEUFELSDRÖCKH'S VIEW FROM HIS TOWER *

(Mood: a profound sense of the spiritual and eternal hovering over the physical and temporal)

THOMAS CARLYLE

In this description, with its scraps of German phrases, Carlyle is at the same time marvelously observant of temporary things and mindful of things eternal. The first paragraph gives Teufelsdröckh's view by day, the second by night.

"I look down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive," have we heard him say, "and witness their wax-laying and honey-making, and poison-brewing, and choking by sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, where music plays while Serene Highness is pleased to eat his victuals, down to the low lane, where in her door-sill the aged widow, knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all; for, except the Schlosskirche weathercock, no biped stands so high. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing Joy and Sorrow bagged up in pouches of leather: there, top-laden, and with swift horses, rolls in the country Baron and his household; here, on timber leg, the lamed Soldier hops painfully along, begging alms: a thousand carriages, and wains, and cars, come tumbling in with Food, with young Rusticity, and other Raw Produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling out again with Produce manufactured. That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? *Aus der Ewigkeit, zu der Ewigheit hin:* From Eternity, onward to Eternity! These are Apparitions: what else? Are they not Souls rendered visible; in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it; melting into air? Their solid pavement is a Picture of the Sense; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or

* *Sartor Resartus,* Book I, Chapter III.

fanciest thou, the red and yellow Clothes-screen * yonder, with spurs on its heels, and feather in its crown, is but of To-day, without a Yesterday or a To-morrow; and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy Island? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being: watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more."

"*Ach, mein Lieber!*" said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting Dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapors, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw: in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry Villains; while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him

* That is, a man.

over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets-to his pick-locks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the *Rabenstein?*—their gallows must even now be o' building. Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal position; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten.—All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them;—crammed in, like salted fish, in their barrel;—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed Vipers, each struggling to get its *head above* the others: *such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane! But I, *mein Werther,* sit above it all; I am alone with the stars."

ASSIGNMENT

1. Describe in detail, from memory, one of the following. If your description is hazy or inaccurate, rewrite it "with your eye on the object." Add a paragraph commenting upon the spiritual import in any way proceeding from it.

An Indian Penny
The Exact Order and Structure of Buildings in a Block
The Colors of My Classmates' Eyes, and of the Cravats Worn by My Classmates Yesterday.

2. Try to secure something of Carlyle's combination of sweep and minuteness, of corporeal and spiritual, in a short theme on one of these topics:

The Crowds in the Street
When I Looked Down from a Tower in the City
View from a Lofty Mountain
The Harbor as We Saw It from an Approaching Ship
The National Convention of a Political Party
Evening and Dawn in the City
The Disbanding of an Army at the End of a War
Thoughts on Beholding the Stars.

ASSIGNMENT FOR THE SECTION AS A WHOLE

1. Find paragraphs in "The Morning of Circus Day" (pages 373-79) which convey a mood effectively. In "Hetty in the Dairy" (pages 200-203).

2. Bring to class the passage in literature which in your judgment best conveys its mood.

KEEPING AN IDEA TO THE FORE

It is easier to give a theme ideas than an idea. It is easier to advance many thoughts than to make the many contribute to the prominence and development of one.

Our trouble springs in part from proneness to deal with the irrelevant. The world is filled with by-paths. Things are persistently happening around us that have slight traceable connection with anything else and that beguile our attention without informing our minds. Thus unless our resolution be of iron, our thinking is largely a hodgepodge. As surely as it is, our writing will also be a hodgepodge. Now the only redemption for the literary slattern is pride of workmanship. We must be ashamed to sign a theme which we have not rid of excrescences.

Our trouble springs also in part from careless organization. It is one thing to write a theme that contains no alien matter. It is another and far more difficult thing to write a theme which gives proper recognition to the central idea. We may so tuck away that idea in the body of the theme, so awkwardly state it, so scant the essence of it in emphasizing one of its aspects, that none but the most attentive readers will perceive with certainty what we are about. Just as the football player must always follow the ball, or failing that, must know where the ball is in order that he may shape his conduct accordingly, so must we never lose sight of the central idea. We must not be content that our readers shall be able to get it. We must

be determined that, come what will, they shall not be able to miss it. We must therefore give it prominence of position, state it lucidly, and be willing to engage in "damnable iteration" of it rather than let it run risks of passing unperceived or half-perceived.

WARREN HASTINGS AND DAYLESFORD *

LORD MACAULAY

We have seen in the "Apostrophe to General Warren" (page 30) that the repetition of a single word may keep before the reader or the hearer a central thought or emotion. This paragraph, though less artificially, employs the same device. The early part of the paragraph has a perfunctory service to perform, but the latter part deals with a powerful influence upon Hastings—his desire to recover his ancestral estate. Note how the repetition of *Daylesford* gives the word significance.

Warren, the son of Pynaston, was born on the sixth of December, 1732. His mother died a few days later, and he was left dependent on his distressed grandfather. The child was early sent to the village school, where he learned his letters on the same bench with the sons of the peasantry; nor did any thing in his garb or fare indicate that his life was to take a widely different course from that of the young rustics with whom he studied and played. But no cloud could overcast the dawn of so much genius and so much ambition. The very ploughmen observed, and long remembered, how kindly little Warren took to his book. The daily sight of the lands which his ancestors had possessed, and which had passed into the hands of strangers, filled his young brain with wild fancies and projects. He loved to hear stories of the wealth and greatness of his progenitors, of their splendid housekeeping, their loyalty and their valor. On one bright summer day, the boy, then just seven years old, lay on

* From "Essay on Warren Hastings."

the bank of the rivulet which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Isis. There, as threescore and ten years later he told the tale, rose in his mind a scheme which, through all the turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned. He would recover the estate which had belonged to his fathers. He would be Hastings of Daylesford. This purpose, formed in infancy and poverty, grew stronger as his intellect expanded and as his fortune rose. He pursued his plan with that calm but indomitable force of will which was the most striking peculiarity of his character. When, under a tropical sun, he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford. And when his long public life, so singularly chequered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed forever, it was to Daylesford that he retired to die.

ASSIGNMENT

Through repetition give emphasis to a key word connected with one of these topics:

America, the Land I Love
The Valor of the Three Hundred at Thermopylæ
The Gorgeousness of the Circus Parade (Mardi Gras)
The Daintiness of Chaucer's Prioress (any other literary heroine)
The Good Fellowship of the Christmastide
The Intensity of My Thirst When I Could Not Get Water
The Grimness of Hartley's Resolve to Make That Touchdown
Gold, the Unhallowed.

SCENE OF THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS *

Lord Macaulay

In this selection, as contrasted with the preceding, the central idea—the splendor and historic associations of a rich scene and setting—is present throughout. It is enforced in part by Macaulay's spectacular description and his resounding roll of great names;

* From "Essay on Warren Hastings."

in part (during the latter half of the paragraph) through the repetition of the adverb *there.*

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulations of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and

Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen side by side the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone around Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

ASSIGNMENT

Give cumulative power to a theme by repeating one of these words or phrases:

Now
Mine
Never
Protest
Keep on
Far away
Honest, forsooth!
It was he who.

THE DESIRE OF HAPPINESS UNIVERSAL *

HORACE MANN

As suggested in the introduction to "The Democracy of Socialism" (pages 8-9), an idea may be kept to the fore through expression in a topic sentence at both the beginning and the end. The development of an idea thus hedged about may nevertheless take various forms. Here the development is largely through examples, in the next selection through rejecting false definitions and then giving the true one.

I begin with the postulate, that it is the law of our nature to desire happiness. This law is not local, but universal; not temporary, but eternal. It is not a law to be proved by exceptions, for it knows no exception. The savage and the martyr welcome fierce pains, not because they love pain, but because they love some expected remuneration of happiness so well, that they are willing to purchase it at the price of the pain,—at the price of imprisonment, torture, or death. The young desire happiness more keenly than any others. The desire is innate, spontaneous, exuberant; and nothing but repeated and repeated overflows of the lava of disappointment can burn or bury it in the human breast. On this law of our nature, then, we may stand as on an immovable foundation of truth. Whatever fortune may befall our argument, our premises are secure. The conscious desire of happiness is active in all men.

ASSIGNMENT

Start with one of these topic sentences, develop the idea it contains through the body of your theme, and close by repeating the topic idea in other words or from another point of view:

Winter sports are the most enjoyable.
The cause of most suffering is unequal distribution.
The rich are less happy than the poor.

* From "Thoughts for a Young Man."

The doctors are more often inquiring into the condition of the teeth.
There is not enough coercive education in the grades.
We need a stadium for our athletic contests.
Many of the things we believe are superstitions.
Factory-made furniture is less durable than the old handicrafts-man-made.
I hold that the game is more important than the score.

A MAN'S RELIGION ALL-IMPORTANT *

THOMAS CARLYLE

It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. A man's, or a nation of men's. By religion I do not mean here the church-creed which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign and, in words or otherwise, assert; not this wholly, in many cases not this at all. We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion, this profession and assertion; which is often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of the man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does practically believe (and this is often enough *without* asserting it even to himself, much less to others); the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious Universe, and his duty and destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. That is his *religion;* or, it may be, his mere skepticism and *no-religion:* the manner it is in which he feels himself to be spiritually related to the Unseen World or No-World; and I say, if you tell me what that is, you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, what the kind of things he will do is. . . .

* From "The Hero as Divinity."

ASSIGNMENT

1. Begin a theme with one of these topic sentences, make every sentence and every word you write bear unmistakably on the topic idea, and close with a repetition of the topic sentence as indicated:

I have my ideas as to what a college man's religion should be. . . . Yes, I have, etc.

It does not pay to be prompt at engagements. . . . No, it does not, etc.

Firkins had pluck. . . . There can't be any doubt that, etc.

We talk about the uselessness of memory work, but the lawyer who can't remember facts when he needs them will lose many cases. . . . We may talk all we please about the uselessness of memory work, but where would the man be who let his power to remember atrophy?

He was not responsible for his actions. . . . Anyone could see that he was not responsible, etc.

It was not the time to try a forward pass. . . . It is surely evident that it was not, etc.

We ought to have won that game. . . . Yes, siree, we ought, etc.

You can entice coöperation, but you cannot compel it. . . . Enticing coöperation is not a hard task, but you'll have your work cut out for you if you try to compel it.

A mule is a most cantankerous critter. . . . I repeat that a mule, etc.

It was a problem how we should get our winter supply of coal. . . . You see, it really was a problem, etc.

Saunders liked to hang around and chat. . . . I never saw such a fellow as Saunders to, etc.

There should be an open season for bores. . . . Nothing is clearer than that there should be, etc.

I hate cats. . . . I certainly hate cats.

2. Write a theme of which the first paragraph shall begin with the sentence "I dislike clerks," the second shall begin with the sentence "I dislike woman clerks at soda fountains," the third with the sentence "I dislike dapper young clerks who tell me what to wear," and the fourth with the sentence "I dislike elderly clerks who inquire about my health and comment on the weather"; and of which the last paragraph shall end with the sentence "I have an undying antipathy to clerks of every conceivable age, sex, temperament, quality, and kind."

THE LOSS IN CIVILIZATION'S GAINS *

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Emerson's thought is usually dispersive rather than highly unified. But in passages at least, if not in essays as wholes, he frequently attains oneness amid his diversity. Here he makes a topic statement, reiterates it in general terms, and then enforces it with particular instances.

All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves.

Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is Christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts, and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under! But compare the health of the two men, and you shall see that the white man has lost his aboriginal strength. If the traveller tells us truly, strike the savage with a broad axe, and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks so much support of muscle. He has a fine Geneva watch, but he fails of the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and

* From "Self-Reliance."

the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance-office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigor of wild virtue. For every Stoic was a Stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?

. . . It is curious to see the periodical disuse and perishing of means and machinery, which were introduced with loud laudation a few years or centuries before. The great genius returns to essential man. We reckoned the improvements of the art of war among the triumphs of science, and yet Napoleon conquered Europe by the bivouac, which consisted of falling back on naked valor, and disencumbering it of all aids. The Emperor held it impossible to make a perfect army, says Las Casas, "without abolishing our arms, magazines, commissaries, and carriages, until, in imitation of the Roman custom, the soldier should receive his supply of corn, grind it in his hand-mill, and bake his bread himself."

ASSIGNMENT

Support one of these statements with an array of specific instances:

The unlettered man may be well-educated.

Uneducated folk have much useful knowledge that the educated classes do not possess.

Intuition is sometimes a safer guide than thought.

No statesman is so wise as to see very surely whither humanity is tending.

There appears to be no limit to the achievements of mechanical invention.

The wanton destruction of our forests has had deplorable effects.

The tendency toward a consolidation of newspapers has been very marked of late years.

The tendency to specialization is fatal to the production of all-round men.

The vast increase of the reading classes means inevitable decline in the quality of literature.

The movies cannot do serious harm to legitimate drama.

The motion picture because of its powerful appeal to the sense of sight will supplant many of our text books as educational instruments.

The true aristocracy is an aristocracy of brains.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE *

Theodore Roosevelt

This the best-known of Roosevelt's addresses, delivered in Chicago in 1899, contained passages here omitted as no longer pertinent. But the animating thought, the basic principle, is printed in its entirety. Through vigorous and varied reiteration of this principle—strenuous national endeavor—Roosevelt compels us to feel its importance. We may support it or oppose it; we can hardly remain indifferent to it.

In speaking to you, men of the greatest city of the West, men of the State which gave to the country Lincoln and Grant, men who preëminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character, I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

A life of slothful ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands from himself and from his sons shall be demanded of the

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American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace, is to be the first consideration in their eyes—to be the ultimate goal after which they strive? You men of Chicago have made this city great, you men of Illinois have done your share, and more than your share, in making America great, because you neither preach nor practise such a doctrine. You work yourselves, and you bring up your sons to work. If you are rich and are worth your salt, you will teach your sons that though they may have leisure, it is not to be spent in idleness; for wisely used leisure merely means that those who possess it, being free from the necessity of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research—work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most honor upon the nation. We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend, but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune. But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period, not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, even though perhaps not of vicious enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer of the earth's surface, and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his

fellows if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a very satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

In the last analysis a healthy state can exist only when the men and women who make it up lead clean, vigorous, healthy lives; when the children are so trained that they shall endeavor, not to shirk difficulties, but to overcome them; not to seek ease, but to know how to wrest triumph from toil and risk. The man must be glad to do a man's work, to dare and endure and to labor; to keep himself, and to keep those dependent upon him. The woman must be the housewife, the helpmeet of the home-maker, the wise and fearless mother of many healthy children. In one of Daudet's powerful and melancholy books he speaks of "the fear of maternity, the haunting terror of the young wife of the present day." When such words can be truthfully written of a nation, that nation is rotten to the heart's core. When men fear work or fear righteous war, when women fear motherhood, they tremble on the brink of doom; and well it is that they should vanish from the earth, where they are fit subjects for the scorn of all men and women who are themselves strong and brave and high-minded.

. . . . . .

We of this generation do not have to face a task such as that our fathers faced, but we have our tasks, and woe to us if we fail to perform them! We cannot, if we would, play the part of China, and be content to rot by inches in ignoble ease within our borders, taking no interest in what goes on beyond them, sunk in a scrambling commercialism; heedless of the higher life, the life of aspiration, of toil and risk, busying ourselves only with the wants of our bodies for the day, until suddenly we should find, beyond a shadow of question, what China has already found, that in this world the nation that has trained itself to a career of unwarlike and isolated ease is bound, in the

end, to go down before other nations which have not lost the manly and adventurous qualities. If we are to be a really great people, we must strive in good faith to play a great part in the world. We cannot avoid meeting great issues. All that we can determine for ourselves is whether we shall meet them well or ill.

. . . . . .

The army and the navy are the sword and the shield which this nation must carry if she is to do her duty among the nations of the earth—if she is not to stand merely as the China of the western hemisphere. Our proper conduct toward the tropic islands we have wrested from Spain is merely the form which our duty has taken at the moment. Of course we are bound to handle the affairs of our own household well. We must see that there is civic honesty, civic cleanliness, civic good sense in our home administration of city, State, and nation. We must strive for honesty in office, for honesty toward the creditors of the nation and of the individual; for the widest freedom of individual initiative where possible, and for the wisest control of individual initiative where it is hostile to the welfare of the many. But because we set our own household in order we are not thereby excused from playing our part in the great affairs of the world. A man's first duty is to his own home, but he is not thereby excused from doing his duty to the State; for if he fails in this second duty it is under the penalty of ceasing to be a freeman. In the same way, while a nation's first duty is within its own borders, it is not thereby absolved from facing its duties in the world as a whole; and if it refuses to do so, it merely forfeits its right to struggle for a place among the peoples that shape the destiny of mankind.

. . . . . .

I preach to you, then, my countrymen, that our country calls not for the life of ease but for the life of strenuous endeavor. The twentieth century looms before us big with the fate of many

nations. If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen, slothful ease and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by, and will win for themselves the domination of the world. Let us therefore boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. Above all, let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified, for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness.

ASSIGNMENT

Write as vigorous an exhortation (affirmative or negative) as you can on one of these topics:

The Need for a Larger Army
The Necessity for More Governmental Attention to Aeronautics
Less Aloofness on the Part of Our Government from European Affairs
Closer National Coöperation with South American Countries
Further National Support and Control of Education
Greater Popular Regard for Law
A Reform in Judicial Procedure
Acceptance of the Principle of the Open Shop
The Greatest Single Need in Our School
The Spirit That Should Animate Our School
Better Municipal Government
A Movement This Community Should Foster.

A DAY'S WORK ABOARD SHIP *

Richard Henry Dana, Jr.

The device employed by Mann and Carlyle (pages 94 and 95) may also be employed in longer compositions. Here the

* *Two Years Before the Mast,* Chapter III.

author quotes early in his composition a question that is often asked, accumulates concrete evidence in answer to it, and in a summarizing sentence repeats the question at the close.

Before I end my explanations, it may be well to define a *day's work,* and to correct a mistake prevalent among landsmen about a sailor's life. Nothing is more common than to hear people say, "Are not sailors very idle at sea? What can they find to do?" This is a natural mistake, and, being frequently made, is one which every sailor feels interested in having corrected. In the first place, then, the discipline of the ship requires every man to be at work upon *something* when he is on deck, except at night and on Sundays. At all other times you will never see a man, on board a well-ordered vessel, standing idle on deck, sitting down, or leaning over the side. It is the officers' duty to keep every one at work, even if there is nothing to be done but to scrape the rust from the chain cables. In no state prison are the convicts more regularly set to work, and more closely watched. No conversation is allowed among the crew at their duty, and though they frequently do talk when aloft, or when near one another, yet they stop when an officer is nigh.

With regard to the work upon which the men are put, it is a matter which probably would not be understood by one who has not been at sea. When I first left port, and found that we were kept regularly employed for a week or two, I supposed that we were getting the vessel into sea trim, and that it would soon be over and we should have nothing to do but to sail the ship; but I found that it continued so for two years, and at the end of the two years there was as much to be done as ever. As has often been said, a ship is like a lady's watch, always out of repair. When first leaving port, studding-sail gear is to be rove, all the running rigging to be examined, that which is unfit for use to be got down, and new rigging rove in its place; then the standing rigging is to be overhauled, replaced, and repaired in a thousand different ways; and wherever any of the number-

less ropes or the yards are chafing or wearing upon it, there "chafing gear," as it is called, must be put on. This chafing gear consists of worming, parcelling, roundings, battens, and service of all kinds,—rope-yarns, spun-yarn, marline, and seizing-stuffs. Taking off, putting on, and mending the chafing gear alone, upon a vessel, would find constant employment for a man or two men, during working hours, for a whole voyage.

The next point to be considered is, that all the "small stuffs" which are used on board a ship—such as spun-yarn, marline, seizing-stuff, &c., &c.—are made on board. The owners of a vessel buy up incredible quantities of "old junk," which the sailors unlay, and, after drawing out the yarns, knot them together, and roll them up in balls. These "rope-yarns" are constantly used for various purposes, but the greater part is manufactured into spun-yarn. For this purpose, every vessel is furnished with a "spun-yarn winch"; which is very simple, consisting of a wheel and spindle. This may be heard constantly going on deck in pleasant weather; and we had employment, during a great part of the time, for three hands, in drawing and knotting yarns, and making spun-yarn.

Another method of employing the crew is "setting-up" rigging. Whenever any of the standing rigging becomes slack (which is continually happening), the seizings and coverings must be taken off, tackles got up, and, after the rigging is bowsed well taut, the seizings and coverings be replaced, which is a very nice piece of work. There is also such a connection between different parts of a vessel, that one rope can seldom be touched without requiring a change in another. You cannot stay a mast aft by the back stays, without slacking up the head stays, &c., &c. If we add to this all the tarring, greasing, oiling, varnishing, painting, scraping, and scrubbing which is required in the course of a long voyage, and also remember this is all done in *addition to* watching at night, steering, reefing, furling, bracing, making and setting sail, and pulling, hauling, and

climbing in every direction, one will hardly ask, "What can a sailor find to do at sea?"

ASSIGNMENT

In a theme of two or more paragraphs begin and close with one of these statements or questions:

Did n't I have anything to do?
The "good old times" must not have been so good after all.
There is too much of the spirit of jazz in young folks.
Can a politician keep his hands clean?
Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Can a student put his work first and be popular?
That is a matter about which people's notions are all wrong.
I know what I'd do if I had a million dollars.

OUR IDEA OF ADVANCEMENT IN LIFE *

JOHN RUSKIN

Practically, then, at present, "advancement in life" means, becoming conspicuous in life; obtaining a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable or honorable. We do not understand by this advancement, in general, the mere making of money, but the being known to have made it; not the accomplishment of any great aim, but the being seen to have accomplished it. In a word, we mean the gratification of our thirst for applause. That thirst, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones; and, on the whole, the strongest impulsive influence of average humanity: the greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.

I am not about to attack or defend this impulse. I want you only to feel how it lies at the root of effort, especially of all modern effort. It is the gratification of vanity which is, with us,

* From *Sesame and Lilies.*

the stimulus of toil and balm of repose; so closely does it touch the very springs of life that the wounding of our vanity is always spoken of (and truly) as in its measure *mortal;* we call it "mortification," using the same expression which we should apply to a gangrenous and incurable bodily hurt. And although few of us may be physicians enough to recognize the various effect of this passion upon health and energy, I believe most honest men know, and would at once acknowledge, its leading power with them as a motive. The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain only because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be *called* captain. The clergyman does not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes that no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called "My Lord." And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom because he believes that no one else can as well serve the State, upon the throne; but, briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as "Your Majesty," by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.

This, then, being the main idea of "advancement in life," the force of it applies, for all of us, according to our station, particularly to that secondary result of such advancement which we call "getting into good society." We want to get into good society not that we may have it, but that we may be seen in it; and our notion of its goodness depends primarily on its conspicuousness.

ASSIGNMENT

1. In what way is the method of the preceding selection adapted in the present selection?

2. Adapt the method in a theme of two or more paragraphs to one of these topics:

A Business Man's Idea of Success
The Change I Most Wish to See Brought About
What I Would Do "If I Were King"
A Narrow-Minded Person's Conception of What the World Should Be
A Stickler's Notion of Proper Manners
What the Student Wishes His School to Stand For
College Sportsmanship.

SPAIN AND THE NETHERLANDS *

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

The method of the two preceding selections is here adapted to a contrast.

The union of no two countries could be less likely to prove advantageous or agreeable than that of the Netherlands and Spain. They were widely separated geographically, while in history, manners, and politics, they were utterly opposed to each other. Spain, which had but just assumed the form of a single state by the combination of all its kingdoms, with its haughty nobles descended from petty kings, and arrogating almost sovereign power within their domains, with its fierce enthusiasm for the Catholic religion, which, in the course of long warfare with the Saracens, had become the absorbing characteristic of a whole nation, with its sparse population scattered over a wide and stern country, with a military spirit which led nearly all classes to prefer poverty to the wealth attendant upon degrading pursuits of trade;—Spain, with her gloomy, martial, and exaggerated character, was the absolute contrast of the Netherlands.

These provinces had been rarely combined into a whole, but there was natural affinity in their character, history, and position. There was life, movement, bustling activity everywhere.

* *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, Volume I, Section X.

An energetic population swarmed in all the flourishing cities which dotted the surface of a contracted and highly cultivated country. Their ships were the carriers for the world;—their merchants, if invaded in their rights, engaged in vigorous warfare with their own funds and their own frigates; their fabrics were prized over the whole earth; their burghers possessed the wealth of princes, lived with royal luxury, and exercised vast political influence, their love of liberty was their predominant passion. Their religious ardor had not been fully awakened; but the events of the next generation were to prove that in no respect more than in the religious sentiment, were the two races opposed to each other. It was as certain that the Netherlanders would be fierce reformers as that the Spaniards would be uncompromising persecutors. Unhallowed was the union between nations thus utterly contrasted.

ASSIGNMENT

In a theme of two or more paragraphs begin and close with one of these topic sentences (modify the form if you wish):

There is the greatest contrast imaginable between riding in a Pullman and riding in a day coach (riding in a chair car and riding in the smoker).

It is a pleasure to pass from the bustling business section into the quiet residential section.

It was a revelation to Henry to discover so much happiness in such humble surroundings.

A man is never as bad as his worst deed nor as good as his best one.

The district occupied by the mill hands (negroes, Italians, Jews, laboring men) is in striking contrast to the district occupied by the rich.

The Northern girl in the South (Southern girl in the North) was amazed at the differences in climate.

It has truly been said that one half of the world does n't know how the other half lives.

The two parties to the controversy were actuated by different motives.

ALI ATAR'S LAST FIGHT *

WASHINGTON IRVING

This spirited narrative employs no such device as that of the preceding selections, yet keeps an idea before us—that of the old man's unconquerable defiance.

Loxa was commanded at this time by an old Moorish alcayde, whose daughter was the favorite wife of Boabdil el Chico. The name of this Moor was Ibrahim Ali Atar, but he was generally known among the Spaniards as Alatar. He had grown gray in border warfare, was an implacable enemy of the Christians, and his name had long been the terror of the frontier. He was in the ninetieth year of his age, yet indomitable in spirit, fiery in his passions, sinewy and powerful in frame, deeply versed in warlike stratagem, and accounted the best lance in all Mauritania. . . .

. . . The pursuit was almost as hazardous as the battle; for, had the enemy at any time recovered from their panic, they might, by a sudden reaction, have overwhelmed the small force of their pursuers. To guard against this peril, the wary count kept his battalion always in close order, and had a body of a hundred chosen lancers in the advance. The Moors kept up a Parthian retreat; several times they turned to make battle; but, seeing this solid body of steeled warriors pressing upon them, they again took to flight.

The main retreat of the army was along the valley watered by the Xenel, and opening through the mountains of Algaringo to the city of Loxa. The alarm-fires of the preceding night had roused the country; every man snatched sword and buckler from the wall, and the towns and villages poured forth their warriors to harass the retreating foe. Ali Atar kept the main force of the army together, and turned fiercely from time to time

* *The Conquest of Granada,* Chapters X and XVI.

upon his pursuers; he was like a wolf, hunted through the country he had often made desolate by his maraudings.

The alarm of this invasion had reached the city of Antiquera, where were several of the cavaliers who had escaped from the carnage in the mountains of Malaga. Their proud minds were festering with their late disgrace, and their only prayer was for vengeance on the infidels. No sooner did they hear of the Moor being over the border, than they were armed and mounted for action. Don Alonzo de Aguilar led them forth;—a small body of but forty horsemen, but all cavaliers of prowess, and thirsting for revenge. They came upon the foe on the banks of the Xenel, where it winds through the valleys of Cordova. The river, swelled by the late rains, was deep and turbulent, and only fordable at certain places. The main body of the army was gathered in confusion on the banks, endeavoring to ford the stream, protected by the cavalry of Ali Atar.

No sooner did the little band of Alonzo de Aguilar come in sight of the Moors, than fury flashed from their eyes. "Remember the mountains of Malaga!" they cried to each other, as they rushed to combat. Their charge was desperate, but was gallantly resisted. A scrambling and bloody fight ensued, hand to hand and sword to sword, sometimes on land, sometimes in the water. Many were lanced on the banks; others, throwing themselves into the river, sunk with the weight of their armor, and were drowned; some, grappling together, fell from their horses, but continued their struggle in the waves, and helm and turban rolled together down the stream. The Moors were far greater in number, and among them were many warriors of rank; but they were disheartened by defeat, while the Christians were excited even to desperation.

Ali Atar alone preserved all his fire and energy amid his reverses. He had been enraged at the defeat of the army, the loss of the king, and the ignominious flight he had been obliged to make through a country which had so often been the scene

of his exploits: but to be thus impeded in his flight, and harassed and insulted by a mere handful of warriors, roused the violent passions of the old Moor to perfect frenzy. He had marked Don Alonzo de Aguilar dealing his blows (says Agapida) with the pious vehemence of a righteous knight, who knows that in every wound inflicted upon the infidels, he is doing God service. Ali Atar spurred his steed along the bank of the river, to come upon Don Alonzo by surprise. The back of the warrior was towards him; and, collecting all his force, the Moor hurled his lance to transfix him on the spot. The lance was not thrown with the usual accuracy of Ali Atar; it tore away a part of the cuirass of Don Alonzo, but failed to inflict a wound. The Moor rushed upon Don Alonzo with his scimitar; but the latter was on the alert, and parried his blow. They fought desperately upon the borders of the river, alternately pressing each other into the stream, and fighting their way again up the bank. Ali Atar was repeatedly wounded; and Don Alonzo, having pity on his age, would have spared his life; he called upon him to surrender. "Never," cried Ali Atar, "to a Christian dog!" The words were scarce out of his mouth, when the sword of Don Alonzo clove his turbaned head, and sank deep into the brain. He fell dead, without a groan; his body rolled into the Xenel, nor was it ever found and recognised. Thus fell Ali Atar, who had long been the terror of Andalusia. As he had hated and warred upon the Christians all his life, so he died in the very act of bitter hostility.

ASSIGNMENT

Keep before us a centralizing idea in a theme on one of these topics:

A Plucky Fight Against Odds
The Taming of the Bold Bad Man
The Big Surprise for Mary when She Boiled the Rice
How Our Teacher "Brought Out" the Backward Student

KEEPING AN IDEA TO THE FORE

My First Attempt to Eat Olives
Proposing to Phoebe
Asking Her Father's Consent
Getting That Interview with the Inaccessible Capitalist.

THE FIRST STAGES IN MAKING CAMP*

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Suppose you wish your reader, while he is following a sequence of thought, to bear another thought constantly in mind. You must at frequent intervals and at salient moments give this special thought expression. The device is a somewhat unusual one, but like everything else, it should be used when it is needed. It is employed here with skill and effect.

The following is, in brief, what during the next six weeks I told that youth, by precept, by homily, and by making the solution so obvious that he could work it out for himself.

When five or six o'clock draws near, begin to look about you for a good level dry place, elevated some few feet above the surroundings. Drop your pack or beach your canoe. Examine the location carefully. You will want two trees about ten feet apart, from which to suspend your tent, and a bit of flat ground underneath them. Of course the flat ground need not be particularly unencumbered by brush or saplings, so the combination ought not to be hard to discover. Now return to your canoe. Do not unpack the tent.

With the little axe clear the ground thoroughly. By bending a sapling over strongly with the left hand, clipping sharply at the strained fibers, and then bending it as strongly the other way to repeat the axe stroke on the other side, you will find that treelets of even two or three inches diameter can be felled by two blows. In a very few moments you will have accomplished a hole in the forest, and your two supporting trees will stand

* *The Forest,* Chapter IV. Reprinted by permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.

sentinel at either end of a most respectable-looking clearing. Do not unpack the tent.

Now, although the ground seems free of all but unimportant growths, go over it thoroughly for little shrubs and leaves. They look soft and yielding, but are often possessed of unexpectedly abrasive roots. Besides, they mask the face of the ground. When you have finished pulling them up by the roots, you will find that your supposedly level plot is knotty with hummocks. Stand directly over each little mound; swing the back of your axe vigorously against it, adze-wise, between your legs. Nine times out of ten it will crumble, and the tenth time means merely a root to cut or a stone to pry out. At length you are possessed of a plot of clean, fresh earth, level and soft, free from projections. But do not unpack your tent.

Lay a young birch or maple an inch or so in diameter across a log. Two clips will produce you a tent-peg. If you are inexperienced, and cherish memories of striped lawn markees, you will cut them about six inches long. If you are wise and old and gray in woods experience, you will multiply that length by four. Then your loops will not slip off, and you will have a real grip on mother earth, than which nothing can be more desirable in the event of a heavy rain and wind squall about midnight. If your axe is as sharp as it ought to be, you can point them more neatly by holding them suspended in front of you while you snip at their ends with the axe, rather than by resting them against a solid base. Pile them together at the edge of the clearing. Cut a crotched sapling eight or ten feet long. Now unpack your tent.

In a wooded country you will not take the time to fool with tent-poles. A stout line run through the eyelets and along the apex will string it successfully between your two trees. Draw the line as tight as possible, but do not be too unhappy if, after your best efforts, it still sags a little. That is what your long crotched stick is for. Stake out your four corners. If you get

them in a good rectangle and in such relation to the apex as to form two isosceles triangles of the ends, your tent will stand smoothly. Therefore, be an artist and do it right. Once the four corners are well placed, the rest follows naturally. Occasionally in the North Country it will be found that the soil is too thin, over the rocks, to grip the tent-pegs. In that case drive them at a sharp angle as deep as they will go, and then lay a large flat stone across the slant of them. Thus anchored, you will ride out a gale. Finally, wedge your long sapling crotch under the line—outside the tent, of course—to tighten it. Your shelter is up. If you are a woodsman, ten or fifteen minutes has sufficed to accomplish all this.

ASSIGNMENT

In successive paragraphs dealing with other matters close with one of the following sentences:

And don't forget to bring that bag of cookies.
Be sure to say, "Thank you."
Quit lickin' de spout ob dat muhlasses jug, honey.
You remember what you promised you 'd do.
Tompkins was resolved to make himself a conspicuous man.
She peeped into her little pocket-mirror and applied the powder-rag to her nose.
Then the hired man sauntered slowly to the house for a drink.

ASSIGNMENT FOR THE SECTION AS A WHOLE

1. Study the repetition of single words in the second and third paragraphs from the end of "The Bazaars of Cairo" (page 281).

2. Write a short theme about the methods employed by some speaker who is notable for sticking to the point.

3. Bring to class an example from literature of the focusing of attention upon some idea or emotion.

BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS

"How shall I begin my theme?" "With what shall I end it?" These are two of the questions most vehemently hurled by students of composition at the unresponding heavens.

Good beginnings and endings are important, as well as difficult. Nothing is of more consequence in your writing than "putting your best foot forward" at the outset, unless it be "coming in strong at the finish." We are so made that we pay closest heed to what occurs first and what occurs last, that our minds receive from these the imprint most nearly indelible. If a procession passes you, you will be confident afterward of the first members and the last; you will possibly not so much as distinguish at the time those who come midway. If you spend an afternoon with a friend, you will carry away a vivid recollection of the meeting and the parting, but not of all the happenings between whiles. If you are prompt enough at class morning after morning, you will soon have committed in their order the names that come first on the teacher's roll and the names that come last, but the others will be a jumble to you. There is, then, a natural emphasis on initiations and terminations. Of this fact you as a writer should take full advantage. A theme that begins well and ends well is pretty sure to be a good theme.

Please if you can at the outset; rivet attention if you can. Sometimes you may even, for the sake of attention, start with something not connected, or but casually connected, with your subject; but no habit is more fatal to good writing than that

of talking around before you begin to talk to the point. More important than a pleasant beginning, more important than a clever one, is a straightforward one. Generally speaking, the more direct you can be, the sooner you get the preliminaries over, the more swiftly you launch your reader on the full tide of your subject, the better and more satisfactorily you make your start. Besides getting down to business yourself, you convince your reader that you really mean business—and that is a great advantage. All in all, the best way to begin is to know what it is you would say about your subject and then just begin.

And the best way to end is to end. Get in a telling blow if you can, send a back illumination over the course you have come, gather up the essence of the matter in one unforgettable sentence, give a teasing final twist to the thought that will reveal, after all, other possible attitudes, other possible interpretations. Any one of these courses is to be recommended. But at all costs end. Do not mar the impressiveness of the material you have unfolded by a faltering or long-drawn close.

All this requires judgment. Every phase of the work in theme-writing does. But taste is a valuable auxiliary to judgment. Taste shows itself first in the power to recognize the things done artistically by somebody else. It presently passes over to an instinct for doing them artistically yourself. Your first step is therefore to understand, to appreciate, to respond to the achievements wrought by other writers.

The selections given in this section concern themselves with narrative. Good beginnings and endings for other kinds of composition may be found elsewhere in this volume. Reference may be made to two: "The Supremacy of Character over Brains and Brawn" on pages 36-37, and "The Renaissance of the Puppet Play" on pages 358-61.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

(Beginning)

Son coeur est un luth suspendu;
Sitôt qu'on le touche il résonne.

BÉRANGER.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

The three elements of narrative are background (or setting), characters, and plot. Which of these shall receive the greatest emphasis depends upon the temperament of the writer and his purpose in the particular story; but the element which is intended to be most important is normally given prominence at the outset and again at the close. Our first four selections are from stories in which background is dominant. Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher" is most of all remarkable for its ominous atmosphere, and this atmosphere is created at the very beginning.

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was—but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant eye-like windows, upon a few rank sedges, and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveler upon opium: the bitter lapse into every-day life, the hideous dropping off of the veil.

There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart, an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate, its capacity for sorrowful impression; and acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled luster by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder even more thrilling than before—upon the remodeled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

ASSIGNMENT

In a paragraph or two on one of the following topics create the atmosphere appropriate to a story:

The Haunted House in Which We Were to Spend the Night
The Ominous Conduct of the Landlord at Whose Inn I Had Stopped
The Extreme Friendliness of That Confidence Man
When I Knew That Something Was Wrong at School
The Man Who Kept Following Me
The Shadow on the Window Curtain
Queer Things That Used to Happen the Night before Christmas
How I Surmised That Those Girls (Boys) Were Cherishing a Secret
The Approach to the Ambush (misgivings of the white men who yet did not suspect the presence of Indians).

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

(Beginning and Ending)

EDGAR ALLAN POE

This selection illustrates the encasing of a story within an atmosphere. The sequence is as follows: the atmosphere is given and the story begun; then the story is ended and the atmosphere restored and made supreme. Note too the use of contrast: the atmosphere is one of horror, but massed for its exclusion are "all the appliances of pleasure"—appliances which prove futile and by their futility make the horror more profound.

The "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its avatar and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body, and especially upon the face, of the victim were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellowmen. And the whole seizure, progress, and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the Prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers, and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress nor egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion.

The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The Prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

. . . . . .

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its *rôle,* stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment, with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise, from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly—for the Prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the Prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the Prince's person; and, while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centers of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step

which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple—through the purple to the green—through the green to the orange—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revelers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave cerements and corpse-like mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revelers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

NOTE

A selection like the foregoing is better suited to study and analysis than to imitation. To write both the beginning and the ending of a story without writing the story itself would be too largely a mere literary *tour de force*. Wherever under Beginnings and Endings an

assignment would inevitably result in an artificial exercise, the assignment is omitted.

RASSELAS

(Beginning)

SAMUEL JOHNSON

"Have you read *Rasselas?*" a man of culture was asked. "Yes," he replied; "that is, I've read the first sentence." The criticism implicit in this utterance is sound. *Rasselas* is a story illustrative of a single idea—and that idea is clearly and completely expressed in the opening sentence.

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a narrative which amplifies or enforces the idea of the sentence from *Rasselas.* (Substitute for Rasselas, if you wish, Hogan the hodman, Norah the cook, an ambitious sophomore, or any one else familiar to you.)

IN THE MATTER OF A PRIVATE*

(Beginning and Ending)

RUDYARD KIPLING

As "The Masque of the Red Death" illustrates the enclosure of a story within an atmosphere, this selection illustrates the enclosure of a story within an idea—the idea that criminal outbreaks may be strikingly similar to petty, even innocent, offences.

People who have seen, say that one of the quaintest spectacles of human frailty is an outbreak of hysterics in a girls' school.

* From the Windsor Edition of Kipling's Works. George Sully & Co.

It starts without warning, generally on a hot afternoon, among the elder pupils. A girl giggles till the giggle gets beyond control. Then she throws up her head, and cries, *"Honk, honk, honk,"* like a wild goose, and tears mix with the laughter. If the mistress be wise, she will rap out something severe at this point to check matters. If she be tender-hearted, and send for a drink of water, the chances are largely in favor of another girl laughing at the afflicted one and herself collapsing. Thus the trouble spreads, and may end in half of what answers to the Lower Sixth of a boys' school rocking and whooping together. Given a week of warm weather, two stately promenades per diem, a heavy mutton and rice meal in the middle of the day, a certain amount of nagging from the teachers, and a few other things, some amazing effects develop. At least, this is what folk say who have had experience.

Now, the Mother Superior of a Convent and the Colonel of a British Infantry Regiment would be justly shocked at any comparison being made between their respective charges. But it is a fact that, under certain circumstances, Thomas in bulk can be worked up into dithering, rippling hysteria. He does not weep, but he shows his trouble unmistakably, and the consequences get into the newspapers, and all the good people who hardly know a Martini from a Snider say: "Take away the brute's ammunition!"

Thomas is n't a brute, and his business, which is to look after the virtuous people, demands that he shall have his ammunition to his hand. He doesn't wear silk stockings, and he really ought to be supplied with a new Adjective to help him express his opinions: but, for all that, he is a great man. If you call him "the heroic defender of the national honor" one day, and "a brutal and licentious soldiery" the next, you naturally bewilder him, and he looks upon you with suspicion. There is nobody to speak for Thomas except people who have theories to work off on him; and nobody understands Thomas

except Thomas, and he does not always know what is the matter with himself.

That is the prologue. This is the story:

. . . . . .

And they hanged Private Simmons—hanged him as high as Haman in hollow square of the regiment; and the Colonel said it was Drink; and the Chaplain was sure it was the Devil; and Simmons fancied it was both, but he didn't know, and only hoped his fate would be a warning to his companions; and half a dozen "intelligent publicists" wrote six beautiful leading articles on "The Prevalence of Crime in the Army."

But not a soul thought of comparing the "bloody-minded Simmons" to the squawking, gaping schoolgirl with which this story opens.

ASSIGNMENT

Think of some piece of conduct that you consider vicious or inexplicable. Think next of some other piece of conduct that you consider harmless, yet after all akin to the other. Write a story which brings out this kinship and makes us more charitable in judgment.

THE MAN WHO WAS *

(Beginning and Ending)

Rudyard Kipling

"The Man Who Was" is a story encased within an attitude to a people, the Russians. The story itself is here omitted, but the beginning and ending show the attitude clearly. Observe the sequence: first paragraph, a generalization about Russians; second, a characterization of a particular Russian; next (in the omitted portion), the story itself; at the end, first the disposal of the individual, and then a vigorous reminder of the attitude to the race. Note that the humor throughout has sinister implications, and that our interest and misgivings are aroused at once. "The Man Who Was" relies heavily upon the use of background; in another sense

* From the Windsor Edition of Kipling's Works. George Sully & Co.

it might almost be regarded as a characterization, through narrative, of a people. Like the next selection, it represents the transition from stories of background to stories of character.

Let it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks his shirt in. As an oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of Western peoples, instead of the most westerly of Easterns, that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next.

Dirkovitch was a Russian—a Russian of the Russians, as he said—who appeared to get his bread by serving the czar as an officer in a Cossack regiment, and corresponding for a Russian newspaper with a name that was never twice the same. He was a handsome young Oriental, with a taste for wandering through unexplored portions of the earth, and he arrived in India from nowhere in particular. At least no living man could ascertain whether it was by way of Balkh, Budukhshan, Chitral, Beloochistan, Nepaul, or anywhere else. The Indian government, being in an unusually affable mood, gave orders that he was to be civilly treated, and shown everything that was to be seen; so he drifted, talking bad English and worse French, from one city to another till he foregathered with her Majesty's White Hussars in the city of Peshawur, which stands at the mouth of that narrow swordcut in the hills that men call the Khyber Pass. He was undoubtedly an officer, and he was decorated, after the manner of the Russians, with little enameled crosses, and he could talk, and (though this has nothing to do with his merits) he had been given up as a hopeless task or case by the Black Tyrones, who, individually and collectively, with hot whisky and honey, mulled brandy and mixed spirits of all kinds, had striven in all hospitality to make him drunk. And when the Black Tyrones, who are exclusively Irish, fail to disturb the peace of the head of a for-

eigner, that foreigner is certain to be a superior man. This was the argument of the Black Tyrones, but they were ever an unruly and self-opinionated regiment, and they allowed junior subalterns of four years' service to choose their wines. The spirits were always purchased by the colonel and a committee of majors. And a regiment that would so behave may be respected but cannot be loved.

. . . . . .

But that was a matter suddenly and swiftly taken from the loving hands of the White Hussars. The lieutenant had returned only to go away again three days later, when the wail of the "Dead March" and the tramp of the squadrons told the wondering station, that saw no gap in the table, an officer of the regiment had resigned his new commission.

And Dirkovitch—bland, supple, and always genial—went away too by a night train. Little Mildred and another saw him off, for he was the guest of the mess, and even had he smitten the colonel with the open hand, the law of the mess allowed no relaxation of hospitality.

"Good-bye, Dirkovitch, and a pleasant journey," said little Mildred.

"*Au revoir,* my true friends," said the Russian.

"Indeed! But we thought you were going home?"

"Yes; but I will come again. My friends, is that road shut?" He pointed to where the north star burned over the Khyber Pass.

"By Jove! I forgot. Of course. Happy to meet you, old man, any time you like. Got everything you want—cheroots, ice, bedding? That's all right. Well, *au revoir,* Dirkovitch."

"Um," said the other man, as the tail-lights of the train grew small. "Of—all—the—unmitigated"——

Little Mildred answered nothing, but watched the north star, and hummed a selection from a recent burlesque that had much delighted the White Hussars. It ran:

"I'm sorry Mr. Bluebeard,
I'm sorry to cause him pain;
But a terrible spree there's sure to be
When he comes back again."

CRANFORD

(Beginning)

MRS. ELIZABETH C. GASKELL

This selection summarizes the human setting for a story of which the human setting in large measure *is* the story.

In the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons; all the holders of houses, above a certain rent, are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man in the Cranford evening parties, or he is accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighboring commercial town of Drumble, distant only twenty miles on a railroad. In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford. What could they do if they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford; but every man cannot be a surgeon. For keeping the trim gardens full of choice flowers without a weed to speck them; for frightening away little boys who look wistfully at the said flowers through the railings; for rushing out at the geese that occasionally venture into the gardens if the gates are left open; for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments; for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of everybody's affairs in the parish; for keeping their neat maid-servants in admirable order; for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and real tender good offices to each other whenever they are in distress,—the ladies of

Cranford are quite sufficient. "A man," as one of them observed to me once, "is *so* in the way in the house!" Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are exceedingly indifferent to each other's opinions. Indeed, as each has her own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation; but, somehow, good-will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

The Cranford ladies have only an occasional little quarrel, spirted out in a few peppery words and angry jerks of the heads; just enough to prevent the even tenor of their lives from becoming too flat. Their dress is very independent of fashion; as they observe, "What does it signify how we dress here at Cranford, where everybody knows us?" And if they go from home, their reason is equally cogent, "What does it signify how we dress here, where nobody knows us?" The materials of their clothes are, in general, good and plain, and most of them are nearly as scrupulous as Miss Tyler, of cleanly memory; but I will answer for it, the last gigot, the last tight and scanty petticoat in wear in England, was seen in Cranford—and seen without a smile.

ASSIGNMENT

Prepare the way for a story by characterizing in two or three paragraphs one of the following groups:

The cowboys on the ranch
The negroes in their quarters
The sailors in the forecastle
The soldiers in the barracks
The sewing circle in the president's parlor
The poor folk in the slums
The miners round the evening fire
The gamblers round the table
The lumbermen in camp
The team before the game starts
The group at the employment office
The loafers on the park benches.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

(Beginning)

Jane Austen

Pride and Prejudice, though famous for its background (setting), is more still a story of character. After an initial generalization which hints of plot, it proceeds to a conversation in which two of the characters reveal themselves and the story is quietly launched. Note the various paraphrases for *she said.*

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighborhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do not you want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"*You* want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a-year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? how can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome! you must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design! nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he *may* fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes."

"I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party."

"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly *have* had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

"In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighborhood."

"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general, you know, they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for *us* to visit him if you do not."

"You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley

will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls: though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy."

"I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humored as Lydia. But you are always giving *her* the preference."

"They have none of them much to recommend them," replied he; "they are all silly and ignorant, like other girls; but Lizzie has something more of quickness than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way! You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

"Ah! you do not know what I suffer."

"But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a-year come into the neighborhood."

"It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them."

"Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all."

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humor, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. *Her* mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Decide whether you think the beginning would be better if the first two paragraphs were omitted, and the information they contain were brought in elsewhere.

2. Is the last paragraph necessary? Is it an artistic beauty or an artistic blemish? Does it merely summarize what you have perceived for yourself?

3. Write as nearly in Jane Austen's style as possible what you think should happen next. Then turn to the novel and see what did happen. Does the author "follow up" this selection well?

4. Characterize, at least partly through conversation, one of the following:

The Newcomer in Our Community
A Man Who Teases His Wife
A Woman of Whom People Make Fun.

MARKHEIM

(Ending)

Robert Louis Stevenson

"Markheim" is a psychological story. It has an ending that we should attribute to Stevenson's sense of plot were it not still more the outgrowth of the character of the person depicted. Markheim, a well-meaning but morally weak man whose course in life has been constantly downward, kills a master whose servant is absent and whose money he then searches for. He is surprised by the appearance of a visitant who will assist him in the search but only at the price of his spiritual well-being.

At this moment, the sharp note of the door-bell rang through the house; and the visitant, as though this were some concerted signal for which he had been waiting, changed at once in his demeanor.

"The maid!" he cried. "She has returned, as I forewarned you, and there is now before you one more difficult passage. Her master, you must say, is ill; you must let her in, with an

assured but rather serious countenance—no smiles, no over-acting, and I promise you success! Once the girl within, and the door closed, the same dexterity that has already rid you of the dealer will relieve you of this last danger in your path. Thenceforward you have the whole evening—the whole night, if needful—to ransack the treasures of the house and to make good your safety. This is help that comes to you with the mask of danger. Up!" he cried, "up, friend; your life hangs trembling in the scales; up, and act!"

Markheim steadily regarded his counsellor. "If I be condemned to evil acts," he said, "there is still one door of freedom open—I can cease from action. If my life be an ill thing, I can lay it down. Though I be, as you say truly, at the beck of every small temptation, I can yet, by one decisive gesture, place myself beyond the reach of all. My love of good is damned to barrenness; it may, and let it be! But I have still my hatred of evil; and from that, to your galling disappointment, you shall see that I can draw both energy and courage."

The features of the visitor began to undergo a wonderful and lovely change: they brightened and softened with a tender triumph; and, even as they brightened, faded and dislimned. But Markheim did not pause to watch or understand the transformation. He opened the door and went downstairs very softly, thinking to himself. His past went soberly before him; he beheld it as it was, ugly and strenuous like a dream, random as chance-medley—a scene of defeat. Life, as he thus reviewed it, tempted him no longer; but on the further side he perceived a quiet haven for his bark. He paused in the passage, and looked into the shop, where the candle still burned by the dead body. It was strangely silent. Thoughts of the dealer swarmed into his mind, as he stood gazing. And then the bell once more broke out into impatient clamor.

He confronted the maid upon the threshold with something like a smile.

"You had better go for the police," said he: "I have killed your master."

ASSIGNMENT

1. As largely as possible in Stevenson's style, tell the rest of the life-story of Markheim.

2. Write an account of how some person's better nature asserts itself in the face of temptation or against his material interests.

A LICKPENNY LOVER *

(Beginning and Ending)

O. Henry

Though background is an important element in "A Lickpenny Lover" (for the environment of the heroine has a molding influence upon her), the narrative really represents a transition from stories of character to stories of plot. The surprising reversal in the situation at the close is typical of O. Henry yet not merely arbitrary; it is in large measure due to the experience and limitations of the girl herself. We remember about equally the girl and the surprise.

There were 3,000 girls in the Biggest Store. Masie was one of them. She was eighteen and a saleslady in the gents' gloves. Here she became versed in two varieties of human beings—the kind of gents who buy their gloves in department stores and the kind of women who buy gloves for unfortunate gents. Besides this wide knowledge of the human species, Masie had acquired other information. She had listened to the promulgated wisdom of the 2,999 other girls and had stored it in a brain that was as secretive and wary as that of a Maltese cat. Perhaps nature, foreseeing that she would lack wise counsellors, had mingled the saving ingredient of shrewdness along with her beauty, as she has endowed the silver fox of the priceless fur above the other animals with cunning.

* From *The Voice of the City*. Reprinted by permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.

For Masie was beautiful. She was a deep-tinted blonde, with the calm poise of a lady who cooks butter cakes in a window. She stood behind her counter in the Biggest Store; and as you closed your hand over the tape-line for your glove measure you thought of Hebe; and as you looked again you wondered how she had come by Minerva's eyes.

When the floorwalker was not looking Masie chewed tutti frutti; when he was looking she gazed up as if at the clouds and smiled wistfully.

That is the shopgirl smile, and I enjoin you to shun it unless you are well fortified with callosity of the heart, caramels and a congeniality for the capers of Cupid. This smile belonged to Masie's recreation hours and not to the store; but the floorwalker must have his own. He is the Shylock of the stores. When he comes nosing around the bridge of his nose is a toll-bridge. It is goo-goo eyes or "git" when he looks toward a pretty girl. Of course not all floorwalkers are thus. Only a few days ago the papers printed news of one over eighty years of age.

One day Irving Carter, painter, millionaire, traveller, poet, automobilist, happened to enter the Biggest Store. It is due to him to add that his visit was not voluntary. Filial duty took him by the collar and dragged him inside, while his mother philandered among the bronze and terra-cotta statuettes.

Carter strolled across to the glove counter in order to shoot a few minutes on the wing. His need for gloves was genuine; he had forgotten to bring a pair with him. But his action hardly calls for apology, because he had never heard of glove-counter flirtations.

As he neared the vicinity of his fate he hesitated, suddenly conscious of this unknown phase of Cupid's less worthy profession.

. . . . . .

But Carter persisted. And at length he reached the flimsy,

fluttering little soul of the shopgirl that existed somewhere deep down in her lovely bosom. His words penetrated the heart whose very lightness was its safest armor. She looked up at him with eyes that saw. And a warm glow visited her cool cheeks. Tremblingly, awfully, her moth wings closed, and she seemed about to settle upon the flower of love. Some faint glimmer of life and its possibilities on the other side of her glove counter dawned upon her. Carter felt the change and crowded the opportunity.

"Marry me, Masie," he whispered softly, "and we will go away from this ugly city to beautiful ones. We will forget work and business, and life will be one long holiday. I know where I should take you—I have been there often. Just think of a shore where summer is eternal, where the waves are always rippling on the lovely beach and the people are happy and free as children. We will sail to those shores and remain there as long as you please. In one of those far-away cities there are grand and lovely palaces and towers full of beautiful pictures and statues. The streets of the city are water, and one travels about in——"

"I know," said Masie, sitting up suddenly. "Gondolas."

"Yes," smiled Carter.

"I thought so," said Masie.

"And then," continued Carter, "we will travel on and see whatever we wish in the world. After the European cities we will visit India and the ancient cities there, and ride on elephants and see the wonderful temples of the Hindoos and Brahmins and the Japanese gardens and the camel trains and chariot races in Persia, and all the queer sights of foreign countries. Don't you think you would like it, Masie?"

Masie rose to her feet.

"I think we had better be going home," she said, coolly. "It 's getting late."

Carter humored her. He had come to know her varying,

thistle-down moods, and that it was useless to combat them. But he felt a certain happy triumph. He had held for a moment, though but by a silken thread, the soul of his wild Psyche, and hope was stronger within him. Once she had folded her wings and her cool hand had closed about his own.

At the Biggest Store the next day Masie's chum, Lulu, waylaid her in an angle of the counter.

"How are you and your swell friend making it?" she asked.

"Oh, him?" said Masie, patting her side curls. "He ain't in it any more. Say, Lu, what do you think that fellow wanted me to do?"

"Go on the stage?" guessed Lulu, breathlessly.

"Nit; he's too cheap a guy for that. He wanted me to marry him and go down to Coney Island for a wedding tour!"

ASSIGNMENT

Write a story in which one person completely misunderstands what another proposes, desires, or intends.

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

(Beginning)

Edgar Allan Poe

Note the abrupt opening of this story of plot. Not a word is wasted. Not a needless detail receives mention. We are apprised of the general situation, and of what the narrator made up his mind to do about it. An account of how he carried out his intention constitutes the story.

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged; this was a point definitely settled—but the very definiteness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of

risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a narrative on one of these topics:

How Alice Got Even
How I Evened the Score
The Blackfoot Warrior's Revenge
Paying Jiggs Back.

A FOG IN SANTONE*

(Beginning)

O. HENRY

Though character receives emphasis in "A Fog in Santone," the story is primarily one of plot. A situation is given, and the general course of the action hinted. What we wish to know is what happened.

The drug clerk looks sharply at the white face half concealed by the high-turned overcoat collar.

"I would rather not supply you," he said doubtfully. "I sold you a dozen morphine tablets less than an hour ago."

The customer smiles wanly. "The fault is in your crooked streets. I didn't intend to call upon you twice, but I guess I got tangled up. Excuse me."

He draws his collar higher, and moves out, slowly. He stops under an electric light at the corner, and juggles absorbedly with three or four little pasteboard boxes. "Thirty-six," he announces to himself. "More than plenty." For a gray mist had swept upon Santone that night, an opaque terror that laid a hand to the throat of each of the city's guests. It was com-

* From *Rolling Stones.* Reprinted by permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.

puted that three thousand invalids were hibernating in the town. They had come from far and wide, for here, among these contracted river-sliced streets, the goddess Ozone has elected to linger.

ASSIGNMENT

Finish the story for yourself.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

(Beginning)

ALEXANDER DUMAS

We have had clear illustrations of the combining of background with character in a story, and of character with plot, but not as yet of background with plot. This selection affords the needed illustration. Dumas' great story of adventure has a definite period and definite social conditions as its setting; he must make this period and these conditions clear. Note how skilfully he interweaves the exposition with narrative. In the first paragraph he arouses our interest by telling us there was a hubbub in a hostelry in Meung. In the second he rapidly summarizes those general conditions of which this hubbub was typical—and brings us back to the hostelry. In the third he briefly informs us that the cause of this hubbub was apparent to all. Thus he has brought us into both the story and the environment at once. Should we read on, we should find him proceeding with equal artistic skill. Thus in the fourth paragraph he describes his hero, in the fifth his hero's horse, and from the sixth to the eleventh as much of his hero's past history as we need know, winding up with the young man's arrival at Meung. Thus we are kept in suspense about what happened at the hostelry, are never permitted to forget the hubbub, and yet are informed as if by mere chance of many things imperative to our understanding of the story.

On the first Monday of the month of April, 1625, the bourg of Meung, in which the author of the "Romance of the Rose" was born, appeared to be in as perfect a state of revolution as if the Huguenots had just made a second Rochelle of it. Many

citizens, seeing the women flying toward the High Street, leaving their children crying at the open doors, hastened to don the cuirass, and, supporting their somewhat uncertain courage with a musket or a partizan, directed their steps toward the hostelry of the Franc-Meunier, before which was gathered, increasing every minute, a compact group, vociferous and full of curiosity.

In those times panics were common, and few days passed without some city or other enregistering in its archives an event of this kind. There were nobles who made war against each other; there was the king, who made war against the cardinal; there was Spain, which made war against the king. Then, in addition to these, concealed or public, secret or patent wars, there were, moreover, robbers, mendicants, Huguenots, wolves, and scoundrels who made war upon everybody. The citizens always took up arms readily against thieves, wolves, or scoundrels—often against nobles or Huguenots—sometimes against the king—but never against the cardinal or Spain. It resulted, then, from this habit, that on the said first Monday of the month of April, 1625, the citizens, on hearing the clamor, and seeing neither the red and yellow standard, nor the livery of the Duke de Richelieu, rushed toward the hostel of the Franc-Meunier.

When arrived there, the cause of this hubbub was apparent to all.

THE PROCURATOR OF JUDEA*

(Ending)

ANATOLE FRANCE

This story is in itself one of character, yet what we most remember about it is the final, breath-taking turn of plot. The situation is as follows: Lælius Lamia, a sensualist who during exile from Rome has spent part of his time with Pontius Pilate in Judea, years afterward meets Pilate again. Pilate is now an old man, living

* From *Mother of Pearl.* Published by the John Lane Co., 1908.

in Sicily and afflicted with gout. They discourse together at length about past happenings—Pilate's conflict with the consul and Lamia's moral derelictions. Regarding the latter, Pilate chides Lamia.

The man who had suffered exile under Tiberius was no longer listening to the venerable magistrate. Having tossed off his cup of Falernian, he was smiling at some image visible to his eye alone.

After a moment's silence he resumed in a very deep voice, which rose in pitch by little and little—

"With what languorous grace they dance, those Syrian women! I knew a Jewess at Jerusalem who used to dance in a poky little room, on a threadbare carpet, by the light of one smoky little lamp, waving her arms as she clanged her cymbals. Her loins arched, her head thrown back, and, as it were, dragged down by the weight of her heavy red hair, her eyes swimming with voluptuousness, eager, languishing, compliant, she would have made Cleopatra herself grow pale with envy. I was in love with her barbaric dances, her voice—a little raucous and yet so sweet—her atmosphere of incense, the semi-somnolescent state in which she seemed to live. I followed her everywhere. I mixed with the vile rabble of soldiers, conjurers, and extortioners with which she was surrounded. One day, however, she disappeared, and I saw her no more. Long did I seek her in disreputable alleys and taverns. It was more difficult to learn to do without her than to lose the taste for Greek wine. Some months after I lost sight of her, I learned by chance that she had attached herself to a small company of men and women who were followers of a young Galilean thaumaturgist. His name was Jesus; he came from Nazareth, and he was crucified for some crime, I don't quite know what. Pontius, do you remember anything about the man?"

Pontius Pilate contracted his brows, and his hand rose to his

forehead in the attitude of one who probes the deeps of memory. Then after a silence of some seconds—

"Jesus?" he murmured, "Jesus—of Nazareth? I cannot call him to mind."

ASSIGNMENT FOR THE SECTION AS A WHOLE

1. Find a story beginning at the wrong point or in the wrong way.

2. Find a story ending at the wrong point or in the wrong way.

3. You probably recall from your general reading some beginning that has haunted your memory. If so, reëxamine that beginning and try to find the technical reasons for its effectiveness. Do the same by some ending that has especially struck you.

INFORMAL COMPOSITION

ORAL discourse is sometimes formal, but most of the talk that we hear or ourselves engage in is informal. There is a delight in free, spontaneous, somewhat rambling speech that is different in kind from the delight to be found in speech consciously fitted to a deliberate purpose.

So with written discourse. We like to break away sometimes from the writing that is rigidly ordered and take the easy pleasure of the writing that goes its own gait. Some of the happiest effects in literature are the casual—or the apparently casual. Telling strokes in composition, as of athletic prowess, may come from sudden inspiration, but they are founded on hours of weary practice. They please because they are sure, have in them the evidence of mastery that yet looks as if for the moment it but half exerts itself. Writing that moves along lightly and freely yet without shambling carelessness, that departs from strict form without falling into vulgarity and disorder, is like a well-bred person in his most companionable mood. It makes known its undisguised spirit—and yet carries an assurance of other spiritual resources we may some day come to know too.

THE BEST PROSPECT IN SCOTLAND *

JAMES BOSWELL

This selection is an example of the narration of simple incidents. It also shows the influence of point of view: Boswell disliked Gold-

* From *Life of Johnson.*

smith, and was himself a native of the country here ridiculed, Scotland.

Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topic of his conversation, the praises of his native country. He began with saying, that there was very rich land around Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physic there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie then took a new ground, where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe; for he observed that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. JOHNSON: "I believe, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England!" This unexpected and pointed sally produced a roar of applause. After all, however, those, who admire the rude grandeur of nature, cannot deny it to Caledonia.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Rewrite the incident from the standpoint of (a) Goldsmith, (b) Mr. Ogilvie.

2. Write a short theme on one of these topics:

The Wittiest Rejoinder I Ever Heard
How Edna Proved Herself a Clever Conversationalist
Why——and I Are Not Friends
The First Quarrel between the Newlyweds
What Willie Said to His Sister's Beau
I Never Felt So Cheap in My Life
Mother Settled the Argument
Mrs. —— Has the Last Word
My Father's Favorite Story
An Anecdote That Amuses Me
How Aunt Sarah Turned the Tables on the Sewing Machine Agent
An Incident from History
A Striking Incident from Literature.

HOW I BOUGHT THE COLT *

ULYSSES S. GRANT

. . . . CHILTON is reported as having told of an earlier horse-trade of mine. As he told the story, there was a Mr. Ralston living within a few miles of the village, who owned a colt which I very much wanted. My father had offered twenty dollars for it, but Ralston wanted twenty-five. I was so anxious to have the colt that after the owner left I begged to be allowed to take him at the price demanded. My father yielded, but said twenty dollars was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price; if it was not accepted I was to offer twenty-two and a half, and if that would not get him, to give the twenty-five. I at once mounted a horse and went for the colt. When I got to Mr. Ralston's house I said to him: "Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that to give you twenty-five." It would not take a Connecticut man to guess the price finally agreed upon. White's story is nearly true. I certainly showed very plainly that I had come for the colt, and meant to have him. I could not have been over eight years old at the time. This transaction caused me great heartburning. The story got out among the boys of the village, and it was a long time before I heard the last of it. . .

ASSIGNMENT

Write a short theme on one of these topics:

How I Was Skinned in a Trade
A Bad Bargain
How the Stranger Took Advantage of Me
The Trick That Some of Us Played
Cheating the Cheater

* *Personal Memoirs,* Volume I, Chapter I. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

That Snipe-Hunting Trip
Putting Salt on a Bird's Tail
How I Failed to Show Foresight
How I Leaped Before I Looked
The Most Foolish Thing I Ever Did.

PERSUADING JOHNSON TO DINE WITH WILKES*

JAMES BOSWELL

MY worthy booksellers and friends Messieurs Dilly in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men than at any other, except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had invited me to meet Mr. Wilkes and some more gentlemen, on Wednesday, May 15. "Pray," said I, "let us have Dr. Johnson."—"What, with Mr. Wilkes? not for the world," said Mr. Edward Dilly: "Dr. Johnson would never forgive me." "Come," said I, "if you'll let me negotiate for you I will be answerable that all shall go well." DILLY: "Nay, if you will take it upon you, I am sure I shall be very happy to see them both here."

Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded, that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes, Sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch." † I therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus:—"Mr. Dilly, Sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honor to dine with him on Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland."

* From *Life of Johnson.*
† A notorious hangman of the preceding century.

JOHNSON: "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him—" BOSWELL: "Provided, Sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have, is agreeable to you." JOHNSON: "What do you mean, Sir? What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world, as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?" BOSWELL: "I beg your pardon, sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotic friends with him." JOHNSON: "Well, Sir, and what then? What care *I* for his *patriotic friends?* Poh!" BOSWELL: "I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there." JOHNSON: "And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to *me,* Sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally." BOSWELL: "Pray forgive me, Sir: I meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes, for me." Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests, on the day appointed.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Write a brief account of what you suppose must have taken place at the dinner.

2. Write a brief theme on one of these topics:

Circumventing Mary the Contrary
Persuading Aunt Cecilia to Go up in an Aeroplane
Uncle Zeb's Newfangled Pipe
Postum or Coffee?
Tricking Old Mr. Prejudice
A Clever Piece of Diplomacy
How We Overcame Aspinwall's Scruples
How I Dealt with a Whim Tactfully
How Burton Promised More than He Meant To
Inducing a Scared Child to Try to Swim

INFORMAL COMPOSITION

The Revolt of Mother
Naming the Baby
How Mrs. Fiske Forced Mrs. Royster to Speak to Her.

MY FIRST ENTRANCE INTO PHILADELPHIA *

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working-dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey, my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it, a man being sometimes more generous when he has but little money than when he has plenty, perhaps thro' fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but

* From the Autobiography.

took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father, when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water, and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a short theme on one of these topics:

How I Proved Myself a Bumpkin
A City Boy in the Country
When I Failed to See the Point
How I Got Caught Playing Hookey
How Jane Rode the Horse
How Phineas Cooked Dinner
How I Got Out of a Scrape
An Awkward Situation
Why Mr. York Is Still Single
My First Experience in Roller-Skating
The Funniest Proposal I Ever Heard Of
How I Should Like for My Future Husband to Propose to Me
What I Would Do if a Burglar Got In.

A YANKEE DAMN *

Harriet Beecher Stowe

Though Sam abhorred all profanity, yet for seasons of extreme provocation he was well provided with that gentler

* *Oldtown Folks,* Chapter XXX.

Yankee litany which affords to the irritated mind the comfort of swearing, without the commission of the sin. Under great pressure of provocation Sam Lawson freely said, "Darn it!" The word "darn," in fact, was to the conscientious New England mind a comfortable resting-place, a refreshment to the exacerbated spirit, that shrunk from that too similar word with an *m* in it.

In my boyhood I sometimes pondered that other hard word, and vaguely decided to speak it, with that awful curiosity which gives to an unknown sin a hold upon the imagination. What would happen if I should say "damn"? I dwelt on that subject with a restless curiosity which my grandmother certainly would have told me was a temptation of the Devil. The horrible desire so grew on me, that once, in the sanctity of my own private apartment, with all the doors shut and locked, I thought I would boldly try the experiment of saying "damn" out loud, and seeing what would happen. I did it, and looked up apprehensively to see if the walls were going to fall on me, but they did n't, and I covered up my head in the bedclothes and felt degraded. I had committed the sin, and got not even the excitement of a catastrophe. The Lord apparently did not think me worth his notice.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a short theme on one of these topics:

A Thing Forbidden
Unclean, Unclean
How I Took the Bits in My Teeth
My Most Awful Infraction of Parental Law
The Thing That Grandmother Forbade
Aunt Isabel's Japanese Vase
My First Fishing Trip on Sunday
My First Cigarette
My Big Brother's Razor
The Dare I Would n't Take.

GETTING A PERMANENT WAVE*

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

In this selection note how skillfully the conversation, description, and action are blended. Observe that the reader's impression of the scene is largely derived through Linda's reactions to what she sees.

In a recurrence of her surprising concern of the day before Mrs. Condon declined to leave her dearest Linda alone; and, their arms caught together in a surging affection, they walked down Fifth Avenue toward the hair-dresser's. There was a diffused gray sparkle of sunlight—it was early for the throngs—through which they passed rapidly to the accompaniment of a rapid eager chatter. Linda wore a deep smooth camel's hair cape, over which her intense black hair poured like ink, and her face was shaded by a dipping green velvet hat. Her mother, in one of the tightly cut suits she affected, had never been more like a perfect companion.

They saw, in the window of a store for men, a set of violent purple wool underwear, and barely escaped hysterics at the thought of Mr. Moses Feldt in such a garb. They giggled idiotically at the spectacle of a countryman fearfully making the sharp descent from the top of a lurching omnibus. And then, when they had reached the place of Mrs. Condon's appointment, stopped at the show of elaborately waved hair on wax heads and chose which, probably, would resemble the elder and which, in a very short while now, Linda.

There was an impressive interior, furnished in gray panels and silvery wood; and the young woman at the desk was more surprisingly waved than anything they had yet seen. M. Joseph would be ready almost immediately; and in the meanwhile Mrs. Condon could lay aside her things in preparation for the

* From *Linda Condon,* chapters IX and X. Reprinted by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated.

hair to be washed. She did this while Linda followed every movement with the deepest interest.

At the back of the long room was a succession of small alcoves, each with an important-looking chair and mirror and shelves, a white basin, water-taps and rubber tubes. Settled in comfort, Mrs. Condon's hair was spread out in a bright metal tray fastened to the back of the chair, and the attendant, a moist tired girl in a careless waist, sprayed the short thick gold-colored strands.

"My," she observed, "what some wouldn't give for your shade! Never been touched, I can see, either. A lady comes in with real Titian, but yours is more select. It positively is. Lillian Russell." While she talked her hands sped with incredible rapidity and skill. "The gentlemen don't notice it; of course not; oh, no! There was a girl here, a true blonde, but she didn't stay long—her own car, yes, indeed. Married her right out of the establishment. There wasn't any nonsense to her.

"So this is your little girl! I 'd never have believed it. Not that she has n't a great deal of style, a great deal—almost, you might say, like an Egyptian. In the movies last night; her all over. It 's a type that will need studying. Bertha Kalich. But for me——"

Already, Linda saw, this part of the operation was done. The girl wheeled into position a case that had a fan and ring of blue flickering flames, and a cupped tube through which hot air was poured over her mother's head. M. Joseph strutted in, a small carefully dressed man with a diminutive pointed gray beard and formal curled mustache. He spoke with what Linda supposed was a French accent, and his manners, at least to them, were beautiful. But because the girl had not put out the blue flames quickly enough he turned to her with a voice of quivering rage.

It was so unexpected, in the middle of his bowing and smooth

assurances, that Linda was startled, and had to think about him all over. The result of this was a surprising dislike; she hated, even, to see him touch her mother, as he unnecessarily did in directing them into the enclosure for the permanent wave.

The place itself filled her with the faint horror of instruments and the unknown. Above the chair where Mrs. Condon now sat there was a circle in the ceiling like the base of a chandelier and hanging down from it on twisted green wires were a great number of the strangest things imaginable: they were as thick as her wrist, but round, longer and hollow, white china inside and covered with brown wrapping. The wires of each, she discovered, led over a little wheel and down again to a swinging clock-like weight. In addition to this there were strange depressing handles on the wall by a dial with a jiggling needle and clearly marked numbers.

The skill of the girl who had washed her mother's hair, however, was slight compared with M. Joseph's dexterity. The comb flashed in his white narrow hands; in no time at all every knot was urged out into a shining smoothness. "Just the front?" he inquired. Not waiting for Mrs. Condon's reply, he detached a strand from the mass over her brow, impaled it on a hairpin, while he picked up what might have been a thick steel knitting-needle with one end fastened in the middle of a silver quarter. The latter, it developed, had a hole in it, through which he drew the strand of hair, and then wrapped it with an angry tightness about the long projection.

At this exact moment a new girl, but tired and moist, appeared, took a hank of white threads from a dressing-table, and tied that separate lock firmly. This, Linda counted, was repeated fifteen times; and when it was accomplished she was unable to repress a nervous laughter. Really, her mother looked too queer for words: the long rigid projections stood out all over her head like—like a huge pincushion; no, it was a porcupine.

Mrs. Condon smiled in uncertain recognition of her daughter's mirth.

Then Linda's attention followed M. Joseph to a table against a partition, where he secured a white cotton strip from a film of them soaking in a shallow tray, took up some white powder on the blade of a dessert knife and transferred it to the strip. This he wrapped and wrapped about the hair fastened on a spindle, tied it in turn, and dragged down one of the brown objects on wires, which, to Linda's great astonishment, fitted precisely over the cotton-bound hair. Again, fifteen times, M. Joseph did this, fastening each connection with the turn of a screw. When so much was accomplished her mother's hair, it seemed, had grown fast to the ceiling in a tangle of green ends. It was the most terrifying spectacle Linda had ever witnessed. Obscure thoughts of torture, of criminals executed by electricity, froze her in a set apprehension.

The hair-dresser stepped over to the dials on the wall, and, with a sharp comprehensive glance at his apparatus, moved a handle as far as it would go. Nothing immediately happened, and Linda gave a relaxing sigh of relief. M. Joseph, however, became full of a painful attention.

He brought into view an unsuspected tube, with a cone of paper at its end, and bent over her mother, directing a stream of cold air against her head. "How do you feel?" he asked, with, Linda noticed, a startling loss of his first accent. Mrs. Condon so far felt well enough. Then, before Linda's startled gaze, every single one of the fifteen imprisoning tubes began to steam with an extraordinary vigor; not only did they steam, like teapots, but drops of water formed and slowly slid over her mother's face. If the process appeared weird at the beginning, now it was utterly fantastic.

The little white vapor spurts played about Mrs. Condon's dripping countenance; they increased rather than diminished; actually it resembled a wrecked locomotive she had once seen.

"How are you?" M. Joseph demanded nervously. "Is it hot anywhere?" With a sudden gesture she replied in a shaking voice, "Here."

Instantly he was holding the paper cone with its cold air against her scalp, and the heat was subdued. He glanced nervously at his watch, and Mrs. Condon managed to ask, "How long?"

"Twenty minutes."

Dangerous as the whole proceeding seemed, nothing really happened, and Linda's fears gradually faded into a mere curiosity and interest. A curtain hung across the door to the rest of the establishment, but it had been brushed partly aside; and she could see, in the compartment they had vacated, another man bending with waving irons over the liberated mass of a woman's hair. He was very much like M. Joseph, but he was younger and had only a dark scrap of mustache. As he caught up the hair with a quick double twist he leaned very close to the woman's face, whispering with an expression that never changed, an expression like that of the wax heads in the show-case. He bent so low that Linda was certain their cheeks had touched. She pondered at length over this, gazing now at the man beyond and now at M. Joseph flitting with the cold-air tube about her mother; wondering if, when she grew older, she would like a hair-dresser's cheek against hers. Linda decided not. The idea didn't shock her, the woman in the other space plainly liked it; still she decided she wouldn't. A different kind of man, she told herself, would be nicer.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a sharp, unpleasant odor—the odor of scorched hair; and she was absolutely rigid with horror at an agonized cry from her mother.

"It's burning me terribly," the latter cried. "Oh, I can't stand it. Stop! Stop!"

M. Joseph, as white as plaster, rushed to the wall and reversed the handle, and Mrs. Condon started from the chair,

her face now streaming with actual tears; but before she could escape the man threw himself on her shoulders.

"You must n't move," he whispered desperately, "you 'll tear your hair out. I tell you no harm's been done. Everything is all right. Please please don't cry like that. It will ruin my business. There are others in the establishment. Stop!" he shook her viciously.

Linda had risen, terrorized; and Mrs. Condon, with waving plucking hands, was sobbing an appeal to be released. "My head, my head," she repeated. "I assure you"—the man motioned to a pallid girl to hold her in the chair. With a towel to protect his hand he undid a screw, lifted off the cap and untwisted the cotton from a bound lock of hair; releasing it, in turn, from the spindle it fell forward in a complete corkscrew over Mrs. Condon's face.

"Do you see!" he demanded. "Perfect. I give you my word they'll all be like that. The cursed heat ran up on me," he added in a swift aside to his assistant. "Has Mrs. Bellows gone? Who's still in the place? Here, loose that binding . . . thank God, that one is all right, too."

Together they unfastened most of the connections, and a growing fringe of long remarkable curls marked Mrs. Condon's pain-drawn and dabbled face. Linda sobbed uncontrollably; but perhaps, after all, nothing frightful had happened. Her poor mother! Then fear again tightened about her heart at the perturbed expression that overtook the hair-dresser. He was trying in vain to remove one of the caps. She caught enigmatic words—"the borax; crystallized . . . solid. It would take a plumber . . . have to go."

The connection was immovable. Even in her suffering Mrs. Condon implored M. Joseph to save her hair. Nothing, however, could be done; he admitted it with pale lips. The thing might be chiseled off; in the end he tried to force a release and the strand, with a renewal of Mrs. Condon's agony—now, in the

interest of her appearance, heroically withstood—snapped short in the container.

Rapidly recovering her vigor, she launched on a tirade against M. Joseph and his permanent waving establishment—Linda had never before heard her mother talk in such a loud brutal manner, nor use such heated unpleasant words, and the girl was flooded with a wretched shame. Still another lock, it was revealed, had been ruined, and crumbled to mere dust in its owner's fingers.

"The law will provide for you," she promised.

"Your hair was dyed," the proprietor returned vindictively. "The girl who washed it will testify. Every one is warned against the permanent if their hair has been colored. So it was at your own risk."

"My head's never been touched with dye," Mrs. Condon shrilly answered. "You lying little ape. And well does that young woman know it. She complimented me herself on a true blonde." The girl had, too, right before Linda.

"You ought to be thrashed out of the city."

"Your money will be given back to you," M. Joseph told her.

Outside they found a taxi, and sped back to their hotel. Above, Mrs. Condon removed her hat; and, before the uncompromising mirror, studied her wrecked hair—a frizzled vacancy was directly over her left brow—and haggard face. When she finally turned to Linda, her manner, her words, were solemn.

"I'm middle-aged," she said.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a theme on one of the following topics, maintaining strict unity in point of view by giving only what you saw or felt:

When I Went with My Sister to Have Her Tooth Pulled
I Kept Watch While Billie Stole the Apples
I Stood on the Chair While Harry Killed the Mouse
I Held the Lantern While Father Hitched the Horse.

RALEIGH'S FIRST MEETING WITH ELIZABETH*

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his Sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept pulling him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the Queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity, and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the Queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye—an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention towards him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the Queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulder, laid it on the miry spot, so as to ensure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who

* *Kenilworth,* Chapter XV.

accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The Queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a foot-cloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's old drap-de-bure, which despises all colors."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy—we shall have you in *cuerpo* soon, as the Spaniard says."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the Band of Pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one.—You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount, "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation—"Who the good jere would have thought this!" And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the

water-side by the Pensioner, who shewed him considerable respect; a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the Queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river, with the advantage of that flood-tide, of which, in the course of their descent, Blount had complained to his associates.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the Gentleman Pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the Queen's boat, where she sate beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length one of the attendants, by the Queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the Queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the Queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of Majesty, not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the Queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"God's pity! that was well said, my lord," said the Queen, turning to a grave person who sate by her, and an-

swered with a grave inclination of the head, and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose——"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the Queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! I take shame to say, that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou mayst be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be—It shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on't."

Walter waited patiently until the Queen had done, and then modestly assured her, that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the Queen, "neither gold nor garment? What is it thou wouldst have of me then?"

"Only permission, madam—if it is not asking too high an honor—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the Queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter; "when your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The Queen again blushed; and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a short theme on one of these topics:

The Most Graceful Act of Courtesy I Ever Saw
An Act of True Politeness
When I Forgot My Manners
How the Burglar Showed His Good Will
A Piece of Unexpected Gallantry
How Gertrude Made the Rude Person Friendly.

COLERIDGE IN THE ARMY *

JOSEPH COTTLE

Mr. Coleridge now told us of one of his Cambridge eccentricities which highly amused us. He said that he had paid his addresses to a Mary Evans, who rejecting his offer, he took it so much in dudgeon, that he withdrew from the University to London, when, in a reckless state of mind, he enlisted in the 15th, Elliot's Light Dragoons. No objection having been taken to his height or age, he was asked his name. He had previously determined to give one that was thoroughly Kamschatkian, but having noticed that morning over a door in Lincoln's Inn Fields (or the Temple,) the name of "Cumberbatch," (not Comberback,) he thought this word sufficiently outlandish, and replied "Silas Tomken Cumberbatch,"† and such was the entry in the regimental book.

Here, in his new capacity, laborious duties devolved on Mr. C. He endeavored to think on Cæsar, and Epaminondas, and Leonidas, with other ancient heroes, and composed himself to his fate; remembering, in every series, there must be a commencement: but still he found confronting him no imaginary inconveniences. Perhaps he who had most cause for dissatis-

* *Reminiscences,* pages 209-214.
† These three initials would be the proper S. T. C. affixed to his garments. (Cottle's note.)

faction, was the drill sergeant, who thought his professional character endangered; for after using his utmost efforts to bring his raw recruit into something like training, he expressed the most serious fears, from his unconquerable awkwardness, that he never should be able to make *a soldier of him!*

Mr. C. it seemed, could not even rub down his own horse, which, however, it should be known, was rather a restive one, who, like Cowper's hare, "would bite if he could," and in addition kick not a little. We could not suppose that these predispositions in the martial steed were at all aggravated by the unskilful jockeyship to which he was subjected, but the sensitive quadruped did rebel a little in the stable, and wince a little in the field! Perhaps the poor animal was something in the state of the horse that carried Mr. Wordsworth's "Idiot Boy," who, in his sage contemplations, "wondered"—"What he had got upon his back!" This rubbing down his horse was a constant source of annoyance to Mr. C., who thought that the most rational way was,—to let the horse rub himself down, shaking himself clean, and so to shine in all his native beauty; but on this subject there were two opinions, and his that was to decide carried most weight. If it had not been for the foolish and fastidious taste of the ultra precise sergeant, this whole mass of trouble might be avoided, but seeing the thing must be done, or punishment! he set about the herculean task with the firmness of a Wallenstein; but lo! the paroxysm was brief, in the necessity that called it forth. Mr. C. overcame this immense difficulty, by bribing a young man of the regiment to perform the achievement for him; and that on very easy terms; namely, by writing for him some "Love Stanzas," to send to his sweetheart! Mr. Coleridge, in the midst of all his deficiencies, it appeared, was liked by the men, although he was the butt of the whole company; being esteemed by them as next of kin

to a natural*, though of a peculiar kind—a talking natural. This fancy of theirs was stoutly resisted by the love-sick swain, but the regimental logic prevailed; for, whatever they could do, with dexterity, he could not do at all, ergo, must he not be a natural? There was no man in the regiment who met with so many falls from his horse, as Silas Tomken Cumberbatch! He often calculated with so little precision his due equilibrium, that, in mounting on one side, (perhaps the wrong stirrup,) the probability was, especially if his horse moved a little, that he lost his balance, and if he did not roll back on this side, came down ponderously on the other! when the laugh spread amongst the men, "Silas is off again!" Mr. C. had often heard of campaigns, but he never before had so correct an idea of hard service.

Some mitigation was now in store for Mr. C. arising out of a whimsical circumstance. He had been placed as a sentinel, at the door of a ball-room, or some public place of resort, when two of his officers, passing in, stopped for a moment, near Mr. C., talking about Euripides, two lines from whom, one of them repeated. At the sound of Greek, the sentinel instinctively turned his ear, when he said, with all deference, touching his lofty cap, "I hope your honor will excuse me, but the lines you have repeated are not quite accurately cited. These are the lines," when he gave them in their more correct form. "Besides," said Mr. C., "instead of being in Euripides, the lines will be found in the second antistrophe of the 'Ædipus of Sophocles.'" "Why, man, who are you?" said the officer, "old Faustus ground young again?" "I am your honor's humble sentinel," said Mr. C., again touching his cap.

The officers hastened into the room, and inquired of one and another, about that "odd fish," at the door; when one of the mess (it is believed the surgeon) told them, that he had

* Fool. An old meaning of the word. Cf. "natural born fool."

his eye upon him, but he would neither tell where he came from, nor anything about his family of the Cumberbatches; "but," continued he, "instead of his being an 'odd fish,' I suspect he must be a 'stray bird' from the Oxford or Cambridge aviary." They learned also, the laughable fact, that he was bruised all over, by frequent falls from his horse. "Ah," said one of the officers, "we have had, at different times, two or three of these 'University birds' in our regiment." This suspicion was confirmed by one of the officers, Mr. Nathaniel Ogle, who observed that he had noticed a line of Latin, chalked under one of the men's saddles, and was told, on inquiring whose saddle it was, that is was "Cumberbatch's."

The officers now kindly took pity on the "poor scholar," and had Mr. C. removed to the medical department, where he was appointed assistant in the regimental hospital. This change was a vast improvement in Mr. C.'s condition; and happy was the day, also, on which it took place, for the sake of the sick patients; for, Silas Tomken Cumberbatch's amusing stories, they said, did them more good than all the doctor's physic! Many ludicrous dialogues sometimes occurred between Mr. C. and his new disciples; particularly with one who was "the geographer." The following are some of these dialogues.

. . . . . .

On one occasion he told them of the Peloponnesian war, which lasted twenty-seven years. "There must have been famous promotions there," said one poor fellow, haggard as a death's head. Another, tottering with disease, ejaculated, "Can you tell, Silas, how many rose from the ranks?"

He now still more excited their wonderment, by recapitulating the feats of Archimedes. As the narrative proceeded, one restrained his scepticism, till he was almost ready to burst, and then vociferated, "Silas, that's a lie!" "D'ye think so?" said Mr. C. smiling, and went on with his story. The idea,

however, got amongst them, that Silas's fancy was on the stretch, when Mr. C. finding that this tack would not do, changed his subject, and told them of a famous general, called Alexander the Great. As by a magic spell, the flagging attention was revived, and several, at the same moment, to testify their eagerness, called out, "The general! The general!" "I'll tell you all about him," said Mr. C. when impatience marked every countenance. He then told them whose son this Alexander the Great was; no less than Philip of Macedon. "I never heard of him," said one. "I think I have," said the "geographer," ashamed of being thought ignorant, "Silas, wasn't he a Cornish man? I knew one of the Alexanders at Truro!"

Mr. C. now went on describing to them, in glowing colors, the valor, and the wars, and the conquests of this famous general. "Ah," said one man, whose open mouth had complimented the speaker, for the preceding half hour; "Ah," said he, "Silas, this Alexander must have been as great a man as our Colonel!"

Mr. C. now told them of the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." "I don't like to hear of retreat," said one. "Nor I," said a second: "I'm for marching on." Mr. C. now told of the incessant conflicts of these brave warriors, and of the virtues of the "square." "They were a parcel of crack men," said one. "Yes," said another, "their bayonets fixed, and sleeping on their arms day and night." "I should like to know," said a fourth, "what rations were given with all that hard fighting"; on which an Irishman replied, "to be sure, every time the sun rose, two pounds of good ox beef, and plenty of whiskey."

At another time he told them of the invasion of Xerxes, and his crossing the *wide* Hellespont. "Ah," said a young recruit, (a native of an obscure village in Kent, who had acquired a decent smattering of geography,—knowing well that the world was round, and that the earth was divided into land and water, and, furthermore, that there were more countries on the globe than England, and who now wished to raise his pre-

tensions a little before his comrades;) said this young man of Kent: "Silas, I know where that 'Hellespont' is. I think it must be at the mouth of the Thames, for *'tis* very wide."

Mr. C. now told them of the heroes of Thermopylæ, when the geographer interrupted him, by saying, "Silas, I think I know, too, where that 'Thermopple' is; is n't it somewhere up in the north?" "You are quite right, Jack," said Mr. C. "it is to the north of the Line." A conscious elevation marked his countenance, and he rose at once, five degrees in the estimation of his friends.

In one of these interesting conversaziones, when Mr. C. was sitting at the foot of a bed, surrounded by his gaping comrades, who were always solicitous of, and never wearied with, his stories, the door suddenly burst open, and in came two or three gentlemen, (his friends,) looking some time, in vain, amid the uniform dresses, for their man. At length, they pitched on Mr. C., and taking him by the arm, led him, in silence, out of the room, (a picture indeed, for a Wilkie!) As the supposed *deserter* passed the threshold, one of the astonished auditors uttered, with a sigh, "Poor Silas! I wish they may let him off with a cool five hundred!" Mr. C.'s ransom was soon joyfully adjusted by his friends, and now the wide world once more lay before him.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a theme on one of these topics:

In the Wrong Pew
A Social Misfit
A Square Peg in a Round Hole
An Eagle among Sparrows
His Lordship among the Lumbermen (Cowboys)
Genevieve's Class in the Slums
A Solomon in the Steerage
Experiences in Advertising
My Summer as a Book Agent

The Most Embarrassing Situation I Was Ever In
When I Thought I Was in Love.

THE DARK-HUED IMAGE OF GOOD HOPE *

BLAIR NILES

It is well for students to acquaint themselves with the structure of formal short stories, such as most of the selections in the group of Beginnings and Endings (pages 118-143). But the average student will find more frequent use for a mastery of the art of narrating simple incidents or experiences, like most of the preceding selections in the present group, popular legends, like this selection, and informal stories in which there is more of matter than formal art, like the next selection. Note that the legend we are now to study is, though so simple as to appear artless, yet encased in setting both appropriate and impressive.

I made the *padre* tell me the story of that dark-hued *Señor de la Buena Esperanza.* He told it in whispers as we stood before the image, while all about us the murmured protestations of faith were reiterated as bead after bead was slipped along the rosaries.

The image, the *padre* said, was an effigy very prodigious, the oldest in Ecuador, so old that there are no documents to confirm its history. There is only tradition. Upon a certain day, ever so long ago, there had been seen to traverse the streets of Quito a mule. The mule carried on its back a great box. The animal proceeded alone, with no master to direct it. Of its own volition it had stopped at the door of the Convent of San Agustín, where it fell exhausted. When the monks removed the burden from the back of the poor beast, it had risen and walked away. It had never been seen after that. The box had contained the holy image that later came to be known as the Señor of Good Hope.

* From "The Clanging Bells of Quito," in the Century Magazine, April 1923. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

From the very beginning it had been evident that this was a most miraculous image. In great numbers the afflicted sought from it comfort. Very many were the miracles wrought, and the grateful had clothed the image magnificently and incased its feet in golden sandals.

Then came a certain man whose name tradition has not preserved, though it is known that he was the father of a family, that he was a Christian and a man very simple. Full of trouble, he came to the Señor of Good Hope, for he found himself without means to feed his children or to pay his debts. So long he remained in the temple in devout supplication that at last the sacristan was obliged to tell him that it was already past the time for closing the doors.

At the following dawn the patrol, passing the home of the unfortunate man, saw lying at the entrance a corpse that he recognized as that of a noble lady of Quito. A little later the man of the house was seen hurrying in the direction of the sanctuary. At that hour the place was empty, and the wretched one, without thought of observation, prostrated himself before the altar. When he finally raised his eyes, full of faith, the image stretched forth its foot and let fall one of its golden sandals directly in the hands of the supplicant.

Full of gratitude, amazement, and joy, this man hurried to the nearest jeweler with the idea of converting the sandal into money. Whereupon, the sandal being very famous in Quito, he was instantly arrested as a thief. The population, infuriated by this profanation of that sanctuary, which was as the child of its eyes, demanded swift and tremendous punishment. No one credited the culprit's defense. He was not only a thief, they declared, but an assassin. Had there not been a corpse found at his very door? And was there not blood on his clothing?

"Blind in my trouble," the poor man replied, "I did indeed, as I went out, stumble over a body that I believed only that

of a drunkard, and thus did my clothes become blood-stained."

But none believed.

At last the day of his execution arrived. In the garb of the condemned, bound hand and foot, the miserable one begged as a last favor to be allowed to bid good-by to the *Señor de la Buena Esperanza*. There, throwing himself at the feet of the image, he cried aloud:

"Señor, your words and your gifts do only harm to those who have faith in you. Señor, return to me my honor and save me from death!"

Then in the presence of the executioners and the rabble, the image let fall into the hands of the condemned the remaining sandal of gold.

"*Milagro! Milagro!*" went up from hundreds of voices, "*Milagro! El condenado es inocente! Milagro!*"

Such was the tradition that was told to me by the *padre* while before the altar the candles burned and murmured prayers begged salvation and pardon.

ASSIGNMENT

Write as simply as you can a theme on one of these topics:

A Story from Bygone Days
An Old Folk Tale
A Legend of the Countryside
An Indian Legend
Legends in Our Family
Legends about Our Neighborhood
Legend of the Dark Wood
Lovers' Leap
Peculiar Superstitions
My Grandmother's Story
The Old Daguerreotype
A Faded Lace Handkerchief
A Fairy Tale (write an original one)
My Favorite Fairy Story (retell the story)
My Favorite Old English Ballad (retell the story).

THE SCULPTOR'S MODEL *

S. Weir Mitchell

This narrative deals simply with fundamental human qualities. It makes no effort to exploit emotion; it holds the pathos in solution rather than daubs it on as a separate element.

"It was in Florence," he said, "years ago. The sculptor N——, at present a man of world-wide fame, was just rising into notice. He was desperately poor, proud as only an impoverished noble can be, and as handsome as one of my young Greeks. His absorption in his art was something past belief. He lived in it, and for it, and neither man nor woman seemed to attract him save in their relation to his work. I remember once, after an evening at the theater, being amused to discover that he did not know what opera had been sung, his attention having been entirely captured by the lines of the neck of a woman in a box near by.

"To cut a long story short, the young widow of an old Neapolitan prince fell madly in love with him, and, to my surprise, I learned that he was to marry her. He was rather cool about it when I congratulated him, and so the affair ran on for months, the woman evidently much the more interested of the two.

"One night, at an open-air concert, he was talking to me excitedly of his new statue—a vestal virgin, a partly draped figure. I had seen his sketches, and anticipated a triumph of original work in its completion. Certainly the idea was novel. The vestal was asleep in her chair beside the dying altar-fire she had been set to guard. A tender smile, perhaps the dream-gift of forbidden love, was on her face—a charming conception. He told me he had had several models, but that all lacked the dignity and refinement of a Roman patrician. He

* *Characteristics,* Chapter VI. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

foresaw failure, and wailed in an outspoken Italian way. What was the world to him! What was anything, with his fate before him, to know he might realize his vision of chastity and loveliness, and to find it eluding him? There were models in Rome, but he had no means to seek or bring them. I offered help as delicately as I could, and he resented it almost as an insult.

"'Do you suppose,' said he, 'the Princess N—— would not help me if I asked her? I would die first! Money! I wish she had none.'

"'Hush!' I said; 'some one will overhear you. You have so much in life—your art, your growing fame, a noble woman, love, youth.'

"'And what are these?' he cried, bitterly. 'What is anything to me? What is youth or fame? What is she compared to my art? Do you suppose any woman's love can compensate me for what I am losing? These dreams must be born into marble or they become as wind-torn mists, and fade away. I have had this bitterness before, and love! you talk to me of love!'

"'Nonsense,' I said; 'you cannot love as a man should love—as that woman is worthy to be loved.'

"He started up.

"'Love her as I love my art? Not I. The mortal before the enduring? Not I.'

"He was too passionately moved to hear the quick rustle of garments behind us. But, turning my head, I saw, or thought I saw, the Princess retreating swiftly. A week later I met him radiant and joyous. As he took a seat beside me at a café, he cried:

"'I have it! The clay is nearly done. Count R—— has bought it, and I am to put it into marble at once.'

"'And the model?' I said.

"'Ah, thereby hangs a tale, as you English say. The day

after I saw you the Princess left Florence. She returns next week. It is strange how she disturbs my use of the power which I know is in me. I felt free once more. You will think that horrible; it is true. Well, the day I bade her good-by I found a peasant woman waiting in my studio. She was, to my amusement, masked, and carried a little slate, like Ursula, the dumb model in Rome. On the slate was written: "I am a model. My brothers insist that my face shall not be seen. I can come daily for a week." I said: "Well, here is the statue in the rough. Go back of the curtain; take this veil stuff; arrange yourself; and we will see." Presently she came in, still masked, and took instantly the pose of my vestal. I was struck as dumb as she. An arm and shoulder are bare; the left arm, gathering the drapery, lies across the waist; the limbs are partly draped; the feet are in little sandals I had had made. Anything more gracious, more virginal, man never saw. I asked no questions, but went on as if I were inspired. No model I can recall so caught the spirit of the thing. If the ghost of some patrician girl of Rome's noblest had come to help me, it could not have been more wonderful. It was not a model; it was a vestal. The seventh day she did not appear, and that is the queerest of all, because I had agreed to pay her then, and her terms were unusually moderate. However, it is done, or nearly done; I can do without her—but——'

"'But what?'

"'Oh, I should have liked to have seen her again. That is all.'

"'And,' I said, 'when does Princess N—— return?'

"'To-morrow. I shall be glad to see her. My mind is at ease now; and how much it will please her!'

"We met again in three days. He was wild with anger.

"'She is gone!' he said. 'Come and gone. Gone to Constantinople, they said, and thence to the East. Not a word, not a note. I had written to her at Naples, but had no reply.

Yesterday I called, and was told she was not at home; and today, that she left last night.'

"I said that it did seem strange to me, and that something certainly would explain it in a few days; but nothing did."

ASSIGNMENT

Write as simply as you can a narrative on one of these topics:

The Woman Who Effaced Herself
The Man Who Did n't See
Who Was It?
A Friend in Need
The Unknown Benefactor
Why Ruth Did n't Win the Medal.

APPLAUSE IN THE THEATRE*

GEORGE ARLISS

Hitherto our examples of informal composition have been narrative. But most argument and most exposition are informal also, and it is well that they should be. The two remaining selections illustrate informality in these fields.

On the program of one or more of the New York theatres there are printed words to this effect: "Desiring to preserve the mood of the play, we ask you not to applaud during the course of the action. There will be no curtain calls until the end."

I believe I have a full appreciation of the artistic temperament that prompted this appeal, but I cannot say that I am altogether in sympathy with an effort to educate the public to restrain its emotions in the theatre. Is it not possible that we of the theatre are beginning to take ourselves too seriously? The art of the theatre cannot be too seriously approached, but I doubt whether we are gaining anything by trying to make the audience behave as though they were not in a theatre at all.

* New York Times, February 18, 1923. Reprinted by permission.

I will confess that I have always considered there is something supremely simple and primitive in curtain calls—actors standing in a row and bowing and smiling their thanks to an audience for its generous support. But, after all, isn't that a part of the theatre? Don't we all have to shed our shell of sophistication when we go to a theatrical entertainment? And isn't that mainly why we go? An audience likes to applaud; it likes to see the actors bow and smile. I am going to have an awful struggle with myself when I go to one of these theatres and see a fine actor work up to a splendid climax and dash off the stage, if I am not allowed to give him a round. Cannot the public be given credit for sufficient imagination to be able to readjust its mind to the story of the play, even though it has applauded? Do we sufficiently realize how wonderfully keen is the imagination of an audience in the theatre? Do they really need all these helpful hints to keep them in the mood of the play? If, by eliminating curtain calls, we could keep the minds of the audience pinned to the story until the rise of the curtain on the next act, I might admit the value of this innovation. But it only gives them a little longer to drift away. We know what happens between the acts.

As the curtain falls, the one lady probably says to her friend, "Isn't she great!" "She certainly is great!" "Great! The last time I saw her I was with Emily." "Oh, tell me whatever's become of Emily?" "Why, don't you know——" &c., until the very last minute before the curtain rises. Failing a companion to talk to, one reads "What the Men Are Wearing" (supplied by a considerate management especially that one may improve the shining moments between the acts). Or one gazes rapturously at the picture of that charming but unblushing lady who always figures in the program in an extraordinarily well-fitting corset. But, in spite of this, is not the audience mentally alert enough to come back to the play immediately the curtain rises on the next act and take up just where it left off?

Whatever else we put into the theatre, don't let us take out the holiday spirit entirely.

ASSIGNMENT

Write an informal argument on one of these topics:

Commencement Regalia
Evening Dress
A Custom That Should Be Banished
A Pernicious Practice
The Wrong Way We Have of Doing Something.

SHOP TALK *

MAX MCCONN

Jones and I have backed away together into the corner beside the baby grand. We have forgotten the discomfort that nearly every American male feels in his evening clothes. We are no longer afraid we may drop our coffee cups. We are talking earnestly, keenly—fairly going it. A blessed respite from laborious pumping for thin rivulets of banal phrase about the weather, the music, the decorations! Our dialogue flows fluent and swift—good dialogue, humorous, original, pregnant. For Jones and I both sell tires, and we are deep in the latest aspects of that fascinating branch of merchandising.

"Oh, oh!" cries our hostess, "you are talking shop! Naughty, naughty!" Of course, she smiles and te-hees as she says it. But that is merely the hypocritical social sugar-coating for the solid pill of admonition which she thoroughly means we shall swallow instantly.

She is gone, but Jones and I—poor spineless creatures that we are—slip shamefaced out of our refuge, resume our stations at the pump, again balance fearfully with precarious china.

Would I could have found the wit and courage to explain to

* The Nation, March 1, 1922. Reprinted by permission.

that fair, censorious dame that our talk—Jones's and mine—was the best talk going at that particular moment in her drawing-room! How else did she spot us but by the fact that we were the only two persons present who were really absorbed—not glancing over each other's shoulders in a common quest of their get-away? I swear that the next time—but why be forsworn? American manhood may be quick to resist political tyranny or economic oppression: before the social dictates of the matriarchate which really rules the land it can only cringe and obey.

But on paper at least I can be bold, and I enter herewith my remonstrance and protest against the American feminine taboo on shop talk. I hereby assert that shop talk is the best talk in the world, for the simple reason that it means a man talking about the thing he really knows and is really interested in, and that if we would give it free rein, instead of continually checking it, at least two-thirds of the boredom that hangs like a pall over our teas and receptions and visitings would vanish away.

Of course, I know that our hostesses—dear Carol Kennicotts that they are—sigh for the stimulating conversation of Bohemia. But why is the conversation of Bohemia stimulating? Precisely because it is shop talk, pure and simple, brazen and unabashed and continuous. Only the talkers happen to manufacture free verse and statuettes instead of footwear or motor cars. Is there any real difference in shoppiness between a minor novelist thumping a table in a café over the realism of Theodore Dreiser and your own poor husband over there in the corner emphasizing with his forefinger the merits or demerits of some particular brand of the commodity *he* purveys?

"Ah, yes," the Carols may reply, "but free verse and statuettes and realism are *interesting,* whereas your automobiles and hardware and footwear——"

True, ladies! I hasten to admit it. The writers and artists have the best of it every way, in their work as well as in their

talk. But is that any reason why you should not permit, nay, encourage, the rest of us to make the best of that dull portion which is ours? For it is not as if by steering us off tires you could forthwith have us eloquent on art and literature. It is tires or nothing for us, poor follows.

And, let me ádd, we may not really be so entirely uninteresting as you assume. After all there are two sides to this matter of interest. Perhaps, if you would let us talk freely of our employments and listen with alert, perceiving minds, you might discover that we touched phases of many "interesting" topics. Jones and I, now, the other night—our text was tires—what could be more prosy, more materialistic?—and yet we dealt incidentally with economics, on the sides both of production and of distribution, and with psychology, and even with art and literature in their competent applications to advertising. And at any rate we should have been revealing to you, if you had hearkened, two entirely genuine if not highly differentiated specimens of the *genus homo*.

Do you remember when it was that Carol found Doc Kennicott interesting and lovable? Was it not when she let him discourse on surgery?

I insist, furthermore, on pointing out two obvious points of unfairness in the application of this taboo.

First, it is applied rigorously to the shop of men, but much less consistently, if at all, to feminine shop—recipes, patterns, babies, in the case of the proletariat and the lower bourgeoisie; and among the higher bourgeoisie or economic aristocracy, frocks and maids. Will any female have the hardihood to deny that such topics circulate freely among the petticoated contingent on every sort of occasion? Or to maintain that they are essentially less shoppy or more cultural and elegant than the themes which are forbidden to their husbands?

The second point of unfairness is still more serious. It may even be characterized as treacherous. It is that talk about them-

selves and their own affairs is freely permitted to men when they appear in the capacity of lovers, actual or potential. Whatever Corydon makes or sells—were it hog cholera serum or bicycle pumps—is then of supreme interest to Phyllida—"for his sake." Poor Corydon is led to believe he has found a maiden who is not only beauteous but also—and usually he values this more—intelligently and sympathetically alive to the engrossing interest of hog serum or pumps. He is so pathetically grateful, so profoundly appreciative, that he eagerly undertakes the life support of so delightful a creature—only to learn that in reality serum nauseates her and pumps inflate her wrath and neither may be mentioned in polite society! Is it not cruel? And if she, on her side, finds her husband grown dull, whom has she to thank?

ASSIGNMENT

Explain your ideas on one of these topics, making the introduction as informal as possible:

Smoking
A Sunday Pastime
A Silly Prejudice
Something I Disbelieve in and Do
Where Deference Ought to Be Defiance
What Our Society (Club, Fraternity, Sorority) Ought to Stand For
What Sportsmanship Is
Some Examples of Bunk
The Pleasures of Browsing
The Lure of Amateur Photography
A Defence of Day-Dreaming
Riding a Hobby
How a Student Can Best Spend His Vacations
Why College Memory Books Are (Are Not) a Waste of Time
Why I Shall (Shall Not) Study Hardest in My Freshman Year
Would I Recognize Lincoln's Greatness if He Were My Classmate?
One Thing I Would Do if I Could Live My Life Over
One Thing I Would n't Do if I Could Live My Life Over.

ASSIGNMENT FOR THE SECTION AS A WHOLE

1. Bring to class a standard literary work that seems to you to suffer from too great stiltedness. Bring to class a newspaper article that seems to you to try too consciously to be "proper."

2. Bring to class (a) a standard literary work and (b) a piece of writing of more transitory nature that charms you by its informality.

CHARACTERS

"The proper study of mankind is man." Whether proper or not, the study is natural, inevitable. And absorbing. What people say, what they do, what they think, above all what they are, will ever be a source of fascination to other people. Man was not made to live alone or to let his neighbor withdraw into utter seclusion. We pry, we gossip, we explain, we discuss, we portray. We make verbal feasts on the temperament and conduct of our fellows. Much of the fun of life consists in observing human beings and in chattering forth the results of our observation.

To create characters who live, breathe, and are rememberable is the supreme achievement of literature. It is an infinitely higher achievement than to attain mere prettiness in one's writing. It is difficult, so difficult that some critics maintain that out of all the writing done by Americans fewer than half a dozen immortal characters—Poor Richard, Leather-Stocking, Huckleberry Finn, Uncle Remus—have emerged. To expect memorable portrayal of character by students would therefore be foolish.

Nevertheless we shall all our lives both wish and need to portray character constantly. And any of us can attain, though not creative excellence, yet skill and sureness in such portrayal. Whenever we picture or analyze people orally for reasons of pleasure or for reasons of business, we should do our utmost to make those people stand forth "in their habit as

they live." Whenever we write about them, we should strive with even greater zeal to capture and reflect both their outward appearance and their elusive inward quality. Whether we speak or write, we should learn all we can of the methods used by the masters, and should adapt these methods, in so far as seems wise, to the portrayal of people we have seen and studied for ourselves.

Related to the study of individuals is the study of groups or types. You may like or dislike a kind of person as much as you like or dislike an individual. You may be as prone to talk about the kind. You may instinctively classify an individual according to kind and approve or condemn him in consequence. Models and assignments relative to kind therefore follow in this text the models and assignments relative to individuals.

A LONE LORN CREETUR' *

Charles Dickens

Emphasis is here placed upon the externals of personality, upon the features or qualities which any of us would see if we were observant. To focus attention on idiosyncrasies is one of the surest ways of giving impact to our writing; on the other hand, it is often misleading or unfair.

The characterization here is also made vivid by another device—the use of conversation.

I soon found out that Mrs. Gummidge did not always make herself so agreeable as she might have been expected to do, under the circumstances of her residence with Mr. Peggotty. Mrs. Gummidge's was rather a fretful disposition, and she whimpered more sometimes than was comfortable for other parties in so small an establishment. I was very sorry for her; but there were moments when it would have been more agree-

* *David Copperfield*, Chapter III.

able, I thought, if Mrs. Gummidge had had a convenient apartment of her own to retire to, and had stopped there until her spirits revived.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Gummidge had been in a low state all day, and had burst into tears in the afternoon, when the fire smoked. "I am a lone lorn creetur'," were Mrs. Gummidge's words, when that unpleasant occurrence took place, "and everythink goes contrairy with me."

"Oh, it 'll soon leave off," said Peggotty—I again mean our Peggotty—"and besides, you know, it 's not more disagreeable to you than to us."

"I feel it more," said Mrs. Gummidge.

It was a very cold day, with cutting blasts of wind. Mrs. Gummidge's peculiar corner of the fireside seemed to me to be the warmest and snuggest in the place, as her chair was certainly the easiest, but it did n't suit her that day at all. She was constantly complaining of the cold, and of its occasioning a visitation in her back which she called "the creeps." At last she shed tears on that subject, and said again that she was "a lone lorn creetur' and everythink went contrairy with her."

"It is certainly very cold," said Peggotty. "Everybody must feel it so."

"I feel it more than other people," said Mrs. Gummidge.

So at dinner; when Mrs. Gummidge was always helped immediately after me, to whom the preference was given as a visitor of distinction. The fish were small and bony, and the potatoes were a little burnt. We all acknowledged that we felt this something of a disappointment; but Mrs. Gummidge said she felt it more than we did, and shed tears again, and made that former declaration with great bitterness.

ASSIGNMENT

1. In a description or characterization of one of the following emphasize some peculiar feature, manner, or trait. If possible, quote a typical remark or two or a typical piece of conversation.

My Uncle
An Odd Fish
The Crankiest Person I Know
A Crack-Brained Chap
The Homeliest Man
The Queerest Mannerism I Ever Ran Across
A Man (Woman) with a Hobby
The Oddest Character in My Community.

2. Characterize the speaker by means of his (her) conversation:

Grandmother's Opinion of Flappers
A New York (Boston, Richmond) Girl's Opinion of Western Women
Uncle Si's Comments to the Reporter Who Is Interviewing Him
Mrs. Skagg's Views on Sanitation
Mrs. Merkle Tells of the Clever Sayings of Her Children
"What Fools Women Are!"

DANTE *

Thomas Carlyle

This selection is an example of external portrayal merging into profound interpretation.

Many volumes have been written by way of commentary on Dante and his Book; yet, on the whole, with no great result. His Biography is, as it were, irrecoverably lost for us. An unimportant, wandering, sorrow-stricken man, not much note was taken of him while he lived; and the most of that has vanished, in the long space that now intervenes. It is five centuries since he ceased writing and living here. After all commentaries, the Book itself is mainly what we know of him.

* From "The Hero as Poet."

The Book;—and one might add that Portrait commonly attributed to Giotto, which, looking on it, you cannot help inclining to think genuine, whoever did it. To me it is a most touching face; perhaps of all faces that I know, the most so. Lonely there, painted as on vacancy, with the simple laurel wound round it; the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also deathless;—significant of the whole history of Dante! I think it is the mournfulest face that ever was painted from reality; an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud hopeless pain. A soft ethereal soul looking out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice! Withal it is a silent pain too, a silent scornful one: the lip is curled in a kind of godlike disdain of the thing that is eating out its heart,—as if it were withal a mean insignificant thing, as if he whom it had power to torture and strangle were greater than it. The face of one wholly in protest, and life-long unsurrendering battle, against the world. Affection all converted into indignation: an implacable indignation: slow, equable, silent, like that of a god! The eye too, it looks-out as in a kind of *surprise,* a kind of inquiry, Why the world was of such a sort? This is Dante: so he looks, this 'voice of ten silent centuries,' and sings us 'his mystic unfathomable song.'

ASSIGNMENT

Describe and try to interpret one of the following:

A Little Boy in Trouble
A Little Girl Vexed
A Bewildered Man
A Person in Desperate Plight
A Scornful Person
A Benevolent Person
The Most Earnest Face I Ever Looked Upon

CHARACTERS

A Lone Young Man in the City
My Favorite Character in History.

DODD AS AGUECHEEK*

CHARLES LAMB

This selection illustrates the presentation of some special aspect of a personality.

. . . Few now remember Dodd. What an Aguecheek the stage lost in him! Lovegrove, who came nearest to the old actors, revived the character some few seasons ago, and made it sufficiently grotesque; but Dodd was *it,* as it came out of nature's hands. It might be said to remain *in puris naturalibus.* In expressing slowness of apprehension this actor surpassed all others. You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it cleared up at last to the fulness of a twilight conception—its highest meridian. He seemed to keep back his intellect, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation. The balloon takes less time in filling, than it took to cover the expansion of his broad moony face over all its quarters with expression. A glimmer of understanding would appear in a corner of his eye, and for lack of fuel go out again. A part of his forehead would catch a little intelligence, and be a long time in communicating it to the remainder.

ASSIGNMENT

Characterize one of the following by describing him in the rôle specified:

When Joe Was Dressed up like a Girl
Fanny in Tramping Costume
When Sylvester Donned Those Chaps (That Turban, a Sailor's Costume, an Eskimo's Garb)
Hankins in a Dress Suit
Betty Picking Blackberries

* From "On Some of the Old Actors" in *Essays of Elia.*

The Débutante
Bobbie Just Before He Made His First Speech
The Stupid (Accommodating) Waitress
Denham Preparing for a Drop Kick
Stebbins in the Dean's Outer Office
When Uncle Ned Wears His Noseglasses
My Ancestors as Seen in the Family Album.

SEEING MENDELSSOHN *

BAYARD TAYLOR

This selection describes a great musician in an inspired moment. One of the best ways of revealing character is to have the person seen in a condition or at a task that is typical of him.

Mendelssohn, one of the greatest living composers, has been spending the winter here, and I have been fortunate enough to see him twice. One sunny day, three weeks ago, when all the population of Frankfort turned out upon the budding promenades and the broad quays along the Main, to enjoy the first spring weather, I went on my usual afternoon stroll, with my friend Willis, whose glowing talk concerning his art is quite as refreshing to me after the day's study in the gloomy Marketplatz, as are the blue hills of Spessart, which we see from the bridge over the river. As we were threading the crowd of boatmen, Tyrolese, Suabians, and Bohemians, on the quay, my eye was caught by a man who came towards us, and whose face and air were in such striking contrast to those about him, that my whole attention was at once fixed upon him. He was simply and rather negligently dressed in dark cloth, with a cravat tied loosely about his neck. His beard had evidently not been touched for two or three days, and his black hair was long and frowzed by the wind. His eyes, which were large, dark, and kindling, were directed forward and lifted in the abstraction of some absorbing thought, and as he passed, I heard him

* *Views Afoot,* Chapter XVI. Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

singing to himself in a voice deep but not loud, and yet with a far different tone from that of one who hums a careless air as he walks. But a few notes caught my ear, yet I remember their sound, elevated and with that scarcely perceptible vibration which betrays a feeling below the soul's surface, as distinctly now as at that time. Willis grasped my arm quickly, and said in a low voice, "Mendelssohn!" I turned hastily, and looked after him as he went down the quay, apparently but half conscious of the stirring scenes around him. I could easily imagine how the balmy, indolent sensation in the air, so like a soothing and tranquillizing strain of music, should have led him into the serene and majestic realm of his own creations.

It was something to have seen a man of genius thus alone and in communion with his inspired thoughts, and I could not repress a feeling of pleasure at the idea of having unconsciously acknowledged his character before I knew his name.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a brief description of one of the following:

A Painter in His Studio (or at Work on a Canvas)
A Musician at the Piano (or with His Violin)
An Orator During His Peroration
A Saintly Person at Prayer
My Encounter with a Man of Genius (Great Ability)
Sailors in Port
The Vagabond Musician.

TOM BROWN'S FIRST MEETING WITH SCUD EAST *

THOMAS HUGHES

We have here the progressive method of revealing character. At first we have a brief, indirect description of East, with his nonchalant, hail-fellow-well-met air. Then as we follow his words and conduct we perceive that he is slightly patronizing and cocky.

* *Tom Brown's School Days,* Chapter V.

Finally, we discover that, despite his cool assurance, he is conventional.

Tom's heart beat quick as he passed the great school field or close, with its noble elms, in which several games at football were going on, and tried to take in at once the long line of grey buildings, beginning with the chapel, and ending with the School-house, the residence of the head-master, where the great flag was lazily waving from the highest tower. And he began already to be proud of being a Rugby boy, as he passed the school gates, with the oriel window above, and saw the boys standing there, looking as if the town belonged to them, and nodding in a familiar manner to the coachman, as if any one of them would be quite equal to getting on the box, and working the team down street as well as he. One of the young heroes, however, ran out from the rest, and scrambled up behind; where, having righted himself, and nodded to the guard, with "How do, Jem?" he turned round to Tom, and after looking him over for a minute, began—

"I say, you fellow, is your name Brown?"

"Yes," said Tom, in considerable astonishment; glad, however, to have lighted on some one already who seemed to know him.

"Ah, I thought so; you know my old aunt, Miss East, she lives somewhere down your way in Berkshire. She wrote to me that you were coming to-day, and asked me to give you a lift."

Tom was somewhat inclined to resent the patronizing air of his new friend, a boy just about his own height and age, but gifted with the most transcendent coolness and assurance, which Tom felt to be aggravating and hard to bear, but couldn't for the life of him help admiring and envying—especially when young my lord begins hectoring two or three long loafing fellows, half-porter, half-stableman, with a strong touch of

the blackguard; and in the end, arranges with one of them, nicknamed Cooey, to carry Tom's luggage up to the School-house for sixpence.

"And heark 'ee, Cooey, it must be up in ten minutes, or no more jobs from me. Come along, Brown." And away swaggers the young potentate, with his hands in his pockets, and Tom at his side.

"All right, sir," says Cooey, touching his hat, with a leer and a wink at his comrades.

"Hullo, though," says East, pulling up, and taking another look at Tom, "this 'll never do—have n't you got a hat?—we never wear caps here. Only the louts wear caps. Bless you, if you were to go into the quadrangle with that thing on, I—don't know what 'd happen." The very idea was quite beyond young Master East, and he looked unutterable things.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Describe progressively one of the following:

The New Boy
The Girl from a Neighboring Town
My First Teacher
The Superintendent of the New Sunday School
The Vegetarian
My First Employer
A Fascinating Lady
My Rival.

2. By means of a conversation between two persons characterize one of them (as dull, pompous, vain, suspicious, snobbish, or what not).

3. By telling of a characteristic action (heroic, sneaking, unselfish, spectacular, modest, or what not) portray a person indirectly.

4. By means of a monologue characterize one of the following:

Mrs. Heckleberry at the Telephone
Mr. Snodgrass at the Railway Ticket-Office
Mrs. Mudge Tells about Her Children
Bridget Tells a Friend about the Family She Works For.

A QUACK FINANCIER *

H. G. Wells

Analyze the various ways in which this financier is drawn. Is he more an individual than a type? What do you know about his mentality by his belief in the Gnostics? What impression do you get from the choppy snatches of his conversation? Note the interpretative symbols in the last paragraph.

But now that I resume the main line of my story it may be well to describe the personal appearance of my uncle as I remember him during those magnificent years that followed his passage from trade to finance. The little man plumped up very considerably during the creation of the Tono-Bungay property, but with the increasing excitements that followed that first flotation came dyspepsia and a certain flabbiness and falling away. His abdomen—if the reader will pardon my taking his features in the order of their value—had at first a nice full roundness, but afterwards it lost tone without, however, losing size. He always went as though he was proud of it and would make as much of it as possible. To the last his movements remained quick and sudden, his short firm legs, as he walked, seemed to twinkle rather than display the scissors-stride of common humanity, and he never seemed to have knees, but instead, a dispersed flexibility of limb.

There was, I seem to remember, a secular intensification of his features; his nose developed character, became aggressive, stuck out at the world more and more; the obliquity of his mouth, I think, increased. From the face that returns to my memory projects a long cigar that is sometimes cocked jauntily up from the higher corner, that sometimes droops from the lower;—it was as eloquent as a dog's tail, and he removed it only for the more emphatic modes of speech. He assumed a

* *Tono-Bungay,* Part III, Chapter I. Reprinted by permission of Duffield & Co.

broad black ribbon for his glasses, and wore them more and more askew as time went on. His hair seemed to stiffen with success, but towards the climax it thinned greatly over the crown, and he brushed it hard back over his ears where, however, it stuck out fiercely. It always stuck out fiercely over his forehead, up and forward.

He adopted an urban style of dressing with the onset of Tono-Bungay and rarely abandoned it. He preferred silk hats with ample rich brims, often a trifle large for him by modern ideas, and he wore them at various angles to his axis; his taste in trouserings was towards fairly emphatic stripes and his trouser cut was neat; he liked his frock-coat long and full, although that seemed to shorten him. He displayed a number of valuable rings, and I remember one upon his left little finger with a large red stone bearing Gnostic symbols. "Clever chaps, those Gnostics, George," he told me. "Means a lot. Lucky!" He never had any but a black mohair watch-chain. In the country he affected grey and a large grey cloth top-hat, except when motoring; then he would have a brown deer-stalker cap and a fur suit of Esquimaux cut with a sort of boot-end to the trousers. Of an evening he would wear white waistcoats and plain gold studs. He hated diamonds. "Flashy," he said they were. "Might as well wear an income tax-receipt. All very well for Park Lane. Unsold stock. Not my style. Sober financier, George."

So much for his visible presence. For a time it was very familiar to the world, for at the crest of the boom he allowed quite a number of photographs and at least one pencil sketch to be published in the sixpenny papers. . . . His voice declined during those years from his early tenor to a flat rich quality of sound that my knowledge of music is inadequate to describe. His Zzz-ing inrush of air became less frequent as he ripened, but returned in moments of excitement. Throughout his career, in spite of his increasing and at last astounding opulence, his

more intimate habits remained as simple as they had been at Wimblehurst. He would never avail himself of the services of a valet; at the very climax of his greatness his trousers were folded by a housemaid and his shoulders brushed as he left his house or hotel. He became wary about breakfast as life advanced, and at one time talked much of Dr. Haig and uric acid. But for other meals he remained reasonably omnivorous. He was something of a gastronome, and would eat anything he particularly liked in an audible manner, and perspire upon his forehead. He was a studiously moderate drinker—except when the spirit of some public banquet or some great occasion caught him and bore him beyond his wariness—then he would, as it were, drink inadvertently and become flushed and talkative—about everything but his business projects.

To make the portrait complete one wants to convey an effect of sudden, quick bursts of movement like the jumps of a Chinese-cracker to indicate that his pose, whatever it is, has been preceded and will be followed by a rush. If I were painting him, I should certainly give him for a background that distressed, uneasy sky that was popular in the eighteenth century, and at a convenient distance a throbbing motor-car, very big and contemporary, a secretary hurrying with papers, and an alert chauffeur.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a short theme on one of the following subjects, employing appropriate symbols to illustrate the character:

Quick-Tempered Jim
The Grind
A Bit of Human Wreckage
The College Cheer-Leader
The Patient Crippled Lady
The Janitor
The Scrub Woman
The Woman Who Dusts All the Time
My High-School Teacher.

WOUTER VAN TWILLER *

Washington Irving

The method here employed is to describe the person first and the temperament afterward.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned, as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back-bone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer barrel on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of every thing that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with a dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter

* From *Knickerbocker's History of New York.*

Van Twiller—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories, by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

ASSIGNMENT

Describe first the physical appearance and afterward the temperament of one of the following:

The Oddest-Looking Man I ever Saw
A Shriveled Old Lady
The Auctioneer
The Umpire
The Barker at the Sideshow
The Old Clothes Man
The Newsboy
The Girl at the Perfume Counter.

JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD*

J. G. Lockhart

The first paragraph of this selection gives a general account and characterization of Hogg, the second an account of ludicrous happenings on his visit to Scott.

I have already said something of the beginning of Scott's acquaintance with "the Ettrick Shepherd." Shortly after their first meeting, Hogg, coming into Edinburgh with a flock of sheep, was seized with a sudden ambition of seeing his name in print, and he wrote out that same night "Willie and Katie," and a few other ballads, already famous in the Forest, which

* *Life of Scott,* Volume II, Chapter XII.

some obscure bookseller gratified him by putting forth accordingly; but they appear to have attracted no notice beyond their original sphere. Hogg then made an excursion into the Highlands, in quest of employment as overseer of some extensive sheep-farm; but, though Scott had furnished him with strong recommendations to various friends, he returned without success. He printed an account of his travels, however, in a set of letters in the Scots Magazine, which, though exceedingly rugged and uncouth, had abundant traces of the native shrewdness and genuine poetical feeling of this remarkable man. These also failed to excite attention; but, undeterred by such disappointments, the Shepherd no sooner read the third volume of the "Minstrelsy," than he made up his mind that the Editor's "Imitations of the Ancients" were by no means what they should have been. "Immediately," he says, in one of his many Memoirs of himself, "I chose a number of traditional facts, and set about imitating the manner of the Ancients myself." These imitations he transmitted to Scott, who warmly praised the many striking beauties scattered over their rough surface.

The next time that Hogg's business carried him to Edinburgh, he waited upon Scott, who invited him to dinner in Castle Street, in company with William Laidlaw, who happened also to be in town, and some other admirers of the rustic genius. When Hogg entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Scott, being at the time in a delicate state of health, was reclining on a sofa. The Shepherd, after being presented, and making his best bow, forthwith took possession of another sofa placed opposite to hers, and stretched himself thereupon at all his length; for, as he said afterwards, "I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house." As his dress at this period was precisely that in which any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market, and as his hands, moreover, bore most legible marks of a recent sheep-smearing, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the novel usage

to which her chintz was exposed. The Shepherd, however, remarked nothing of all this—dined heartily and drank freely, and, by jest, anecdote, and song, afforded plentiful merriment to the more civilized part of the company. As the liquor operated, his familiarity increased and strengthened; from "Mr. Scott," he advanced to "Sherra," and thence to "Scott," "Walter," and "Wattie," until, at supper, he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs. Scott as "Charlotte."

ASSIGNMENT

First characterize one of the following, and then give an account of some typical piece of his conduct:

A Boor
Jenks in the Company of His Betters
The City Young Man at a Country Social
A Diamond in the Rough
The Awkwardest Man
A Bashful Boy
The Little Girl with Pigtails
How Charlie Spoiled the Snapshot.

BEATRIX DESCENDING THE STAIR*

William Makepeace Thackeray

This selection illustrates point of view in description. Thackeray describes a woman of extraordinary beauty; that his description may be the more effective, he makes us see her at a moment and in the midst of an action that shows that beauty at its loveliest. Note that the description would lose much of its force and charm if the last skilfully summarizing sentence were omitted.

This laughing colloquy took place in the hall of Walcote House: in the midst of which is a staircase that leads from an open gallery, where are the doors of the sleeping chambers: and from one of these, a wax candle in her hand, and illuminating

* *Henry Esmond*, Book II, Chapter VII.

her, came Mistress Beatrix—the light falling indeed upon the scarlet riband which she wore, and upon the most brilliant white neck in the world.

Esmond had left a child and found a woman, grown beyond the common height; and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty, that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting, that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible: and that night the great Duke was at the playhouse after Ramillies, every soul turned and looked (she chanced to enter at the opposite side of the theatre at the same moment) at her, and not at him. She was a brown beauty: that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes were dark: her hair curling with rich undulations, and waving over her shoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine: except her cheeks, which were a bright red, and her lips, which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace—agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen—now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic—there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon.

So she came holding her dress with one fair rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the stair to greet Esmond.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a description of one of the following:

A Lovely Woman Who Stands with Lips Parted Admiring a Beautiful Landscape

An Antelope (a Wild Horse) That Stands Poised for a Moment Before Taking to Flight
A Pointer or Setter Waiting for the Hunter to Flush the Game
A Baby at the Telephone
A Mother Bending Over to Kiss Her Baby Goodnight
A Beautiful Girl Driving a Car
A Young Girl in the Light of the Reading Lamp
The Fullback's Fiancée When He Is Making the Touchdown.

HETTY IN THE DAIRY *

George Eliot

This selection resembles the preceding in the device it uses. A young man half in love with a girl sees her amid enhancing surroundings. But these surroundings are also typical. Hetty, unlike Beatrix, is a workaday girl—the setting not only adds to her charm; it almost seems an habitual part of her.

. . . "By the by, I 've never seen your dairy; I must see your dairy, Mrs. Poyser."

"Indeed, sir, it 's not fit for you to go in, for Hetty's in the middle o' making the butter, for the churning was thrown late, and I 'm quite ashamed." This Mrs. Poyser said blushing, and believing that the Captain was really interested in her milk-pans, and would adjust his opinion of her to the appearance of her dairy.

"Oh, I 've no doubt it 's in capital order. Take me in," said the Captain, himself leading the way, while Mrs. Poyser followed.

The dairy was certainly worth looking at: it was a scene to sicken for with a sort of calenture in hot and dusty streets—such coolness, such purity, such fresh fragrance of new-pressed cheese, of firm butter, of wooden vessels perpetually bathed in pure water; such soft coloring of red earthenware and creamy surfaces, brown wood and polished tin, gray limestone and rich

* *Adam Bede,* Chapters VI and VII.

orange-red rust on the iron weights and hooks and hinges. But one gets only a confused notion of these details when they surround a distractingly pretty girl of seventeen, standing on little pattens and rounding her dimpled arm to lift a pound of butter out of the scale.

Hetty blushed a deep rose-color when Captain Donnithorne entered the dairy and spoke to her; but it was not at all a distressed blush, for it was inwreathed with smiles and dimples, and with sparkles from under long curled dark eyelashes; and while her aunt was discoursing to him about the limited amount of milk that was to be spared for butter and cheese so long as the calves were not all weaned, and a large quantity but inferior quality of milk yielded by the short-horn, which had been bought on experiment, together with other matters which must be interesting to a young gentleman who would one day be a landlord, Hetty tossed and patted her pound of butter with quite a self-possessed, coquettish air, slyly conscious that no turn of her head was lost.

There are various orders of beauty, causing men to make fools of themselves in various styles, from the desperate to the sheepish; but there is one order of beauty which seems made to turn the heads not only of men, but of all intelligent mammals, even of women. It is a beauty like that of kittens, or very small downy ducks making gentle rippling noises with their soft bills, or babies just beginning to toddle and to engage in conscious mischief—a beauty with which you can never be angry, but that you feel ready to crush for inability to comprehend the state of mind into which it throws you. Hetty Sorrel's was that sort of beauty. Her aunt, Mrs. Poyser, who professed to despise all personal attractions, and intended to be the severest of mentors, continually gazed at Hetty's charms by the sly, fascinated in spite of herself; and after administering such a scolding as naturally flowed from her anxiety to do well by her husband's niece—who had no mother of her own

to scold her, poor thing!—she would often confess to her husband, when they were safe out of hearing, that she firmly believed "the naughtier the little hussy behaved, the prettier she looked."

It is of little use for me to tell you that Hetty's cheek was like a rose petal, that dimples played about her pouting lips, that her large dark eyes hid a soft roguishness under their long lashes, and that her curly hair, though all pushed back under her round cap while she was at work, stole back in dark delicate rings on her forehead, and about her white shell-like ears; it is of little use for me to say how lovely was the contour of her pink-and-white neckerchief, tucked into her low plum-colored stuff bodice, or how the linen butter-making apron, with its bib, seemed a thing to be imitated in silk by duchesses, since it fell in such charming lines, or how her brown stockings and thick-soled buckled shoes lost all that clumsiness which they must certainly have had when empty of her foot and ankle; —of little use, unless you have seen a woman who affected you as Hetty affected her beholders, for otherwise, though you might conjure up the image of a lovely woman, she would not in the least resemble that distracting kitten-like maiden. I might mention all the divine charms of a bright spring day, but if you had never in your life utterly forgotten yourself in straining your eyes after the mounting lark, or in wandering through the still lanes when the fresh-opened blossoms fill them with a sacred silent beauty like that of fretted aisles, where would be the use of my descriptive catalogue? I could never make you know what I meant by a bright spring day. Hetty's was a springtide beauty; it was the beauty of young frisking things, round-limbed, gambolling, circumventing you by a false air of innocence—the innocence of a young star-browed calf, for example, that, being inclined for a promenade out of bounds, leads you a severe steeplechase over hedge and ditch, and only comes to a stand in the middle of a bog.

And they are the prettiest attitudes and movements into which a pretty girl is thrown in making up butter—tossing movements that give a charming curve to the arm, and a sideward inclination of the round neck; little patting and rolling movements with the palm of the hand, and nice adaptations and finishings which cannot at all be effected without a great play of the pouting mouth and the dark eyes. And then the butter itself seems to communicate a fresh charm—it is so pure, so sweet-scented; it is turned off the mould with such a beautiful firm surface, like marble in a pale yellow light! Moreover, Hetty was particularly clever at making up the butter; it was the one performance of hers that her aunt allowed to pass without severe criticism; so she handled it with all the grace that belongs to mastery.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Give a sense first of the surroundings and then of the person in a description of one of the following. (The best method probably is to relate what a visitor sees.)

The Stoker in the Engine-Room
The Printer When a Newspaper Is Going Through the Press
A Negro Picking Cotton
A Bootblack Polishing Shoes
A Modern Dairyman at Milking-Time
A Bank Clerk Balancing His Books
The Presiding Officer at a Meeting of the Board
The Sexton Digging a Grave
The Jockey on the Race Track
A Call Boy with a Telegram in a Hotel Lobby
A Traffic Policeman
The Floor-Walker of a Department Store
The Property Man During a Performance at the Theatre
A Mother Trying to Get All Her Children and Parcels Aboard the Train.

2. By describing a person's house or surroundings portray him for us indirectly.

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH *

JOSEPH ADDISON

This selection places a man in a typical environment and lets him perform characteristic deeds there. By means of these illuminating actions it permits the man's character to reveal itself.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me that, at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for, if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

* The Spectator, No. 112.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church,—which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that, upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger had been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

ASSIGNMENT

Show one of the indicated persons engaged in wonted employment. Reveal as much as you can of the person's temperament without resorting to outright exposition.

The Kindergarten Teacher
The Charitable Old Lady

The Man Who Loves Children
The Leader of the Boy Scouts
The Person Who Is the Life of the Party
A Lovable Old Autocrat
The Boy Who Was the Leader in Mischief
Cousin Amelia Looks In.

THE ELEMENT OF MYSTERY IN WHISTLER*

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

This selection sums up one phase of the significance of an artist. Though an excerpt from a longer paper, it illustrates how students may perhaps best discuss a writer, a musician, or a painter. The student lacks the background for a full and final critical pronouncement; let him restrict himself, instead, to some quality in the artist which impresses him. If he can give illustrative incidents or quotations, by all means he should. Apt quotations are like spotlights thrown on an idea or a character.

It is needless to say that the theory of mystery as I have elaborated it—perhaps too subtly—is not explicit in any writing or recorded speech of Whistler himself. When one has it in mind, however, there is a curious interest in catching the notes and echoes of it in his own words. Thus, in practical matters, take his remark to one who commented on the unfinished condition of Whistler's dwelling. "You see, I do not care for settling down anywhere. Where there is no more space for improvement, or dreaming about improvement, where mystery is in perfect shape, it is *finis*—the end—death. There is no hope, nor outlook left." Or take the same instinct in a more artistic connection. "They talk about the blue skies of Italy,—the skies of Italy are not blue, they are black. You do not see blue skies except in Holland and here, where you get great white clouds, and then the spaces between are blue! and in Holland there is atmosphere, and that means mystery. There

* From *American Portraits.* Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., the authorized publishers.

is mystery here, too, and the people don't want it. What they like is when the east wind blows, when you can look across the river and count the wires in the canary bird's cage on the other side." Finally, take the wonderful words about painting in the twilight, full of mystery and vague suggestion as a poem of Shelley: "As the light fades and the shadows deepen, all the petty and exciting details vanish; everything trivial disappears, and I see things as they are, in great, strong masses; the buttons are lost, but the garment remains; the garment is lost, but the sitter remains; the sitter is lost, but the shadow remains. And that, night cannot efface from the painter's imagination." Even allowing for the touch of Whistler's natural irony, such a view of art seems to amend Gautier's celebrated phrase into "I am a man for whom the *invisible* world exists," and to give double emphasis to the lines of Keats,

> "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter."

So we find in Whistler, as we found implicit in Mark Twain and Sidney Lanier and explicit in Henry Adams, the immense and overwhelming heritage of ignorance which the nineteenth century transmitted to the twentieth. But whereas Mark erected ignorance into a dogmatic religion of negation, and Adams trifled with it, and Lanier battled with it, Whistler drew out of it the enduring solace of artistic effort, and applied to its persistent torment the immortal, divine recipe for cure of headache, heartache, soul-ills, body-ills, poverty, ignominy, contempt, neglect, and pain, the creation, or even the attempted creation, of things beautiful.

ASSIGNMENT

Explain and discuss your ideas on one of these topics:

As I Picture Myself 25 Years Hence
Something That Impresses Me in My Favorite Author

Something That Impresses Me in My Favorite Book
What I Like Most in the Painter ——
What I Like Most in the Music of ——
What Appeals to Me Most in My Favorite Painting
Why Statuary Appeals to Me More (Less) Than the Other Arts
Some Conclusions I Have Reached About the Comic Section of the Sunday Newspaper
Some Faults (Virtues) of the Modern Newspaper (Magazine)
Why I Like (Dislike) the Happy Ending
Should the Villain Sometimes Be Represented as Able to Defeat the Hero?
Why Fairy Stories (Realistic Novels, Thesis Plays) Interest Me More than Other Types of Literature
The Quality in Elwood That Arouses My Envy.

ROYAL FATHER AND ROYAL SON *

John Lothrop Motley

This selection presents first the father, then the son, and then a statement of the importance of the latter's accession. It shows both contrasts and parallels. Some of the father's features and traits are repeated in the son, some are not; the portrayal gains from the constant comparison we make between the two men.

Charles the Fifth was then fifty-five years and eight months old: but he was already decrepit with premature old age. He was of about the middle height, and had been athletic and well proportioned. Broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, thin in the flank, very muscular in the arms and legs, he had been able to match himself with all competitors in the tourney and the ring, and to vanquish the bull with his own hand in the favorite national amusement of Spain. He had been able in the field to do the duty of captain and soldier, to endure fatigue and exposure, and every privation except fasting. These personal advantages were now departed. Crippled in hands, knees, and legs, he supported himself with difficulty upon a crutch,

* *Rise of the Dutch Republic,* Part I, Chapter I.

with the aid of an attendant's shoulder. In face he had always been extremely ugly, and time had certainly not improved his physiognomy. His hair, once of a light color, was now white with age, close-clipped and bristling; his beard was gray, coarse, and shaggy. His forehead was spacious and commanding; the eye dark-blue, with an expression both majestic and benignant. His nose was aquiline, but crooked. The lower part of his face was famous for its deformity. The under lip, a Burgundian inheritance, as faithfully transmitted as the duchy and county, was heavy and hanging; the lower jaw protruding so far beyond the upper that it was impossible for him to bring together the few fragments of teeth which still remained, or to speak a whole sentence in an intelligible voice. Eating and talking, occupations to which he was always much addicted, were becoming daily more arduous, in consequence of this original defect, which now seemed hardly human, but rather an original deformity.

So much for the father. The son, Philip the Second, was a small, meagre man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, a narrow chest, and the shrinking, timid air of an habitual invalid. He seemed so little, upon his first visit to his aunts, the Queens Eleanor and Mary, accustomed to look upon proper men in Flanders and Germany, that he was fain to win their favor by making certain attempts in the tournaments, in which his success was sufficiently problematical. "His body," says his professed panegyrist, "was but a human cage, in which, however brief and narrow, dwelt a soul to whose flight the immeasurable expanse of heaven was too contracted." The same wholesale admirer adds that "his aspect was so reverend that rustics who met him alone in a wood, without knowing him, bowed down with instinctive veneration." In face, he was the living image of his father, having the same broad forehead and blue eye, with the same aquiline, but better proportioned, nose. In the lower part of the countenance, the remarkable

Burgundian deformity was likewise reproduced. He had the same heavy, hanging lip, with a vast mouth, and monstrously protruding lower jaw. His complexion was fair, his hair light and thin, his beard yellow, short, and pointed. He had the aspect of a Fleming, but the loftiness of a Spaniard. His demeanor in public was still, silent, almost sepulchral. He looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed, and even suffering in manner. This was ascribed partly to a natural haughtiness which he had occasionally endeavored to overcome, and partly to habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry.

Such was the personal appearance of the man who was about to receive into his single hand the destinies of half the world; whose single will was, for the future, to shape the fortunes of every individual then present, of many millions more in Europe, America, and at the ends of the earth, and of countless millions yet unborn.

ASSIGNMENT

Use comparison in a description of one of the following:

A Dissipated Father and an Innocent Child
An Old Woman and Her Grown-Up Daughter
Two Brothers (Sisters)
A Pair of Cousins
The Two Sides of His Nature Which a Boy Exhibits at Different Times
A Girl with a Scrub-Mop and the Same Girl on Graduation Day
An Actor Presenting a Character First in Good and Later in Ill Fortune
A Public Man and His Rival.

JOHN MILTON'S BEDTIME OLIVES*

Havelock Ellis

This selection dwells upon the significance of an act which, though petty in itself, shows the human side of a great man we regard as

* *Impressions and Comments,* pages 74-77. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., the authorized publishers.

austere. In subtle ways too it reflects Milton's spirit. For example, the single quoted word "refocillated" happily reminds us of Milton's fondness in his prose for sonorous Latin terms.

For supper, we are told, Milton used often to eat a few olives. That statement has frequently recurred to my mind. I never grow weary of the significance of little things. What do the so-called great things of life count for in the end, the fashion of a man's showing-off for the benefit of his fellows? It is the little things that give its savor or its bitterness to life, the little things that direct the currents of activity, the little things that alone really reveal the intimate depths of personality. *De minimis non curat lex.* But against that dictum of human law one may place the Elder Pliny's maxim concerning natural law: *Nusquam magis quam in minimis tota est Natura.* For in the sphere of Nature's Laws it is only the minimal things that are worth caring about, the least things in the world, mere specks on the Walls of Life, as it seems to you. But one sets one's eyes to them, and, behold, they are chinks that look out into Infinity.

Milton is one of the "great" things in English life and literature, and his admirers dwell on his great achievements. These achievements often leave me a little cold, intellectually acquiescent, nothing more. But when I hear of these olives which the blind old scholar-poet was wont to eat for supper I am at once brought nearer to him. I intuitively divine what they meant to him.

Olives are not the most obvious food for an English Puritan of the seventeenth century, though olive-oil is said to have been used here even in the fourteenth century. Milton might more naturally, one supposes, like his arch-Puritanic foe, Prynne, have "refocillated" his brain with ale and bread, and indeed he was still too English, and perhaps too wise, to disdain either.

But Milton had lived in Italy. There the most brilliant and

happy days of his life had been spent. All the rest of his real and inner life was but an echo of the music he had heard in Italy. For Milton was only on one side of his nature the austere Latin secretary of Cromwell and the ferocious opponent of Salmasius. He was also the champion of the tardy English Renaissance, the grave and beautiful youth whose every fibre thrilled to the magic of Italy. For two rich months he had lived in Florence, then the most attractive of Italian cities, with Gaddi, Dati, Coltellini, and the rest for his friends. He had visited Galileo, then just grown blind, as he was himself destined to be. His inner sight always preserved the old visions he had garnered

> At evening from the top of Fesole,
> Or in Valdarno.

Now at last, in the company of sour and ignorant Puritans who counted him one of themselves, while a new generation grew up which ignored him and which he disdained, in this sulphurous atmosphere of London which sickened and drove away his secretary Ellwood, Milton ate a handful of olives. And all Italy came to him in those olives.

"What! when the sun rises do you not see a round disc of fire, somewhat like a guinea?" "Oh no, no, no!" said Blake, "I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host." And these dull green exotic fruits which the blind Milton ate bedwards were the heralds of dreams diviner than he freighted with magnificent verse.

ASSIGNMENT

In a style as carefully adapted as you can make it to the matter write a theme on one of these topics:

A Revealing Incident About a Great Author
A Revealing Incident About a Famous Character in History
A Great Man Who Is Imperfectly Understood
A Roughneck Element in a Sensitive, Refined Person

When We Learned That Sterrett Meant Well
When I Found That Old Grigsby Had a Heart
What I Am When I'm not Trying to Be Somebody Else
Why —— Is My Best Friend
The Letter I Wrote in Anger.

MISS ASPHYXIA SMITH *

Harriet Beecher Stowe

This selection reveals a woman dominated by a single trait—grim, joyless, unflagging resolution. Note that the author both describes and interprets—she makes you see the woman; she also makes you feel her.

. . . Miss Asphyxia Smith, the elder sister of old Crab, was at this moment turning the child round, and examining her through a pair of large horn spectacles, with a view to "taking her to raise," as she phrased it.

Now all Miss Asphyxia's ideas of the purpose and aim of human existence were comprised in one word,—work. She was herself a working machine, always wound up and going,—up at early cock-crowing, and busy till bedtime, with a rampant and fatiguing industry that never paused for a moment. She conducted a large farm by the aid of a hired man, and drove a flourishing dairy, and was universally respected in the neighborhood as a smart woman.

Latterly, as her young cousin, who had shared the toils of the house with her, had married and left her, Miss Asphyxia had talked of "takin' a child from the poor-house, and so raisin' her own help"; and it was with the view of this "raisin' her help," that she was thus turning over and inspecting the little article which we have spoken of.

Apparently she was somewhat puzzled, and rather scandalized, that Nature should evidently have expended so much in a merely

* *Oldtown Folks,* Chapters VIII and X.

ornamental way on an article which ought to have been made simply for service. She brushed up a handful of the clustering curls in her large, bony hand, and said, with a sniff, "These 'll have to come right off to begin with; gracious me, what a tangle!"

"Mother always brushed them out every day," said the child.

"And who do you suppose is going to spend an hour every day brushing your hair, Miss Pert?" said Miss Asphyxia. "That ain't what I take ye for, I tell you. You 've got to learn to work for your living; and you ought to be thankful if I 'm willing to show you how."

The little girl did not appear particularly thankful. She bent her soft, pencilled eyebrows in a dark frown, and her great hazel eyes had gathering in them a cloud of sullen gloom. Miss Asphyxia did not mind her frowning,—perhaps did not notice it. She had it settled in her mind, as a first principle, that children never liked anything that was good for them, and that, of course, if she took a child, it would have to be made to come to her by forcible proceedings promptly instituted. . . .

"O, she can do considerable many little chores," said Old Crab's wife.

"Yes," said Miss Asphyxia; "there can a good deal be got out of a child if you keep at 'em, hold 'em in tight, and never let 'em have their head a minute; push right hard on behind 'em, and you get considerable. That 's the way I was raised. . . ."

Miss Asphyxia was tall and spare. Nature had made her, as she often remarked of herself, entirely for use. She had allowed for her muscles no cushioned repose of fat, no redundant smoothness of outline. There was nothing to her but good, strong, solid bone, and tough, wiry, well-strung muscle. She was past fifty, and her hair was already well streaked with gray, and so thin that, when tightly combed and tied, it still showed bald cracks, not very sightly to the eye. The only thought that Miss Asphyxia ever had had in relation to the *coiffure* of her hair was

that it was to be got out of her way. Hair she considered principally as something that might get into people's eyes, if not properly attended to; and accordingly, at a very early hour every morning, she tied all hers in a very tight knot, and then secured it by a horn comb on the top of her head. To tie this knot so tightly that, once done, it should last all day, was Miss Asphyxia's only art of the toilet, and she tried her work every morning by giving her head a shake, before she left her looking-glass, not unlike that of an unruly cow. If this process did not start the horn comb from its moorings, Miss Asphyxia was well pleased. For the rest, her face was dusky and wilted,—guarded by gaunt, high cheek-bones, and watched over by a pair of small gray eyes of unsleeping vigilance. The shaggy eyebrows that overhung them were grizzled, like her hair.

It would not be proper to say that Miss Asphyxia looked ill-tempered; but her features could never, by any stretch of imagination, be supposed to wear an expression of tenderness. They were set in an austere, grim gravity, whose lines had become more deeply channelled by every year of her life. As related to her fellow-creatures, she was neither passionate nor cruel. We have before described her as a working machine, forever wound up to high-pressure working-point; and this being her nature, she trod down and crushed whatever stood in the way of her work, with as little compunction as if she had been a steam-engine or a power-loom.

Miss Asphyxia had a full conviction of what a recent pleasant writer has denominated the total depravity of matter. She was not given to many words, but it might often be gathered from her brief discourses that she had always felt herself, so to speak, sword in hand against a universe where everything was running to disorder,—everything was tending to slackness, shiftlessness, unthrift, and she alone was left on the earth to keep things in their places. Her hired men were always too late up in the morning,—always shirking,—always taking too long a nap at

noon; everybody was watching to cheat her in every bargain; her horse, cow, pigs,—all her possessions,—were ready at the slightest winking of her eye, or relaxing of her watch, to fall into all sorts of untoward ways and gyrations; and therefore she slept, as it were, in her armor, and spent her life as a sentinel on duty.

In taking a child, she had had her eyes open only to one patent fact,—that a child was an animal who would always be wanting to play, and that she must make all her plans and calculations to keep her from playing. . . .

Perhaps my readers may have turned over a great, flat stone some time in their rural rambles, and found under it little clovers and tufts of grass pressed to earth, flat, white, and bloodless, but still growing, stretching, creeping towards the edges, where their plant instinct tells them there is light and deliverance. The kind of life that the little Tina led, under the care of Miss Asphyxia, resembled that of these poor clovers. It was all shut down and repressed, but growing still. She was roused at the first glimmer of early dawn, dressing herself in the dark, and, coming out, set the table for breakfast. From that time through the day, one task followed another in immediate succession, with the sense of the ever-driving Miss Asphyxia behind her.

Once, in the course of her labors, she let fall a saucer, while Miss Asphyxia, by good fortune, was out of the room. To tell of her mischance, and expose herself to the awful consequences of her anger, was more than her childish courage was equal to; and, with a quick adroitness, she slipped the broken fragments in a crevice between the kitchen doorstep and the house, and endeavored to look as if nothing had occurred. Alas! she had not counted on Miss Asphyxia's unsleeping vigilance of hearing. She was down stairs in a trice.

"What have you been breaking?"

"Nothing, ma'am," was the trembling response.

"Don't tell me! I heard something fall."

"I think it must have been the tongs," said the little girl,—not over-wise or ingenious in her subterfuge.

"Tongs! likely story," said Miss Asphyxia, keenly running her eye over the cups and saucers.

"One, two,—here 's one of the saucers gone. What have you done with it?"

The child, now desperate with fear, saw no refuge but in persistent denial, till Miss Asphyxia, seizing her, threatened immediate whipping if she did not at once confess.

"I dropped a saucer," at last said the frightened child.

"You did, you little slut?" said Miss Asphyxia, administering a box on her ear. "Where is it? what have you done with the pieces?"

"I dropped them down by the doorstep," said the sobbing culprit.

Miss Asphyxia soon fished them up, and held them up in awful judgment. "You 've been telling me a lie,—a naughty, wicked lie," she said. "I 'll soon cure you of lying. I 'll scour your mouth out for you." And forthwith, taking a rag with some soap and sand, she grasped the child's head under her arm, and rubbed the harsh mixture through her mouth with a vengeful energy. "There, now, see if you 'll tell me another lie," said she, pushing her from her. "Don't you know where liars go to, you naughty, wicked girl? 'All liars shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone,'—that 's what the Bible says; and you may thank me for keeping you from going there. Now go and get up the potatoes and wash 'em, and don't let me get another lie out of your mouth as long as you live."

There was a burning sense of shame—a smothered fury of resentment—in the child's breast, and, as she took the basket, she felt as if she would have liked to do some mischief to Miss Asphyxia. "I hate you, I hate you, I hate you," she said to

herself when she got into the cellar, and fairly out of hearing. "I hate you, and when I get to be a woman, I 'll pay you for all this."

Miss Asphyxia, however, went on her way, in the testimony of a good conscience. She felt that she had been equal to the emergency, and had met a crisis in the most thorough and effectual manner.

The teachers of district schools in those days often displayed a singular ingenuity in the invention of punishments by which the different vices of childhood should be repressed; and Miss Asphyxia's housewifely confidence in soap and sand as a means of purification had suggested to her this expedient in her school-teaching days. "You can break any child o' lying, right off short," she was wont to say. "Jest scour their mouths out with soap and sand. They never want to try it more 'n once or twice, I tell you."

The intervals which the child had for play were, in Miss Asphyxia's calendar, few and far between. Sometimes, when she had some domestic responsibility on her mind which made the watching of the child a burden to her, she would say to her, "You may go and play till I call you," or, "You may play for half an hour; but you must n't go out of the yard."

. . . . . .

Miss Asphyxia did not hate the child, nor did she love her. She regarded her exactly as she did her broom and her rolling-pin and her spinning-wheel,—as an implement or instrument which she was to fashion to her uses. She had a general idea, too, of certain duties to her as a human being, which she expressed by the phrase, "doing right by her,"—that is, to feed and clothe and teach her. In fact, Miss Asphyxia believed fully in the golden rule of doing as she would be done by; but if a lioness should do to a young lamb exactly as she would be done by, it might be all the worse for the lamb.

CHARACTERS

ASSIGNMENT

Write a theme on one of the following:

An Obstinate Man
A Woman with a Single-Track Mind
The Housewife with an Aversion to Peddlers
Living in a Straitjacket
The Girl Who Made Everybody Do (Play) Her Way
The Boy Who Was Always Bossy
The Woman Who Prescribed to People How They Ought to Act
The One Man Acquainted with the True Road to Heaven
The Nosey Girl
The Man Who Wouldn't Mind His Own Business.

ENGLISH MORALITY *

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

This selection illustrates ironic exposition of a dominant racial trait. The exposition is put into the mouth of Napoleon.

I will explain the English to you.

. . . . . .

There are three sorts of people in the world, the low people, the middle people, and the high people. The low people and the high people are alike in one thing: they have no scruples, no morality. The low are beneath morality, the high above it. I am not afraid of either of them: for the low are unscrupulous without knowledge, so that they make an idol of me; whilst the high are unscrupulous without purpose, so that they go down before my will. Look you: I shall go over all the mobs and all the courts of Europe as a plough goes over a field. It is the middle people who are dangerous: they have both knowledge and purpose. But they, too, have their weak point. They are full of scruples—chained hand and foot by their morality and respectability.

* From *The Man of Destiny* in *Four Pleasant Plays.* Reprinted by permission of Brentano's.

. . . The English are a race apart. No Englishman is too low to have scruples: no Englishman is high enough to be free from their tyranny. But every Englishman is born with a certain miraculous power that makes him master of the world. When he wants a thing, he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have got the thing he wants. Then he becomes irresistible. Like the aristocrat, he does what pleases him and grabs what he wants: like the shopkeeper, he pursues his purpose with the industry and steadfastness that come from strong religious conviction and deep sense of moral responsibility. He is never at a loss for an effective moral attitude. As the great champion of freedom and national independence, he conquers and annexes half the world, and calls it Colonization. When he wants a new market for his adulterated Manchester goods, he sends a missionary to teach the natives the gospel of peace. The natives kill the missionary: he flies to arms in defence of Christianity; fights for it; conquers for it; and takes the market as a reward from heaven. In defence of his island shores, he puts a chaplain on board his ship; nails a flag with a cross on it to his top-gallant mast; and sails to the ends of the earth, sinking, burning and destroying all who dispute the empire of the seas with him. He boasts that a slave is free the moment his foot touches British soil; and he sells the children of his poor at six years of age to work under the lash in his factories for sixteen hours a day. He makes two revolutions, and then declares war on our one in the name of law and order. There is nothing so bad or so good that you will not find the Englishmen doing it; but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong. He does everything on principle. He fights you on patriotic principles; he robs you on business principles; he enslaves you on imperial principles; he bullies you on manly principles; he supports his king on loyal principles, and cuts

off his king's head on republican principles. His watchword is always duty; and he never forgets that the nation which lets its duty get on the opposite side to its interest is lost.

ASSIGNMENT

Characterize a people in a theme on one of the following topics. Place the emphasis on that quality in those people which you regard as outstanding. Make your theme ironic if you wish, but it would be better to seek out good qualities or refute ill-founded opinions.

What I Think of the Indians
The Racial Group I Dislike Most
The Racial Group I Admire Most
Foreigners in General
Foreigners of a Particular Nationality
Some American Shortcomings.

WITH WHAT CLASS OF MEN SHALL SHELLEY BE NUMBERED? *

EDWARD DOWDEN

This theme divides men into groups in order to classify an individual properly.

In life and in literature there are three kinds of men to whom we give peculiar honor. The first are the craftsmen, who put true and exact work into all they offer to the world, and find their happiness in such faithful service. Such a craftsman has been described with affectionate reverence by George Eliot in her poem "Stradivarius":—

> "That plain, white-aproned man who stood at work,
> Patient and accurate, full fourscore years,
> Cherished his sight and touch by temperance;
> And since keen sense is love of perfectness
> Made perfect violins, the needed paths
> For inspiration and high mastery."

* From "Last Words on Shelley" in *Transcripts and Studies.* Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

We do not reckon Shelley among the craftsmen. The second class is small in numbers; we call these men conquerors, of whom, as seen in literature, the most eminent representatives in modern times have been Shakspere and Goethe. These are the masters of life; and having known joy and anguish, and labor and pleasure, and the mysteries of love and death, of evil and of good, they attain at last a lofty serenity upon heights from which they gaze down, with an interest that has in it something of exalted pity, on the turmoil and strife below. It is their part to bring into actual union, as far as our mortal life permits, what is real and what is ideal. They are at home in both worlds. Shakspere retires to Stratford, and enjoys the dignity and ease and happy activity of the life of an English country gentleman; yet it was he who had wandered with Lear in the tempest, and meditated with Hamlet on the question of self-slaughter. Goethe, councillor to his noble master, the Grand-Duke of Weimar, in that house adorned with treasures of art and science, presides as an acknowledged chief over the intellectual life of a whole generation; yet he had known the storm and stress, had interpreted the feverish heart of his age in "Werther," and all its spiritual doubts and desires and aspirations in his "Faust." Such men may well be named conquerors, and Shelley was not one of these. But how shall we name the third class of men, who live for the ideal alone, and yet are betrayed into weakness and error, and deeds which demand an atonement of remorse; men who can never quite reconcile the two worlds in which we have our being, the world of material fact and the spiritual world above and beyond it; who give themselves away for love or give themselves away for light, yet sometimes mistake bitter for sweet, and darkness for light; children who stumble on the sharp stones and bruise their hands and feet, yet who can wing their way with angelic ease through spaces of the upper air. These are they whom we say the gods love, and who seldom reach the fourscore years of

Goethe's majestic old age. They are dearer perhaps than any others to the heart of humanity, for they symbolize in a pathetic way, both its weakness and its strength. We cannot class them with the exact and patient craftsmen; they are ever half defeated and can have no claim to take their seats beside the conquerors. Let us name them lovers; and if at any time they have wandered far astray, let us remember their errors with gentleness, because they have loved much. It is in this third class of those who serve mankind that Shelley has found a place.

ASSIGNMENT

1. In a theme on one of the following divide human beings into groups in order to classify the person properly:

Some Historical Figure
A Man in the Public Eye
A Politician
A Preacher
A Teacher
A Workman
An Employer
An Athlete or Sportsman
A Fraternity Man
A Student.

2. Write a theme on

Card-Indexing One's Friends
College Nicknames (as Placing Students According to Types).

THE OLD PRACTITIONER AND THE YOUNG*

Oliver Wendell Holmes

This selection draws a contrast between typical figures in the same class or profession.

May I venture to contrast youth and experience in medical practice, something in the way the man painted the lion, that is, the lion under?

The young man knows the rules, but the old man knows the exceptions. The young man knows his patient, but the old man knows also his patient's family, dead and alive, up

* From "The Young Practitioner" in *Medical Essays.*

and down for generations. He can tell beforehand what diseases their unborn children will be subject to, what they will die of if they live long enough, and whether they had better live at all, or remain unrealized possibilities, as belonging to a stock not worth being perpetuated. The young man feels uneasy if he is not continually doing something to stir up his patient's internal arrangements. The old man takes things more quietly, and is much more willing to let well enough alone. All these superiorities, if such they are, you must wait for time to bring you. In the meanwhile (if we will let the lion be uppermost for a moment), the young man's senses are quicker than those of his older rival. His education in all the accessory branches is more recent, and therefore nearer the existing condition of knowledge. He finds it easier than his seniors to accept the improvements which every year is bringing forward. New ideas build their nests in young men's brains. "Revolutions are not made by men in spectacles," as I once heard it remarked, and the first whispers of a new truth are not caught by those who begin to feel the need of an ear-trumpet. Granting all these advantages to the young man, he ought, nevertheless, to go on improving, on the whole, as a medical practitioner, with every year, until he has ripened into a well-mellowed maturity. But, to improve, he must be good for something at the start. If you ship a poor cask of wine to India and back, if you keep it a half a century, it only grows thinner and sharper.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Draw a contrast between the typical young member and the typical old member of one of these businesses or professions:

Teaching	Seamanship
Law	Commercial Agency
Railroad Work	Farming
The Army	Manufacturing

The Branch of Business with Which You Are Most Familiar.

2. Draw the contrast between the friendly, easy-going, perhaps

slovenly person and the aloof, energetic, letter-of-the-law person engaged in any sort of work that has to do with the public.

3. Characterize (ironically if you wish) one of the following:

The Class Bore
The Swellhead
The Girl with Soft-Spoken Malice
The Oldest Old Veteran of All the Gossips
The Man Who Doesn't Know When to Go Home
That Angelic Youngster
A "Nut"
My Baby Brother.

LAW AND LAWYERS*

Jonathan Swift

This selection constitutes a terrific onslaught upon a profession. Its method is ironic; the writer pretends that he is simply explaining or perhaps even defending the profession when in reality he is bringing forward all the damaging arguments he can against it.

I assured his honor that law was a science wherein I had not much conversed, further than by employing advocates, in vain, upon some injustices that had been done me: however, I would give him all the satisfaction I was able.

I said there was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves. For example, if my neighbor has a mind to my cow, he hires a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now in this case, I, who am the right owner, lie under two great disadvantages. First, my lawyer, being practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of

* *Gulliver's Travels,* Book IV, Chapter V.

his element when he would be an advocate for justice, which is an office unnatural, he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill-will. The second disadvantage is, that my lawyer must proceed with great caution, or else he will be reprimanded by the judges, and abhorred by his brethren, as one that would lessen the practice of the law. And therefore I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is, to gain over my adversary's lawyer with a double fee, who will then betray his client by insinuating that he has justice on his side. The second way is for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can, by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary: and this, if it be skillfully done, will certainly bespeak the favor of the bench.

Now, your honor is to know that these judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dexterous lawyers, who are grown old or lazy, and having been biased all their lives against truth and equity, are under such a fatal necessity of favoring fraud, perjury, and oppression, that I have known several of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty, by doing anything unbecoming their nature or their office.

It is a maxim among these lawyers that whatever has been done before may legally be done again; and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice, and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of *precedents,* they produce as authorities to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and the judges never fail of directing accordingly.

In pleading, they studiously avoided entering into the merits of the cause; but are loud, violent, and tedious in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned: they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary has to my cow; but

whether the said cow was red or black; her horns long or short; whether the fields I grazed her in be round or square; whether she was milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years, come to an issue.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Write an ironic theme exposing some class or calling, or a serious theme setting forth abuses within that class or calling.

2. Write a theme (ironic if you wish) on one of the following:

The Type of People I Take To
The Type of Lecturer I Like Best to Hear
Human Parasites
Children at the Self-Conscious Age
A Plea for the Highbrow
What I Know About Boys (for girls)
What I Know About Girls (for boys)
What I Wanted to Become When I Grew Up
A Social (Industrial) Group I Failed to Understand.

ASSIGNMENT FOR THE SECTION AS A WHOLE

1. Bring to class a good short characterization from standard literature.

2. Bring to class a good short characterization you have found in a newspaper or magazine.

3. Write a theme on the subject: "Ways of Characterizing, and the Merits and Difficulties of Each."

4. Write a theme on one of the following:

My Favorite Character in Imaginative Literature
A Great Writer's Methods of Characterization (specify the writer)
The Characters in —— (a literary work)
Faulty Characterization in —— (some writer or work).

BIRDS, ANIMALS, AND INSECTS

Nearly every one has had, at one time or another in his life, the opportunity to be a naturalist. This is true whether or not he has lived in the country, and whether or not his observations have been scientific. The world of animal life is a varied and fascinating one; it may be studied on almost any scale, at almost any time, in almost any way; it embraces a multitude of matters which beguile any normal human being. It therefore is a world from which many themes may be drawn—themes in which the writer is himself interested and has the assurance that his readers will be interested.

In the study of the following selections you should observe whether the treatment is abstract or concrete, and what devices are employed to make facts and ideas clear and engaging. In your own themes you should draw as largely as possible upon your own experience—you should write about your pets, the animal life you have seen for yourself, and the things in nature which have enticed your attention, aroused your sympathy, or caused you to reflect.

THE ROBIN *

James Russell Lowell

The return of the robin is commonly announced by the newspapers, like that of eminent or notorious people to a watering-place, as the first authentic notification of spring. And such

* From "My Garden Acquaintance" in *My Study Windows.*

his appearance in the orchard and garden undoubtedly is. But, in spite of his name of migratory thrush, he stays with us all winter, and I have seen him when the thermometer marked 15 degrees below zero of Fahrenheit, armed impregnably within, like Emerson's Titmouse, and as cheerful as he. The robin has a bad reputation among people who do not value themselves less for being fond of cherries. There is, I admit, a spice of vulgarity in him, and his song is rather of the Bloomfield sort, too largely ballasted with prose. His ethics are of the Poor Richard school, and the main chance which calls forth all his energy is altogether of the belly. He never has those fine intervals of lunacy into which his cousins, the catbird and the mavis, are apt to fall. But for a' that and twice as muckle 's a' that, I would not exchange him for all the cherries that ever came out of Asia Minor. With whatever faults, he has not wholly forfeited that superiority which belongs to the children of nature. He has a finer taste in fruit than could be distilled from many successive committees of the Horticultural Society, and he eats with a relishing gulp not inferior to Dr. Johnson's. He feels and freely exercises his right of eminent domain. His is the earliest mess of green peas; his all the mulberries I had fancied mine. But if he get also the lion's share of the raspberries, he is a great planter, and sows those wild ones in the woods, that solace the pedestrian and give a momentary calm even to the jaded victims of the White Hills. He keeps a strict eye over one's fruit, and knows to a shade of purple when your grapes have cooked long enough in the sun. During the severe drought a few years ago, the robins wholly vanished from my garden. I neither saw nor heard one for three weeks. Meanwhile a small foreign grape-vine, rather shy of bearing, seemed to find the dusty air congenial, and, dreaming perhaps of its sweet Argos across the sea, decked itself with a score or so of fair bunches. I watched them from day to day till they should have secreted sugar enough from the sunbeams, and at

last made up my mind that I would celebrate my vintage the next morning. But the robins too had somehow kept note of them. They must have sent out spies, as did the Jews into the promised land, before I was stirring. When I went with my basket, at least a dozen of these winged vintagers bustled out from among the leaves, and alighting on the nearest trees interchanged some shrill remarks about me of a derogatory nature. They had fairly sacked the vine. Not Wellington's veterans made cleaner work of a Spanish town; not Federals or Confederates were ever more impartial in the confiscation of neutral chickens. I was keeping my grapes a secret to surprise the fair Fidele with, but the robins made them a profounder secret to her than I had meant. The tattered remnant of a single bunch was all my harvest-home. How paltry it looked at the bottom of my basket,—as if a humming-bird had laid her egg in an eagle's nest! I could not help laughing; and the robins seemed to join heartily in the merriment. There was a native grape-vine close by, blue with its less refined abundance, but my cunning thieves preferred the foreign flavor. Could I tax them with want of taste?

The robins are not good solo singers, but their chorus, as, like primitive fire-worshippers, they hail the return of light and warmth to the world, is unrivalled. There are a hundred singing like one. They are noisy enough then, and sing, as poets should, with no afterthought. But when they come after cherries to the tree near my window, they muffle their voices, and their faint *pip, pip, pop!* sounds far away at the bottom of the garden, where they know I shall not suspect them of robbing the great black-walnut of its bitter-rinded store. They are feathered Pecksniffs, to be sure, but then how brightly their breasts, that look rather shabby in the sunlight, shine in a rainy day against the dark green of the fringe-tree! After they have pinched and shaken all the life out of an earthworm, as Italian cooks pound all the spirit out of a steak, and then gulped him, they

stand up in honest self-confidence, expand their red waistcoats with the virtuous air of a lobby member, and outface you with an eye that calmly challenges inquiry. "Do *I* look like a bird that knows the flavor of raw vermin? I throw myself upon a jury of my peers. Ask any robin if he ever ate anything less ascetic than the frugal berry of the juniper, and he will answer that his vow forbids him." Can such an open bosom cover such depravity? Alas, yes! I have no doubt his breast was redder at that very moment with the blood of my raspberries. On the whole, he is a doubtful friend in the garden. He makes his dessert of all kinds of berries, and is not averse from early pears. But when we remember how omnivorous he is, eating his own weight in an incredibly short time, and that Nature seems exhaustless in her invention of new insects hostile to vegetation, perhaps we may reckon that he does more good than harm. For my own part, I would rather have his cheerfulness and kind neighborhood than many berries.

THE "DROPPING SONG" OF THE MOCKING-BIRD *

MAURICE THOMPSON

Whoever has closely observed the bird has noted its "mounting song," a very frequent performance, wherein the songster begins on the lowest branch of a tree and appears literally to mount on its music, from bough to bough, until the highest spray of the top is reached, where it will sit for many minutes flinging upon the air an ecstatic stream of almost infinitely varied vocalization. But he who has never heard the "dropping song" has not discovered the last possibility of the mocking-bird's voice. I have never found any note of this extremely interesting habit of the bird by any ornithologist, a habit which is, I suspect, occasional, and connected with the most tender

* *By-Ways and Bird Notes,* pages 11-13.

part of the mating season. It is, in a measure, the reverse of the "mounting song," beginning where the latter leaves off. I have heard it but four times, when I was sure of it, during all my rambles and patient observations in the chosen haunts of the bird; once in North Georgia, twice in the immediate vicinity of Tallahassee, Florida, and once near the St. Mark's River, as above mentioned. I have at several other times heard the song, as I thought, but not being able to see the bird, or clearly distinguish the peculiar notes, I cannot register these as certainly correct. My attention was first called to this interesting performance by an aged negro man, who, being with me on an egg-hunting expedition, cried out one morning, as a burst of strangely rhapsodic music rang from a haw thicket near our extemporized camp, "Lis'n, mars, lis'n, dar, he 's a-droppin'; he 's a-droppin', sho 's yo' bo'n!" I could not see the bird, and before I could get my attention rightly fixed upon the song it had ended.

Something of the rare aroma, so to speak, of the curiously modulated trills and quavers lingered in my memory, however, along with Uncle Jo's graphic description of the bird's actions. After that I was on the lookout for an opportunity to verify the negro's statements.

I have not exactly kept the date of my first actual observation, but it was late in April, or very early in May; for the crab-apple trees, growing wild in the Georgian hills, were in full bloom, and spring had come to stay. I had been out since the first sparkle of daylight. The sun was rising, and I had been standing quite still for some minutes, watching a mocking-bird that was singing in a snatchy, broken way, as it fluttered about in a thick-topped crab-apple tree thirty yards distant from me. Suddenly the bird, a fine specimen, leaped like a flash to the highest spray of the tree and began to flutter in a trembling, peculiar way, with its wings half-spread and its feathers puffed out. Almost immediately there came a strange,

gurgling series of notes, liquid and sweet, that seemed to express utter rapture. Then the bird dropped, with a backward motion, from the spray, and began to fall slowly and somewhat spirally down through the bloom-covered boughs. Its progress was quite like that of a bird wounded to death by a shot, clinging here and there to a twig, quivering and weakly striking with its wings as it fell, but all the time it was pouring forth the most exquisite gushes and trills of song, not at all like its usual medley of improvised imitations but strikingly, almost startlingly, individual and unique. The bird appeared to be dying of an ecstasy of musical inspiration. The lower it fell the louder and more rapturous became its voice, until the song ended on the ground in a burst of incomparable vocal power. It remained for a short time, after its song was ended, crouching where it had fallen, with its wings outspread, and quivering and panting as if utterly exhausted; then it leaped boldly into the air and flew away into an adjacent thicket.

. . . I can half imagine what another ode Keats might have written had his eyes seen and his ears heard that strange, fascinating, dramatically rendered song. Or it might better have suited Shelley's powers of expression. It is said that the grandest bursts of oratory are those which contain a strong trace of a reserve of power. This may be true; but is not the best song that wherein the voice sweeps, with the last expression of ecstasy, from wave to wave of music until with a supreme effort it wreaks its fullest power, thus ending in a victory over the final obstacle, as if with its utmost reach? Be this as it may, whoever may be fortunate enough to hear the mocking-bird's "dropping song," and at the same time see the bird's action, will at once have the idea of genius, pure and simple, suggested to him.

THE INIQUITY OF CAMELS *

AMELIA B. EDWARDS

The camel has its virtues—so much at least must be admitted; but they do not lie upon the surface. My Buffon tells me, for instance, that he carries a fresh-water cistern in his stomach; which is meritorious. But the cistern ameliorates neither his gait nor his temper—which are abominable. Irreproachable as a beast of burden, he is open to many objections as a steed. It is unpleasant, in the first place, to ride an animal which not only objects to being ridden, but cherishes a strong personal antipathy to his rider. Such, however, is his amiable peculiarity. You know that he hates you, from the moment you first walk round him, wondering when and how to begin the ascent of his hump. He does not, in fact, hesitate to tell you so in the roundest terms. He swears freely while you are taking your seat; snarls if you but move in the saddle; and stares you angrily in the face if you attempt to turn his head in any direction save that which he himself prefers. Should you persevere, he tries to bite your feet. If biting your feet does not answer, he lies down.

Now the lying-down and getting-up of a camel are performances designed for the express purpose of inflicting grievous bodily harm upon his rider. Thrown twice forward and twice backward, punched in his "wind" and damaged in his spine, the luckless novice receives four distinct shocks, each more violent and unexpected than the last. For this "execrable hunchback" is fearfully and wonderfully made. He has a superfluous joint somewhere in his legs and uses it to revenge himself upon mankind.

His paces, however, are more complicated than his joints and more trying than his temper. He has four: a short walk,

* *A Thousand Miles Up the Nile,* Chapter X.

like the rolling of a small boat in a chopping sea; a long walk, which dislocates every bone in your body; a trot that reduces you to imbecility; and a gallop that is sudden death. One tries in vain to imagine a crime for which the *peine forte et dure* of sixteen hours on camel-back would not be full and sufficient expiation. It is a punishment to which one would not willingly be the means of condemning any human being—not even a reviewer.

AN ATTACK OF SHARKS UPON WHALES*

FREDERICK O'BRIEN

We had gone one morning about the southern cape, and were harpooning swordfish and the gigantic sunfish when a commotion a thousand feet away brought shouts of warning from my companions. We saw two whales, one with a baby at her breast. The other we took to be the father whale. Huge black beasts they were. Upon this mated pair a band of sharks had flung themselves to seize the infant.

There were at least twenty-five sharks in the mad mob, great white monsters thirty feet in length, man-eaters by blood-taste, tigers in disposition. Though they could not compare with their prey in size or power, they had heads as large as barrels, and mouths that would drag a man through their terrible gaps. That their hunger was past all bounds was evident, for the whale is not often attacked by such inferior-sized fish. Storms had raged on the sea for days, and maybe had cheated the sharks of their usual food.

They swam around and around the mountainous pair, darting in and out, evidently with some plan of drawing off the male. Both the whales struck out incessantly with their mammoth flukes; their great tails, crashing upon the sea-surface, lashed it to mountains of foam. Our boats tossed as in a gale

* *White Shadows in the South Seas,* Chapter VIII. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

Carried away by the pity and terror of the scene, we shouted threats and curses at the monsters, calling down on them in Marquesan the wrath of the sea-gods. Frenziedly handling tiller and sails, we circled the battle, impotent to aid the poor woman-beast and her baby. The sharks harried them as hounds a fox. Desperately the parents fought, more than one shark sank wounded to the depths and one, turning its white belly to the sun, floated dead upon the waves. Another was flung high in the air by a blow of the mother's tail. But it was an uneven contest. At last we saw the nursling drawn from her breast, and the mother herself sank, still struggling. She may have risen, of course, far away, but she seemed disabled.

We did not wait about that bloody spot when the sharks had fallen upon their prey, for our canoe was low in the water, and with such a sight to warn us, we did not doubt that the loathly monsters would attack us.

ACCOUNT OF THE TREATMENT OF HIS HARES*

WILLIAM COWPER

In the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of anything that would engage my attention without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbor of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it for my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an

* From the Gentleman's Magazine.

animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbors that I was pleased with the present; and the consequence was, that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them,—Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives, I must inform you that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, so contrived that their ordure would pass through the bottom of it; an earthen pan placed under each received whatsoever fell, which being duly emptied and washed, they were thus kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the daytime they had the range of a hall, and at night retired, each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick), and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening: in the

leaves also of that vine he found a favorite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull at it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and on the whole it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He, too, was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if after his recovery I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way; even his surliness was matter of mirth; and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such a solemnity of manner, that in him, too, I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humor and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage! Tiney was not to be tamed at all: and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlor after supper, when the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk and bound and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party. One evening the cat, being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence that

the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can by that indication only, distinguish each from all the rest; and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them, no two could be found exactly similar; a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration that is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of the new object. A small hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the strictest scrutiny. They seem, too, to be very much directed by the smell in the choice of their favorites; to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once: his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence: he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that, impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

That I may not be tedious, I will just give a short summary of those articles of diet that suit them best.

I take it to be a general opinion that they graze, but it is an erroneous one; at least grass is not their staple; they seem rather to use it medicinally, soon quitting it for leaves of almost any kind. Sowthistle, dandelion, and lettuce, are their favorite vegetables, especially the last. I discovered by accident that fine white sand is in great estimation with them; I suppose as a digestive. It happened that I was cleaning a bird cage while the hares were with me: I placed a pot filled with such sand upon the floor, which, being at once directed by a strong instinct, they devoured voraciously; since that time I have generally taken care to see them well supplied with it. They account green corn a delicacy, both blade and stalk, but the ear they seldom eat; straw of any kind, especially wheat straw, is another of their dainties; they will feed greedily upon oats, but if furnished with clean straw, never want them: it serves them also for a bed, and if shaken up daily, will be kept sweet and dry for a considerable time. They do not indeed require aromatic herbs, but will eat a small quantity of them with a great relish, and are particularly fond of the plant called musk: they seem to resemble sheep in this, that if their pasture be too succulent, they are very subject to the rot; to prevent which, I always made bread their principal nourishment, and, filling a pan with it cut into small squares, placed it every evening in their chambers, for they feed only at evening, and in the night; during the winter, when vegetables were not to be procured, I mingled this mess of bread with shreds of carrots, adding to it the rind of apples cut extremely thin; for, though they are fond of the paring, the apple itself disgusts them. These, however, not being a sufficient substitute for the juice of summer herbs, they must at this time be supplied with water; but so placed, that they cannot overset it into their beds. I must not omit, that occasionally they are much pleased with twigs of hawthorn and of the common brier, eating even the very wood when it is of considerable thickness.

Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years

old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins by a fall: Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he is grown more discreet and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing, that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance—a spaniel that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is, therefore, it would seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it; they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

I should not do complete justice to my subject, did I not add, that they have no ill scent belonging to them; that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean, for which purpose nature has furnished them with a brush under each foot; and that they are never infested by any vermin.

May 28, 1784.

MEMORANDUM FOUND AMONG MR. COWPER'S PAPERS.

Tuesday, March 9, 1786.

This day died poor Puss, aged eleven years eleven months. He died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain.

THE DOUGLAS SQUIRREL *

JOHN MUIR

All the true squirrels are more or less birdlike in speech and movements; but the Douglas is preëminently so, possessing, as

* *The Mountains of California,* Chapter IX. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

he does, every attribute peculiarly squirrelish enthusiastically concentrated. He is the squirrel of squirrels, flashing from branch to branch of his favorite evergreens crisp and glossy and undiseased as a sunbeam. Give him wings and he would outfly any bird in the woods. His big gray cousin is a looser animal, seemingly light enough to float on the wind; yet when leaping from limb to limb, or out of one treetop to another, he sometimes halts to gather strength, as if making efforts concerning the upshot of which he does not always feel exactly confident. But the Douglas, with his denser body, leaps and glides in hidden strength, seemingly as independent of common muscles as a mountain stream. He threads the tasseled branches of the pines, stirring their needles like a rustling breeze; now shooting across openings in arrowy lines; now launching in curves, glinting deftly from side to side in sudden zigzags, and swirling in giddy loops and spirals around the knotty trunks; getting into what seem to be the most impossible situations without sense of danger; now on his haunches, now on his head; yet ever graceful, and punctuating his most irrepressible outbursts of energy with little dots and dashes of perfect repose. He is, without exception, the wildest animal I ever saw,—a fiery, sputtering little bolt of life, luxuriating in quick oxygen and the woods' best juices. One can hardly think of such a creature being dependent, like the rest of us, on climate and food. But, after all, it requires no long acquaintance to learn he is human, for he works for a living. His busiest time is in the Indian summer. Then he gathers burs and hazelnuts like a plodding farmer, working continuously every day for hours; saying not a word; cutting off the ripe cones at the top of his speed, as if employed by the job, and examining every branch in regular order, as if careful that not one should escape him; then, descending, he stores them away beneath logs and stumps, in anticipation of the pinching hunger days of winter. He seems himself a kind of

coniferous fruit,—both fruit and flower. The resiny essences of the pines pervade every pore of his body, and eating his flesh is like chewing gum.

One never tires of this bright chip of nature,—this brave little voice crying in the wilderness,—of observing his many works and ways, and listening to his curious language. His musical, piny gossip is as savory to the ear as balsam to the palate; and, though he has not exactly the gift of song, some of his notes are as sweet as those of a linnet—almost flute-like in softness, while others prick and tingle like thistles. He is the mocking-bird of squirrels, pouring forth mixed chatter and song like a perennial fountain; barking like a dog, screaming like a hawk, chirping like a blackbird or a sparrow; while in bluff, audacious noisiness he is a very jay.

In descending the trunk of a tree with the intention of alighting on the ground, he preserves a cautious silence, mindful, perhaps, of foxes and wildcats; but while rocking safely at home in the pine-tops there is no end to his capers and noise; and woe to the gray squirrel or chipmunk that ventures to set foot on his favorite tree! No matter how slyly they trace the furrows of the bark, they are speedily discovered, and kicked down-stairs with comic vehemence, while a torrent of angry notes comes rushing from his whiskered lips that sounds remarkably like swearing. He will even attempt at times to drive away dogs and men, especially if he has had no previous knowledge of them. Seeing a man for the first time, he approaches nearer and nearer, until within a few feet; then, with an angry outburst, he makes a sudden rush, all teeth and eyes, as if about to eat you up. But, finding that the big, forked animal does n't scare, he prudently beats a retreat, and sets himself up to reconnoiter on some overhanging branch, scrutinizing every movement you make with ludicrous solemnity. Gathering courage, he ventures down the trunk again, churring and

chirping, and jerking nervously up and down in curious loops, eyeing you all the time, as if showing off and demanding your admiration. Finally, growing calmer, he settles down in a comfortable posture on some horizontal branch commanding a good view, and beats time with his tail to a steady "Chee-up! chee-up!" or, when somewhat less excited, "Pee-ah!" with the first syllable keenly accented, and the second drawn out like the scream of a hawk,—repeating this slowly and more emphatically at first, then gradually faster, until a rate of about 150 words a minute is reached; usually sitting all the time on his haunches, with paws resting on his breast, which pulses visibly with each word. It is remarkable, too, that, though articulating distinctly, he keeps his mouth shut most of the time, and speaks through his nose. I have occasionally observed him even eating Sequoia seeds and nibbling a troublesome flea, without ceasing or in any way confusing his "Pee-ah! pee-ah!" for a single moment.

While ascending trees all his claws come into play, but in descending the weight of his body is sustained chiefly by those of the hind feet; still in neither case do his movements suggest effort, though if you are near enough you may see the bulging strength of his short, bear-like arms, and note his sinewy fists clinched in the bark.

Whether going up or down, he carries his tail extended at full length in line with his body, unless it be required for gestures. But while running along horizontal limbs or fallen trunks, it is frequently folded forward over the back, with the airy tip daintily upcurled. In cool weather it keeps him warm. Then, after he has finished his meal, you may see him crouched close on some level limb with his tail-robe neatly spread and reaching forward to his ears, the electric, outstanding hairs quivering in the breeze like pine-needles. But in wet or very cold weather he stays in his nest, and while curled up there his comforter is long enough to come forward around his nose.

It is seldom so cold, however, as to prevent his going out to his stores when hungry.

. . . . . .

Though I cannot of course expect all my readers to sympathize fully in my admiration of this little animal, few, I hope, will think this sketch of his life too long. I cannot begin to tell here how much he has cheered my lonely wanderings during all the years I have been pursuing my studies in these glorious wilds; or how much unmistakable humanity I have found in him. Take this for example: One calm, creamy Indian summer morning, when the nuts were ripe, I was camped in the upper pinewoods of the south fork of the San Joaquin, where the squirrels seemed to be about as plentiful as the ripe burs. They were taking an early breakfast before going to their regular harvest-work. While I was busy with my own breakfast I heard the thudding fall of two or three heavy cones from a Yellow Pine near me. I stole noiselessly forward within about twenty feet of the base of it to observe. In a few moments down came the Douglas. The breakfast-burs he had cut off had rolled on the gently sloping ground into a clump of ceanothus bushes, but he seemed to know exactly where they were, for he found them at once, apparently without searching for them. They were more than twice as heavy as himself, but after turning them into the right position for getting a good hold with his long sickle-teeth he managed to drag them up to the foot of the tree from which he had cut them, moving backward. Then seating himself comfortably, he held them on end, bottom up, and demolished them at his ease. A good deal of nibbling had to be done before he got anything to eat, because the lower scales are barren, but when he had patiently worked his way up to the fertile ones he found two sweet nuts at the base of each, shaped like trimmed hams, and spotted purple like birds' eggs. And notwithstanding these cones were dripping with soft balsam, and covered with prickles, and so strongly put together

that a boy would be puzzled to cut them open with a jackknife, he accomplished his meal with easy dignity and cleanliness, making less effort apparently than a man would in eating soft cookery from a plate.

Breakfast done, I whistled a tune for him before he went to work, curious to see how he would be affected by it. He had not seen me all this while; but the instant I began to whistle he darted up the tree nearest to him, and came out on a small dead limb opposite me, and composed himself to listen. I sang and whistled more than a dozen airs, and as the music changed his eyes sparkled, and he turned his head quickly from side to side, but made no other response. Other squirrels, hearing the strange sounds, came around on all sides, also chipmunks and birds. One of the birds, a handsome, speckle-breasted thrush, seemed even more interested than the squirrels. After listening for awhile on one of the lower dead sprays of a pine, he came swooping forward within a few feet of my face, and remained fluttering in the air for half a minute or so, sustaining himself with whirring wing-beats, like a humming-bird in front of a flower, while I could look into his eyes and see his innocent wonder.

By this time my performance must have lasted nearly half an hour. I sang or whistled "Bonnie Doon," "Lass o' Gowrie," "O'er the Water to Charlie," "Bonnie Woods o' Cragie Lee," etc., all of which seemed to be listened to with bright interest, my first Douglas sitting patiently through it all, with his telling eyes fixed upon me until I ventured to give the "Old Hundredth," when he screamed his Indian name, Phillillooeet, turned tail, and darted with ludicrous haste up the tree out of sight, his voice and actions in the case leaving a somewhat profane impression, as if he had said, "I'll be hanged if you get me to hear anything so solemn and unpiny." This acted as a signal for the general dispersal of the whole hairy tribe, though the birds seemed willing to wait further developments, music being naturally more in their line.

What there can be in that grand old church-tune that is so offensive to birds and squirrels I can't imagine. A year or two after this High Sierra concert, I was sitting one fine day on a hill in the Coast Range where the common Ground Squirrels were abundant. They were very shy on account of being hunted so much; but after I had been silent and motionless for half an hour or so they began to venture out of their holes and to feed on the seeds of the grasses and thistles around me as if I were no more to be feared than a tree-stump. Then it occurred to me that this was a good opportunity to find out whether they also disliked "Old Hundredth." Therefore I began to whistle as nearly as I could remember the same familiar airs that had pleased the mountaineers of the Sierra. They at once stopped eating, stood erect, and listened patiently until I came to "Old Hundredth," when with ludicrous haste every one of them rushed to their holes and bolted in, their feet twinkling in the air for a moment as they vanished.

No one who makes the acquaintance of our forester will fail to admire him; but he is far too self-reliant and warlike ever to be taken for a darling.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE BLACK AND THE RED ANTS *

H. D. Thoreau

I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum,* but

* *Walden,* Chapter XII

a *bellum,* a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only batttle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was Conquer or die. In the mean while there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar,—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red,—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations

near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for courage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick,—"Fire! for God's sake, fire!" and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with a ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the

tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat and spent the remainder of his days in some Hôtel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

THE SUCCESSION TO THE QUEENSHIP AMONG BEES *

HENRI FABRE

In this selection a student of nature is talking to young auditors.

"For the larvæ that are to discharge the functions of royalty the nurses prepare a special pap, a royal dish of which only they know the secret. Whoever eats of it is consecrated queen.

"This strengthening nourishment brings about a greater development than usual; for that reason, as I told you, the larvæ destined for royalty are lodged in spacious cells. For these noble cradles wax is used with prodigality. No more hexagonal, parsimonious forms, no thin partitions; a large and sumptuously thick thimble. Economy is silent where queens are concerned."

* *The Story Book of Science,* pages 396-400. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

"It is, then, without the actual queen's knowledge that bees make other queens?"

"Yes, my friend. The queen is excessively jealous, she cannot endure in the hive any bee whose presence may bring the slightest diminution to her royal prerogatives. Woe to the pretenders that should get in her way! 'Ah! you come to supplant me, to steal from me the love of my subjects!' Ah, this! Ah, that! It would be something horrible, my children. Read the history of mankind, and you will see what disasters crowned heads, brought to bay, can inflict upon nations. But the working-bees are strong-minded, they know that nothing lasts in this world, not even queens. They treat the reigning sovereign with the greatest respect, without losing sight of the future, which demands other queens. They must have them to perpetuate the race; they will have them, whether or no. To this end the royal pap is served to the larvæ in the large cells.

"Now, in the spring, when the working-bees and drones are already hatched, a loud rustling is heard in the royal cells. They are the young queens trying to get out of their wax prisons. The nurses and wax-bees are there, standing guard in a dense battalion. They keep the young queens in their cells by force; to prevent their getting out, they reinforce the wax inclosures, they mend the broken covers. 'It is not time for you to show yourselves,' they seem to say; 'there is danger!' And very respectfully they resort to violence. Impatient, the young queens renew their rustling.

"The queen-mother has heard them. She hastens up in a passion. She stamps with rage on the royal cells, she sends pieces of the wax covers flying and, dragging the pretenders from their cells, she pitilessly tears them to pieces. Several succumb under her blows; but the people surround her, encircle her closely, and little by little draw her away from the scene of carnage. The future is saved: there are still some queens left.

"In the meantime wrath is excited and civil war breaks out.

Some lean to the old queen, others to the young ones. In this conflict of opinions disorder and tumult succeed to peaceful activity. The hive is filled with menacing buzzings, the well-filled store-houses are given over to pillage. There is an orgy of feasting with no thought of the morrow. Dagger-thrusts are exchanged. The queen decides on a master-stroke: she abandons the ungrateful country, the country that she founded and that now raises up rivals against her. 'Let them that love me follow me!' And behold her proudly rushing out of the hive, never to enter it again. Her partizans fly away with her. The emigrating troop forms a swarm, which goes forth to found a new colony elsewhere.

"To restore order, the working-bees that were away during the tumult come and join the bees left in the hive. Two young queens set up their rights. Which of them shall reign? A duel to the death shall decide it. They come out of their cells. Hardly have they caught sight of each other when they join in shock of battle, rear upright, seize with their mandibles each an antenna of the other, and hold themselves head to head, breast to breast. In this position, each would only have to bend the end of its stomach a little to plunge its poisoned sting into its rival's body. But that would be a double death, and their instinct forbids them a mode of assault in which both would perish. They separate and retire. But the people gathered around them prevent their getting away: one of them must succumb. The two queens return to the attack. The more skilful one, at a moment when the other is off guard, jumps on its rival's back, seizes it where the wing joins the body, and stings it in the side. The victim stretches its legs and dies. All is over. Royal unity is restored, and the hive proceeds to resume its accustomed order and work."

"The bees are very naughty to force the queens to kill one another until there is only one left," commented Emile.

"It is necessary, my little friend; their instinct demands it. Otherwise civil war would rage unceasingly in the hive. But this hard necessity does not make them forget for one moment the respect due to royal dignity. What is to prevent their getting rid of the superfluous queens themselves, even as they so unceremoniously get rid of the drones? But this they are very careful not to do. What one of their number would dare to draw the sword against their sovereigns, even when they are a serious encumbrance? The saving of life not being in their power, they save honor by letting the pretenders fight it out among themselves.

"There is always the possibility that the queen at a time when she is reigning alone and supreme may perish by accident or die of old age. The bees press respectfully around the deceased; they brush her tenderly, offer her honey as if to revive her; turn her over, feel her lovingly, and treat her with all the regard they gave to her when alive. It takes several days for them to understand, at last, that she is dead, quite dead, and that their attentions are useless. Then there is general mourning. Every evening for two or three days a lugubrious humming, a sort of funeral dirge, is heard in the hive.

"The mourning over, they think about replacing the queen. A young larva is chosen from those in the common cells. It was born to be a wax-bee, but circumstances are going to confer royalty upon it. The working-bees begin by destroying the cells adjacent to the one occupied by the sacred larva, the queen that is to be by unanimous consent. The rearing of royalty requires more space. This being secured, the remaining cell is enlarged and shaped like a thimble, as willed by the high destiny of the nursling it contains. For several days the larva is fed with royal paste, that sugary pap that makes queens, and the miracle is accomplished. The queen is dead, long live the queen!"

THE BEE FEEDS AN IMPOSTOR *

ALPHONSE KARR

To test whether this selection arouses your interest, stop reading at the end of the eighth paragraph. Is it easy to leave off? Do you wish to read more?

The little wren is not the only guest at my old house. You perceive between the joists, the intervals are filled up with rough stones and plaster. On the front, which is exposed to the south, there is a hole into which you could not thrust a goose-quill; and yet it is a dwelling: there is a nest within it, belonging to a sort of bee, who lives a solitary life. Look at her, returning home with her provisions; her hind feet are loaded with a yellow dust, which she has taken from the stamens of flowers: she goes into the hole; when she comes out again there will be no pollen on her feet; with honey, which she has brought, she will make a savory paste of it at the bottom of her nest. This is, perhaps, her tenth journey to-day, and she shows no inclination to rest.

All these cares are for one egg which she has laid; for a single egg which she will never see hatched; besides, that which will issue from that egg, will not be a fly like herself, but a worm, which will not be metamorphosed into a fly for some time afterwards.

She has, however, hidden it in that hole, and knows precisely how much nourishment it will require before it arrives at the state which ushers in its transformation into a fly. This nourishment she goes to seek, and she seasons and prepares it. There, she is gone again!

But what is this other brilliant little fly which is walking upon the house wall? Her breast is green, and her abdomen is of a purple red; but these two colors are so brilliant, that

* From *A Tour Round My Garden.*

I am really at a loss to find words splendid enough to express them, but the names of an emerald and a ruby joined together.

That pretty fly—that living jewel—is the "chrysis." I scarcely dare breathe, for fear of making it fly away. I should like to take it in my hands, that I might have sufficient time to examine it more closely. This likewise is the mother of a family; she also has an egg to lay, from which will issue a fly like herself, but which she will never see. She also knows how much nourishment her offspring will require; but, more richly clothed than the bee, she does not, like her, know how to gather the pollen from flowers, or to make a paste of it with honey.

She has but one resource, and that resource she is determined to employ—she will neither recoil from roguery nor theft to secure the subsistence of her offspring; she has recognized the solitary bee, and she is going to lay her egg in her nest: it will hatch sooner than that of the true proprietor; then the intruder will eat the provisions so painfully collected for the legitimate child, who, when it is hatched in its turn, will have nothing to do but to die of hunger.

There she is at the edge of the hole—she hesitates—she decides—she enters.

This insect interests me, she is so beautiful! The other likewise interests me, she is so industrious! But, here she comes back through the air: one would think her a warrior covered with chased armor and a golden cuirass; she buzzes as she comes along. The chrysis has heard the buzzing, which is for her the terrible sound of a war trumpet. She wishes to fly; she comes out; but the other, justly irritated, pounces upon the daring intruder, beating it with her head. She bruises and tears the brilliant gauze of her wings, and beats her down to the dust, where she falls stupefied and inanimate.

The bee then enters into her nest, and deposits and prepares her provisions; but, still agitated with her combat and her vic-

tory, she sets out again through the air. I follow her with my eyes for a long time, and at last she disappears.

The poor chrysis is not, however, dead: she gets up again, shakes herself, flutters, and attempts to fly; but her lacerated wings will no longer support her. What can she do to escape the fury of her enemy? It is not her business to fly away; her business is to deposit her egg in the bee's nest, and to secure future provision for her offspring, but the bee came back too soon. She ascends, climbing painfully: at times her strength seems to fail her; she is forced to stop, but at last she arrives—she enters—she is in! This time the interest is for her. Just now she was only beautiful, now she is very unfortunate. I am aware that a long plea might be made for the other. I should not like to be appointed judge between them. Ah! she is out again—she flies away! But oh, how happy she is to have succeeded! Now I begin to feel for the bee. The poor bee continues to bring provisions for its young, which, nevertheless, will die of hunger.

LIFE ON A ROSEBUSH*

ALPHONSE KARR

But what emerald is that concealed in the heart of that rose? The emerald is living: it is a cetonia; it is a flat, square insect, with hard wings, like those of a cockchafer, and brilliant as a precious stone. Turn it up: its under side is of a still more beautiful color; it is another precious stone, more violet than the ruby, more red than the amethyst. The cetonia, or rose-beetle, lives scarcely anywhere but in roses. A rose is its house and its bed. It feeds on roses. When it has eaten its house, it flies away in search of another, but it prefers white roses to all the rest. If by chance you find it upon another rose, which is rarely the case, neither its abode nor its bed are to its mind. It would inspire you with the same pity that you would feel for a ruined

* From *A Tour Round My Garden.*

banker, obliged to dwell in the fourth story, and to eat soup and bouilli, as his only banquet. It feels sad and humiliated by it; but still, breathing creatures must live. There are people who resign themselves to a worse fate than this.

At the extremities of the young shoots of the rose-tree are myriads of very small insects, of a reddish green, which entirely cover the branch, and seem motionless: they are aphides or vine-fretters, which are born within a line or two of the place where they now are, and which never venture to travel one inch in the course of their lives. They have a little proboscis, which they plunge into the epidermis of the branch, and by means of which they suck certain juices which nourish them. They will not eat the rose-tree. There are more than five hundred assembled upon one inch of the branch, and neither foliage nor branch seems to suffer much. . . .

All enjoy a life sufficiently calm. You scarcely ever see an insect of this kind who is vagabond enough to pass from one branch to another. They sometimes go so far as to make the tour of the branch they dwell upon; but everything leaves us to believe that this is only done in the effervescence of ill-regulated youth, or under the empire of some passion. These outbreaks are extremely rare. Some of these aphides, however, have wings; but these wings only come at a ripe age, and they do not abuse them. The only serious care that seems to occupy the life of the aphis, is the changing of its clothes. It changes its skin, in fact, four times before it becomes a perfect aphis; something like us men who try on two or three characters before we fix upon one, although in general, we preserve three during our whole lives: one which we exhibit; one which we fancy we have; and another which we really have.

When the aphides have finished changing their skins, there only remains one duty to fulfil, which is to multiply their species; but they take very little heed about that: they have not, as quadrupeds have, to suckle their young—as birds, to

hatch their eggs—or, as other insects, to enclose them in a cavern with necessary aliments. The aphis produces its little ones whilst sucking its branch; and it never turns round to look at the offspring it has given birth to. If the mother shows but little anxiety for the little one, the little one only returns the same amount of filial love that it has received of maternal love. It sets out, descends below the rest, takes its rank, and plunges its little trunk into the green skin of the rose-tree. There issue thus about a hundred from a single mother, who all fall in regularly below their predecessors, and begin to eat. In ten or eleven days they change their skins four times; on the twelfth day, in their turn, they begin to produce little ones who take their rank, and themselves become prolific towards the twelfth day from their birth. . . .

One of these aphides will produce nearly twenty young ones in the course of a day; that is to say, a volume ten or twelve times equal to its own body. A single aphis which, at the beginning of the warm weather, would bring into the world ninety aphides, which ninety, twelve days after, would each produce ninety more, would be, in the fifth generation, author of five billions, nine hundred and four millions, nine thousand aphides—which is a tolerable amount. Now, one aphis is, in a year, the source of twenty generations. I very much doubt whether there would be room for them upon all the trees and all the plants in the world. The whole earth would be given up to aphides; but this fecundity, of which there are so many examples in nature, need not alarm us. One poppy plant produces thirty-two thousand seeds, one tobacco plant, three hundred and sixty thousand; each of these seeds producing in its turn thirty-two thousand, or three hundred thousand—would you not think that, at the end of five years the earth would be entirely covered with tobacco and poppies? A carp lays three hundred and fifty thousand eggs at once. But life and death are nothing but transformations. Death is

the aliment of life. These aphides are the game that nourishes other insects, which in turn form the food of the birds we eat. Then we are returned to the elements, and serve as manure to the grass and the flowers, which will produce and feed other aphides.

We need not go far to seek for the enemies of the aphides. Look! here, quite at his ease, on a rose-bud, is a little insect well known to children: it is shaped like a tortoise, and is about the size of a pea. Naturalists call it a "coccinella," and children know it as the lady-bird. It is now innocent enough; but it has not always been so. Before it became possessed of its pretty form, and its polished shell of orange, yellow, black, or red, sprinkled with black or brown specks, it was a large, flat worm, with six feet, and of a dirty grey color, marked with a few yellow spots. These worms, which issue from amber-colored eggs, deposited by the female upon leaves, are no sooner born than they set out in search of aphides. When they have found a branch covered with game, they establish themselves in the midst of it, and are not in want of food till the moment they feel they are about to be transformed; then they attach themselves to some solitary leaf, and wait, in abstinence, till they become veritable lady-birds.

There would still be a superabundance of aphides if the lady-birds were their only enemies. But do you not see, hovering over one of the roses, a fly, whose two wings move so rapidly that it appears motionless? You would not care to catch it, it so much resembles a bee, or rather a wasp. Its body is striped with yellow and black, but instead of being round like the two insects you dread, it is remarkably flat; besides this, it has only two wings, and I do not believe that any two-winged fly has a sting. It does not seem to take any notice of the aphides which cover the branch near to it. It is a *parvenu*. It has forgotten the humility of its youth, when it had not its rich yellow and black vestments, or, more particularly, its wings.

It was formerly a sort of shapeless worm, of a color not at all striking, a dirty green, with a yellow stripe the whole length of its body. Placing itself upon a bed of game, this worm seizes the aphides, one after another, with a sort of hollow trident, through which it sucks them, taking particular care to reject the empty dry skin every time. One of these worms eats nearly an aphis a minute; as regards the aphides, the matter appears to be perfectly indifferent to them, not one of them is ever seen to make the least effort to avoid being eaten. . . .

I was afraid but now, of seeing the aphides invade the whole earth; I at present begin to fear that there will not be aphides enough to feed all the insects to which they are assigned as game. Nature appears to have partaken of this second fear, and for this reason has suppressed the delays and formalities, ordinarily reputed necessary; aphides must be born, eat, and be eaten in a very few days.

But what is that black animal which is ascending the stem of the rose-tree? It is an ant; it climbs spirally, to avoid the thorns; there it is upon the branch that is covered by the aphides. Is this another enemy? Why, La Fontaine told you it fed upon worms and insects; there, it is upon them, but it does not devour them. As aphides eat, they secrete a sweet liquor of which ants are very fond, and this one is come to regale itself—it is a little black milkmaid, who comes to milk some little green cows, which pasture in a meadow of the size of a rose-leaf.

There is a bee which has glided into a rose; it is not long before it comes out again, and flies away; its hind feet are loaded with a yellow dust, which it has abstracted from the heart of the flower. That yellow dust, mixed with the honey which it disgorges, will be the paste destined for the worms which are to become young bees. Do not fancy, however, that this dust has no other destination. It is now time to speak of the loves of the roses.

ASSIGNMENT FOR THE SECTION AS A WHOLE

Write themes on some of these topics:

ANIMALS

An Animal in Captivity
An Animal in a Trap
Animals at the Zoo
How We Are Inconsiderate of the Comfort of Animals
Should Vivisection Be Permitted?
Some Peculiar Member Possessed by an Animal, and Its Use
The Qualities a Cat Displays in Catching a Mouse
An Example of Animal Cunning
How I Taught My Dog Tricks
How to Tell the Tracks of Different Animals
How I Proved that the Horse Was Mine
How We Proved that Shep Did n't Kill Sheep
Feeding the Calf
Taking Care of a Pet Rabbit
The Dietary Delicacy of Captive Guinea-Pigs
An Adorable Girl's Odious Poodle
A Dog Fight
The Organ-Grinder's Monkey
Riding on a Camel (Elephant, Pony, Mule, Burro, Goat, Dog Sled)
How to Train a Colt
A Horserace
How Brer Rabbit Fooled Brer Fox
Pelf-Bearing Animals
A Silver Fox Farm
Escape from Wolves (a Bear, an Elephant, a Rhinoceros, a Bull)
Tracked to Its Lair
Hunting Big Game
My First Kill
The "Cunningest" Thing I Ever Saw an Animal Do
The Most Interesting Thing I Ever Saw an Animal Do

BIRDS

How to Study Birds
Birds in My Neighborhood
Getting Acquainted with One's Winged Neighbors
Three Birds I Know by Their Song

The Most Glorious Bird-Song I Ever Listened To
A Captive Canary
A Mother Bird's Defense of Her Young
How the Partridge Protects Its Young
Some Examples of How Far Birds Migrate
City Birds
The Bird Most Useful to the Farmer
The Least-Needed Bird
Barnyard Etiquette
My Neighbor's Chickens
A Rooster Fight
Stealing Bird Eggs
An Oriole's Nest
Making Friends with Birds
The Care of Birds in Winter
Visit to an Aviary
A Pigeon (an Ostrich) Farm
Some Things to Make Sure of in Building a Bird-House
Some Birds I Have Wanted to Hear and See
A Nest in an Unexpected Place

INSECTS

A Courageous Insect
A Troublesome Insect
The Most Ingenious Insect
The Most Industrious Insect
An Example of the Resourcefulness of Insects
Insect Noises
An Insect Habitation
Structure of a Wasp's Nest
What the Microscope Revealed
How We Kept Out the Ants (Cockroaches)
The Boll Weevil
Some Famous Visitations of Insect Pests
"Ladybug, Ladybug, Fly Away Home"
The Travels of Mr. —— (an insect)
Tree-Destroying Insects
The —— (an insect) as an Economic Agent
Mosquitoes
Disease-Carrying Insects

The Most Interesting Thing I Ever Saw About Insects
What the Early Worm Gets Out of It
Common Angleworms

FISH

A Fishing Trip
Fisherman's Luck
The Best Fishing Season
The Best Time of Day to Fish
How to Fish for —— (some species of fish)
A Novel Method of Fishing
My First Attempt at Deep Sea Fishing
The Best Bait for —— (some species of fish)
Some Habits of Trout (Catfish, Salmon)
Peculiarities of —— (some species of fish)
The Best Way to Cook Fish
The Best Fish to Cook
Do Fish Have a Sense of Feeling?
Why Did God Give Fish Bones?
When I Swallowed the Fishbone
Watching the Minnows
How We Boys Caught Minnows in a Brook
An Amateur Fisherman
How Nancy Caught an Eel
How Isabel Put on the Bait
The Fish I Didn't Catch
The Pleasures of Fishing
An Unexpected Catch
The Finest Catch I Ever Made
My Greatest Thrill as a Fisherman
How I Caught the Old Trout at Last
Gigging by Lantern-Light
The Tallest Fishing Yarn I Ever Heard

ANIMAL LIFE IN GENERAL

A Mischief-Maker Among Animals (Birds)
Have Animals (Birds, Insects) a Sense of Humor?
Ingenuity Shown by a Collie (any animal or bird)
A Puzzled Animal (Bird, Insect)
An Incensed Animal (Bird, Insect)
An Animal (Bird, Insect) Out of Patience

Teasing an Animal (Bird, Insect)
The Most Cruel Thing I Ever Saw Done to an Animal (a Bird)
The Cruelty of Animal Life
The Natural Enemies of —— (an animal, a bird, or an insect)
The Natural Prey of —— (animal, bird, or insect)
Setting Traps for —— (an animal or a bird)
The —— (some animal or bird) in His Native Haunts
Protective Coloring of Animals (Birds)
Some Peculiarities of the —— (animal, insect, or bird)
Why I Think Pets Have Their Bad Points
Hunting with a Camera
What I Saw from My Covert
The Secret Which an Animal (a Bird) and I Shared
Something I Have Learned at First Hand About Animal Life
Something I Have Learned from —— (animal, insect, or bird)
Some Human Parallels to Animal Temperament or Procedure.

OBSERVATION, TRAVEL, AND QUAINT HUMAN CUSTOMS

One of the most emancipating of human experiences is to travel into other sections or nations, to learn at first hand about other people, other forms of government, other customs, other conceptions of life. He who has not traveled has need of an open mind and a sympathetic imagination. He also has need of a library for the study of conditions among alien races. Without these he is almost sure to be narrow and parochial in his outlook.

Merely to go through the motions of traveling, or of sitting down and studying about foreigners, is not enough. One must have a seeing eye, a feeling heart, and an appraising judgment. We must not suppose that people who are different from us are therefore worse. Nor must we suppose that they are necessarily superior. For races as for individuals there is truth in Emerson's law of compensation. To have this quality means, often, to be lacking in that. Wisdom demands that the traveler gain all that he can from outsiders while cleaving fast to everything meritorious in his own racial heritage.

The student who has not traveled abroad has yet likely seen more than one social or economic class, more than one set of human conditions. He has been amused, enlightened, inspired by some degree of contact with other persons than those of his own particular circle. Unless he is utterly intolerant, he likes to hear about other people. He in turn finds ready listeners when he can tell about other people himself. Travel therefore is one of the most satisfactory subjects to read about, and one of the most satisfactory to write about. A group of

selections and assignments relative to it is indispensable to a book of this kind.

ENGLISH FOOTPATHS *

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The chief enjoyment of my several visits to Leamington lay in rural walks about the neighborhood, and in jaunts to places of note and interest, which are particularly abundant in that region. The high-roads are made pleasant to the traveller by a border of trees, and often afford him the hospitality of a wayside bench beneath comfortable shade. But a fresher delight is to be found in the foot-paths, which go wandering away from stile to stile, along hedges, and across fields, and through wooded parks, leading you to little hamlets of thatched cottages, ancient, solitary farm-houses, picturesque old mills, streamlets, pools, and all those quiet, secret, unexpected, yet strangely familiar features of English scenery that Tennyson shows us in his idyls and eclogues. These by-paths admit the wayfarer into the very heart of rural life, and yet do not burden him with a sense of intrusiveness. He has a right to go whithersoever they lead him; for, with all their shaded privacy, they are as much the property of the public as the dusty high-road itself, and even by an older tenure. Their antiquity probably exceeds that of the Roman ways; the footsteps of the aboriginal Britons first wore away the grass, and the natural flow of intercourse between village and village has kept the track bare ever since. An American farmer would plough across any such path, and obliterate it with his hills of potatoes and Indian corn; but here it is protected by law, and still more by the sacredness that inevitably springs up, in this soil, along the well-defined footprints of centuries. Old associations are sure to be fragrant herbs in English nostrils; we pull them up as weeds.

* From "Leamington Spa" in *Our Old Home*.

ENGLISH HOTELS *

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Perhaps a part of my weariness is owing to the hotel-life which we lead. At an English hotel the traveller feels as if everybody, from the landlord, downward, united in a joint and individual purpose to fleece him, because all the attendants who come in contact with him are to be separately considered. So, after paying, in the first instance, a very heavy bill, for what would seem to cover the whole indebtedness, there remain dues still to be paid, to no trifling amount, to the landlord's servants, —dues not to be ascertained, and which you never can know whether you have properly satisfied. You can know, perhaps, when you have less than satisfied them, by the aspect of the waiter, which I wish I could describe,—not disrespectful in the slightest degree, but a look of profound surprise, a gaze at the offered coin (which he nevertheless pockets) as if he either did not see it, or did not know it, or could not believe his eyesight;—all this, however, with the most quiet forbearance, a Christian-like non-recognition of an unmerited wrong and insult; and finally, all in a moment's space indeed, he quits you and goes about his other business. If you have given him too much, you are made sensible of your folly by the extra amount of his gratitude, and the bows with which he salutes you from the doorstep. Generally, you cannot very decidedly say whether you have been right or wrong; but, in almost all cases, you decidedly feel that you have been fleeced. Then the living at the best English hotels, so far as my travels have brought me acquainted with them, deserves but moderate praise, and is especially lacking in variety. Nothing but joints, joints, joints; sometimes, perhaps, a meat-pie, which, if you eat it, weighs upon your conscience, with the idea that you have eaten the scraps

* From "The Lakes" in *English Note-Books.*

of other people's dinners. At the lake hotels, the fare is lamb and mutton and trout,—the latter not always fresh, and soon tired of. We pay like nabobs, and are expected to be content with plain mutton.

A STRANGE SOCIAL CUSTOM *

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

Another of their games I was for some time at a loss about. A pretty young girl was dancing, named—after what would appear to us an almost sacrilegious custom of the country—Espiritu Santo, when a young man went behind her and placed his hat directly upon her head, letting it fall down over her eyes, and sprang back among the crowd. She danced for some time with the hat on, when she threw it off, which called forth a general shout, and the young man was obliged to go out upon the floor and pick it up. Some of the ladies, upon whose heads hats had been placed, threw them off at once, and a few kept them on throughout the dance, and took them off at the end, and held them out in their hands, when the owner stepped out, bowed, and took it from them. I soon began to suspect the meaning of the thing, and was afterwards told that it was a compliment, and an offer to become the lady's gallant for the rest of the evening, and to wait upon her home. If the hat was thrown off, the offer was refused, and the gentleman was obliged to pick up his hat amid a general laugh. Much amusement was caused sometimes by gentlemen putting hats on the ladies' heads, without permitting them to see whom it was done by. This obliged them to throw them off, or keep them on at a venture, and when they came to discover the owner the laugh was turned upon one or the other.

* *Two Years Before the Mast,* Chapter XXVII.

ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL *

BAYARD TAYLOR

Going directly down the *Borgo Vecchio,* it seemed a long time before we arrived at the square of St. Peter's; and when at length we stood in front, with the majestic colonnade sweeping around—the fountains on each side sending up their showers of silvery spray—the mighty obelisk of Egyptian granite piercing the sky—and beyond, the great façade and dome of the Cathedral, I confessed my unmingled admiration. It recalled to my mind the grandeur of ancient Rome, and mighty as her edifices must have been, I doubt if she could boast many views more overpowering than this. The façade of St. Peter's seemed close to us, but it was a third of a mile distant, and the people ascending the steps dwindled to pigmies. I passed the obelisk, went up the long ascent, crossed the portico, pushed aside the heavy leathern curtain at the entrance, and stood in the great nave. I need not describe my feelings at the sight, but I will give the dimensions, and the reader may then fancy what they were. Before me was a marble plain six hundred feet long, and under the cross four hundred and seventeen feet wide! One hundred and fifty feet above, sprang a glorious arch, dazzling with inlaid gold, and in the centre of the cross there were four hundred feet of air between me and the top of the dome! The sunbeam, stealing through the lofty window at one end of the transept, made a bar of light on the blue air, hazy with incense, one tenth of a mile long, before it fell on the mosaics and gilded shrines of the other extremity. The grand cupola alone, including lantern and cross, is two hundred and eighty-five feet high, or sixty feet higher than the Bunker Hill Monument, and the four immense pillars on which it rests are each one hundred and thirty-seven feet in circumference! It

* *Views Afoot,* Chapter XXXVII. Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

seems as if human art had outdone itself in producing this temple—the grandest which the world ever erected for the worship of the Living God! The awe I felt in looking up at the colossal arch of marble and gold, did not humble me; on the contrary, I felt exalted, ennobled—beings in the form I wore planned the glorious edifice, and it seemed that in godlike power and perseverance, they were indeed but a little lower than the angels. I felt that, if fallen, my race was still mighty and immortal.

THEY ASKED ME FOR BREAD*

A. W. Kinglake

It had been arranged with my Arabs that they were to bring with them all the food which they would want for themselves during the passage of the desert, but as we rested, at the end of the first day's journey, by the side of an Arab encampment, my camel-men found all that they required for that night in the tents of their own brethren. On the evening of the second day, however, just before we encamped for the night, my four Arabs came to Dthemetri, and formally announced that they had not brought with them one atom of food, and that they looked entirely to my supplies for their daily bread. This was awkward intelligence. We were now just two days deep in the desert, and I had brought with me no more bread than might be reasonably required for myself, and my European attendants. I believed at the moment (for it seemed likely enough) that the men had really mistaken the terms of the arrangement, and feeling that the bore of being put upon half-rations would be a less evil (and even to myself a less inconvenience) than the starvation of my Arabs, I at once told Dthemetri to assure them that my bread should be equally shared with all. Dthemetri, however, did not approve of this concession; he assured me quite

* *Eothen,* Chapter XVII.

positively that the Arabs thoroughly understood the agreement, and that if they were now without food, they had wilfully brought themselves into this strait for the wretched purpose of bettering their bargain by the value of a few paras' worth of bread. This suggestion made me look at the affair in a new light. I should have been glad enough to put up with the slight privation to which my concession would subject me, and could have borne to witness the semi-starvation of poor Dthemetri with a fine philosophical calm; but it seemed to me that the scheme, if scheme it were, had something of audacity in it, and was well enough calculated to try the extent of my softness. I knew the danger of allowing such a trial to result in a conclusion that I was one who might be easily managed; and therefore, after thoroughly satisfying myself, from Dthemetri's clear and repeated assertions, that the Arabs had really understood the arrangement, I determined that they should not now violate it by taking advantage of my position in the midst of their big desert, so I desired Dthemetri to tell them that they should touch no bread of mine. We stopped, and the tent was pitched; the Arabs came to me and prayed loudly for bread; I refused them.

"Then we die!"

"God's will be done."

I gave the Arabs to understand that I regretted their perishing by hunger, but that I should bear this calmly, like any other misfortune not my own—that, in short, I was happily resigned to *their* fate. The men would have talked a great deal, but they were under the disadvantage of addressing me through a hostile interpreter; they looked hard upon my face, but they found no hope there, so at last they retired, as they pretended to lay them down, and die.

In about ten minutes from this time I found that the Arabs were busily cooking their bread! Their pretence of having brought no food was false, and was only invented for the purpose of saving it. They had a good bag of meal which they

had contrived to stow away under the baggage, upon one of the camels, in such a way as to escape notice. In Europe the detection of a scheme like this would have occasioned a disagreeable feeling between the master and the delinquent, but you would no more recoil from an Oriental on account of a matter of this sort, than in England you would reject a horse that had tried, and failed, to throw you. Indeed, I felt quite good-humouredly towards my Arabs, because they had so woefully failed in their wretched attempt, and because, as it turned out, I had done what was right; they, too, poor fellows, evidently began to like me immensely, on account of the hard-heartedness which had enabled me to baffle their scheme.

OLD DUTCH TEA-PARTIES*

WASHINGTON IRVING

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sunset. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable signs of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But, though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes—or *noblesse*—that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish well stored with slices of fat pork fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company, being seated round the

* *Knickerbocker's History,* Book III, Chapter III.

genial board and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or *olykoeks*—a delicious kind of cake at present scarce known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting; no gambling of old ladies nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones; no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets; nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs and knit their own woollen stockings, nor ever opened their lips excepting to say *Yah, Mynheer,*

or *Yah ya, Vrouw,* to any question that was asked them, behaving in all things like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated, whereon sundry passages of Scriptures were piously portrayed: Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages—that is to say, by the vehicles Nature had provided them—excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door, which as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present: if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

OUR VISIT TO A KICKAPOO VILLAGE*

FRANCIS PARKMAN

This selection, which shows description and narration merging, is also a good example of *progressive* description. The physical point of view changes frequently; the author by pointing out, stage by stage, what he saw on his visit, enables us to discover things in their right order and almost to feel that we have accompanied him.

Passing through the garrison†, we rode toward the Kickapoo village, five or six miles beyond. The path, a rather dubious and uncertain one, led us along the ridge of high bluffs that

* *The Oregon Trail,* Chapter III.
† *At Fort Leavenworth.*

border the Missouri; and, by looking to the right and to the left, we could enjoy a strange contrast of scenery. On the left stretched the prairie, rising into swells and undulations thickly sprinkled with groves, or gracefully expanding into wide grassy basins, of miles in extent; while its curvatures, swelling against the horizon, were often surmounted by lines of sunny woods; a scene to which the freshness of the season and the peculiar mellowness of the atmosphere gave additional softness. Below us, on the right, was a tract of ragged and broken woods. We could look down on the tops of the trees, some living and some dead; some erect, others leaning at every angle, and others piled in masses together by the passage of a hurricane. Beyond their extreme verge the turbid waters of the Missouri were discernible through the boughs, rolling powerfully along at the foot of the woody declivities on its farther bank.

The path soon after led inland; and, as we crossed an open meadow, we saw a cluster of buildings on a rising ground before us, with a crowd of people surrounding them. They were the storehouse, cottage, and stables of the Kickapoo trader's establishment. Just at that moment, as it chanced, he was beset with half the Indians of the settlement. They had tied their wretched, neglected little ponies by dozens along the fences and outhouses, and were lounging about the place, or crowding into the trading-house. Here were faces of various colors: red, green, white, and black, curiously intermingled and disposed over the visage in a variety of patterns. Calico shirts, red and blue blankets, brass ear-rings, wampum necklaces, appeared in profusion. The trader was a blue-eyed, open-faced man, who neither in his manners nor his appearance betrayed any of the roughness of the frontier; though just at present he was obliged to keep a lynx eye on his customers, who, men and women, were climbing on his counter, and seating themselves among his boxes and bales.

The village itself was not far off, and sufficiently illustrated

the condition of its unfortunate and self-abandoned occupants. Fancy to yourself a little swift stream, working its devious way down a woody valley; sometimes wholly hidden under logs and fallen trees, sometimes spreading into a broad, clear pool; and on its banks, in little nooks cleared away among the trees, miniature loghouses, in utter ruin and neglect. A labyrinth of narrow, obstructed paths connected these habitations one with another. Sometimes we met a stray calf, a pig, or a pony, belonging to some of the villagers, who usually lay in the sun in front of their dwellings, and looked on us with cold, suspicious eyes as we approached. Farther on, in place of the log-huts of the Kickapoos, we found the *pukwi* lodges of their neighbors, the Pottawattamies, whose condition seemed no better than theirs.

Growing tired at last, and exhausted by the excessive heat and sultriness of the day, we returned to our friend, the trader. By this time the crowd around him had dispersed, and left him at leisure. He invited us to his cottage, a little white-and-green building, in the style of the old French settlements; and ushered us into a neat, well-furnished room. The blinds were closed, and the heat and glare of the sun excluded; the room was as cool as a cavern. It was neatly carpeted, too, and furnished in a manner that we hardly expected on the frontier. The sofas, chairs, tables, and a well-filled bookcase, would not have disgraced an eastern city; though there were one or two little tokens that indicated the rather questionable civilization of the region. A pistol, loaded and capped, lay on the mantel-piece; and through the glass of the bookcase, peeping above the works of John Milton, glittered the handle of a very mischievous-looking knife.

Our host went out, and returned with iced water, glasses, and a bottle of excellent claret,—a refreshment most welcome in the extreme heat of the day; and soon after appeared a merry, laughing woman, who must have been, a year or two before, a

very rich specimen of creole beauty. She came to say that lunch was ready in the next room. Our hostess evidently lived on the sunny side of life, and troubled herself with none of its cares. She sat down and entertained us while we were at table with anecdotes of fishing-parties, frolics, and the officers at the fort. Taking leave at length of the hospitable trader and his friend, we rode back to the garrison.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a theme on one of the following (in illustration, not of travel, but of progressive description):

The Outside of a House (seen from a distance); the Inside (seen through the door); the View from Within

A Man's Features; Then His Garb; Then the Reports You Have Heard of Him

My Visit to a Mine (a Hangar, a Factory, a Newspaper Plant, a Department Store).

THE BAZAARS OF CAIRO *

AMELIA B. EDWARDS

But in order thoroughly to enjoy an overwhelming, ineffaceable first impression of oriental out-of-door life one should begin in Cairo with a day in the native bazaars; neither buying, nor sketching, nor seeking information, but just taking in scene after scene, with its manifold combinations of light and shade, color, costume, and architectural detail. Every shop front, every street corner, every turbaned group is a ready-made picture. The old Turk who sets up his cake stall in the recess of a sculptured doorway; the donkey-boy, with his gaily caparisoned ass, waiting for customers; the beggar asleep on the steps of the mosque; the veiled woman filling her water jar at the public fountain—they all look as if they had been put there expressly to be painted.

* *A Thousand Miles Up the Nile,* Chapter I.

Nor is the background less picturesque than the figures. The houses are high and narrow. The upper stories project; and from these again jut windows of delicate turned lattice work in old brown wood, like big bird-cages. The street is roofed in overhead with long rafters and pieces of matting, through which a dusty sunbeam straggles here and there, casting patches of light upon the moving crowd. The unpaved thoroughfare—a mere narrow lane, full of ruts and watered profusely twice or thrice a day—is lined with little wooden shop fronts, like open cabinets full of shelves, where the merchants sit cross-legged in the midst of their goods, looking out at the passers-by and smoking in silence. Meanwhile, the crowd ebbs and flows unceasingly—a noisy, changing, restless, party-colored tide, half European, half oriental, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. Here are Syrian dragomans in baggy trousers and braided jackets; bare-footed Egyptian fellaheen in ragged blue shirts and felt skull-caps; Greeks in absurdly stiff white tunics, like walking pen-wipers; Persians with high, mitre-like caps of dark woven stuff; swarthy Bedouins in flowing garments, creamy-white with chocolate strips a foot wide, and head-shawl of the same bound about the brow with a fillet of twisted camel's hair; Englishmen in palm-leaf hats and knickerbockers, dangling their long legs across almost invisible donkeys; native women of the poorer class, in black veils that leave only the eyes uncovered, and long trailing garments of dark blue and black striped cotton; dervishes in patchwork coats, their matted hair streaming from under fantastic head-dresses; blue-black Abyssinians with incredibly slender, bowed legs, like attenuated ebony balustrades; Armenian priests, looking exactly like Portia as the Doctor, in long black gowns and high square caps; majestic ghosts of Algerine Arabs, all in white; mounted Janissaries with jingling sabres and gold-embroidered jackets; merchants, beggars, soldiers, boatmen, laborers, workmen, in every variety of costume, and of every shade of complexion from fair to

dark, from tawny to copper-color, from deepest bronze to bluest black.

Now a water-carrier goes by, bending under the weight of his newly-replenished goatskin, the legs of which being tied up, the neck fitted with a brass cock, and the hair left on, looks horribly bloated and life-like. Now comes a sweetmeat-vendor with a tray of that gummy compound known to English children as "lumps of delight"; and now an Egyptian lady on a large grey donkey led by a servant with a showy sabre at his side. The lady wears a rose-colored silk dress and white veil, besides a black silk outer garment, which, being cloak, hood, and veil all in one, fills out with the wind as she rides, like a balloon. She sits astride; her naked feet, in their violet velvet slippers, just resting on the stirrups. She takes care to display a plump brown arm laden with massive gold bracelets, and, to judge by the way in which she uses a pair of liquid black eyes, would not be sorry to let her face be seen also. Nor is the steed less well dressed than his mistress. His close-shaven legs and hind-quarters are painted in blue and white zigzags picked out with bands of pale yellow; his high-pommelled saddle is resplendent with velvet and embroidery; and his head-gear is all tags, tassels, and fringes. Such a donkey as this is worth from sixty to a hundred pounds sterling. Next passes an open barouche full of laughing Englishwomen; or a grave provincial sheik all in black, riding a handsome bay Arab, *demi-sang;* or an Egyptian gentleman in European dress and Turkish fez, driven by an English groom in an English phaeton. Before him, wand in hand, bare-legged, eager-eyed, in Greek skull-cap and gorgeous gold-embroidered waistcoat and fluttering white tunic, flies a native sais, or running footman. No person of position drives in Cairo without one or two of these attendants. The saïs (strong, light, and beautiful, like John of Bologna's Mercury), are said to die young. The pace kills them. Next passes a lemonade-seller with his tin jar in one hand and his decanter

and brass cups in the other; or an itinerant slipper-vendor with a bunch of red and yellow morocco shoes dangling at the end of a long pole; or a London-built miniature brougham containing two ladies in transparent Turkish veils, preceded by a Nubian outrider in semi-military livery; or, perhaps, a train of camels, ill-tempered and supercilious, craning their scrannel necks above the crowd, and laden with canvas bales scrawled over with Arabic addresses.

But the Egyptian, Arab, and Turkish merchants, whether mingling in the general tide or sitting on their counters, are the most picturesque personages in all this busy scene. They wear ample turbans, for the most part white; long vests of striped Syrian silk reaching to the feet; and an outer robe of braided cloth or cashmere. The vest is confined round the waist by a rich sash; and the outer robe, or *gibbeh,* is generally of some beautiful degraded color, such as maize, mulberry, olive, peach, sea-green, salmon-pink, sienna-brown, and the like. That these stately beings should vulgarly buy and sell, instead of reposing all their lives on luxurious divans and being waited upon by beautiful Circassians, seems altogether contrary to the eternal fitness of things. Here, for instance, is a grand vizier in a gorgeous white and amber stain vest, who condescends to retail pipe-bowls,—dull red clay pipe-bowls of all sizes and prices. He sells nothing else, and has not only a pile of them on the counter, but a binful at the back of his shop. They are made at Siout, in Upper Egypt, and may be bought at the Algerine shops in London almost as cheaply as in Cairo. Another majestic pasha deals in brass and copper vessels, drinking-cups, basins, ewers, trays, incense-burners, chafing-dishes, and the like; some of which are exquisitely engraved with arabesque patterns or sentences from the poets. A third sells silks from the looms of Lebanon and gold and silver tissues from Damascus. Others, again, sell old arms, old porcelain, old embroideries, second-hand prayer-carpets, and quaint little stools and

cabinets of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Here, too, the tobacco merchant sits behind a huge cake of latakia as big as his own body; and the sponge merchant smokes his long chibouk in a bower of sponges.

Most amusing of all, however, are those bazaars in which each trade occupies its separate quarter. You pass through an old stone gateway or down a narrow turning, and find yourself amid a colony of saddlers stitching, hammering, punching, riveting. You walk up one alley and down another, between shop fronts hung round with tasseled head-gear and hump-backed saddles of all qualities and colors. Here are ladies' saddles, military saddles, donkey saddles, and saddles for great officers of state; saddles covered with red leather, with crimson and violet velvet, with maroon, and grey, and purple cloth; saddles embroidered with gold and silver, studded with brass-headed nails, or trimmed with braid.

Another turn or two, and you are in the slipper bazaar, walking down avenues of red and yellow morocco slippers, the former of home manufacture, the latter from Tunis. Here are slippers with pointed toes, turned-up toes, and toes as round and flat as horse-shoes; walking slippers with thick soles, and soft yellow slippers, to be worn as inside socks, which have no soles at all. These absurd little scarlet bluchers with tassels are for little boys; the brown morocco shoes are for grooms; the velvet slippers embroidered with gold and beads and seed pearls are for wealthy hareems, and are sold at prices varying from five shillings to five pounds the pair.

The carpet-bazaar is of considerable extent, and consists of a network of alleys and counter-alleys opening off the right of the Muski, which is the Regent Street of Cairo. The houses in most of these alleys are rich in antique lattice windows and Saracenic doorways. One little square is tapestried all round with Persian and Syrian rugs, Damascus saddle-bags, and Turkish prayer-carpets. The merchants sit and smoke in the midst

of their goods; and up in one corner an old "kahwagee," or coffee-seller, plies his humble trade. He has set up his little stove and hanging-shelf beside the doorway of a dilapidated khan, the walls of which are faced with arabesque panelings in old carved stone. It is one of the most picturesque "bits" in Cairo. The striped carpets of Tunis; the dim gray and blue, or gray and red fabrics of Algiers; the shaggy rugs of Laodicea and Smyrna; the rich blues and greens and subdued reds of Turkey; and the wonderfully varied, harmonious patterns of Persia, have each their local habitation in the neighboring alleys. One is never tired of traversing these half-lighted avenues all aglow with gorgeous color and peopled with figures that come and go like the actors in some Christmas piece of oriental pageantry.

ASSIGNMENT FOR THE SECTION AS A WHOLE

Write a theme on one of these topics. Try by every means at your command to make your material *live* for your reader.

A Peculiar (Quaint, Rural, "Old Timey") Custom at ——
A Misunderstanding Due to Differences in Custom
Some Rural Games
Some Ancient (Exotic) Superstitions
What I Saw at ——
How the Things I Saw at —— Impressed Me
Some Queer Domestic Practices at ——
Would You Think It Possible?
What We Could Do in —— That We Could Not Do in My Section
What We Could Do in My Section That We Could Not Do in ——
A Custom Among —— (Jews, Italians, Scandinavians, Negroes, Hindus, Chinese, Japanese, South Sea Islanders, Eskimos, the Hill Billies, the Mountaineers, Plainsmen, Cowboys, Pioneers, Fishermen, Longshoremen, Bootblacks, Plumbers, Clubmen, Journalists, Undertakers, Haunters of the Junk Heaps, Old Clothes Men, Truck Gardeners, Hucksters, some other race or class)
The Story the Tramp Told Us of His Life
A Fantastic Rite Among Savages

OBSERVATION, TRAVEL, AND CUSTOMS

An Uncanny Ceremony
A Gorgeous (Exotic) Spectacle
The "Foreign" Quarter of a City
A Distinctive Section of My City
A Queer, Old-Fashioned Sect
My Visit to a Strange Community
A Surprise (finding conditions much better or more familiar than you expected)
My First Day in a Foreign Country
Home Again
How I Violated the Customs of the Country
Forlorn Spectacle of a Man in a Strange Environment
The Newly Landed Immigrant
A Stranger in a Strange Land
Some Hardships of Life Among the ——
Some Amenities of Life Among the ——
An Outlandish Dish
My First Visit to a Cabaret
A Glimpse Behind the Scenes
Something I Saw at Our City Carnival
An Incantation
A Visit to the Fortune-Teller
The Witch-Doctor
A Visit to the Camp of the Gipsies
A Trip on Snowshoes (Skis)
A Ride in a Jinrikisha
The "Stage-Setting" for Initiations Into My Fraternity (Lodge)
The Services at a Church I Had Never Before Attended
A Historic Building
The Most Interesting Piece of Architecture I Ever Saw
Some Interesting Things at the Museum
An Amazing Costume
Some Features of the —— (Northern, Southern, Eastern, Western, Prairie, Mountainous, English, French, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Oriental, Tropical, Arctic) Landscape
A Typical French Compared with a Typical Norwegian Landscape (substitute other landscapes if you wish)
Why I Love the English Countryside
Something Peculiar About the Landscape (Architecture, Speech, Mode of Life, Customs, Ideas) of —— (some section or country)

Linguistic Peculiarities I Have Observed in the South (New England, the West)
The Way Different Foreigners Try to Speak English
My Favorite Book of Travel
The Race I Most Like to Read About
Some Contrasts Between the Customs of Two Races
The Race to Which My Forbears Belonged
The Delights (Embarrassments) of Traveling with a Camera
My Delightful (Annoying) Fellow Travelers.

ARTICLES IN GROUPS

A YOUNG man graduating from Harvard delivered at Commencement an address on Panama, a subject in which, though he had been attracted to it casually, he had become absorbed. One of his auditors, Theodore Roosevelt, was so interested in what he said as to talk with him at some length afterward and to name other aspects of the subject that invited investigation. After pursuing his study for some months longer, the young man was prompted to write a series of magazine articles—and they brought him considerable prestige. Roosevelt, becoming President, appointed him a member of a commission that was to conduct elaborate researches into conditions in Panama. All this in turn led to a book on Panama. In fact that Commencement address on Panama, properly followed up, gave the young man his living for several years and won for him enviable distinction.

The incident illustrates the almost inexhaustible possibilities of development that inhere in any subject. The subject at first seems barren, and the interest it does contain seems so obvious as not to need explaining; but presently the subject unfolds, becomes extensive, comprehensive, gigantic. Tennyson says that if we could understand a mere flower plucked from a crannied wall, understand it through and through in all its relations and implications, we should understand the whole universe —understand God and man.

The inexhaustibility of the subject includes the endless variety of it. Talk with a musician, and he will explain to you either

how he detected the musical potentialities of one of his students, or what Bach contributed to music, or how the virtuoso was forced into compromises in arranging a popular program. Talk with a baseball player, and he will tell you why home runs are more numerous now than they were a few years ago, or what constitutes a balk, or how Ty Cobb stole home in a world's series. In other words, the musician and the baseball player, because they really know their respective subjects, can discuss manifold aspects of them, can adapt their knowledge of them to the state of mind of anybody interested enough to listen.

Students are inclined to think they do well if they squeeze from a subject a single theme. But subjects are not thus easily exhausted. A single subject, rightly probed and rifled, will yield themes for a term, for a year, for a whole college course or a life-time. It will yield arguments, expositions, descriptions, narratives. It contains these measureless possibilities because of two things: (1) the multitude of its phases, and (2) the multitude of approaches to each of these phases through the wish or the need to adapt it to moods, purposes, and audiences uncountable.

In this section of the text the articles are divided into groups, each group dealing with a single subject. No group exhausts its subject; it but indicates some of the things that may be done with it. The articles of the group illustrate both similarity and divergence as to material, point of view, mood, purpose, style, and audience addressed.

GROUP I—LEARNING HOW TO WRITE

All these selections are concerned with the way a man learned to write. The one from Boswell points out an extraordinary power in Johnson and accounts for it. The one from Lincoln

shows us a child irritated by a fault in other people which he sets to work to overcome in himself. The one from Franklin traces the struggles of a boy to imitate a model wisely. The one from Stevenson explains the efforts of a boy both to achieve for himself and to attain various standards, and then philosophizes the experience. The first one from London recounts the hardships and ludicrous handicaps of a boy trying to break into print. The second one from London reveals the precarious expedients and trying dilemmas of a man who is first securing a literary foothold.

HOW JOHNSON ATTAINED A FLUENT AND FORCEFUL STYLE*

JAMES BOSWELL

Posterity will be astonished when they are told, upon the authority of Johnson himself, that many of these discourses, which we should suppose had been labored with all the slow attention of literary leisure, were written in haste as the moment pressed, without even being read over by him before they were printed. It can be accounted for only in this way: that by reading and meditation and a very close inspection of life he had accumulated a great fund of miscellaneous knowledge, which, by a peculiar promptitude of mind, was ever ready at his call, and which he had constantly accustomed himself to clothe in the most apt and energetic expression. Sir Joshua Reynolds once asked him by what means he had attained his extraordinary accuracy and flow of language. He told him that he had early laid it down as a fixed rule to do his best on every occasion and in every company; to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could put it in; and that by constant practice, and never suffering any careless expressions

* From the *Life of Johnson.*

to escape him, or attempting to deliver his thoughts without arranging them in the clearest manner, it became habitual to him.

MY PASSION FOR CLEARNESS OF STYLE

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

When a mere child I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I do not think I ever got angry at anything else in my life; but that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bedroom, after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings.

I could not sleep when I got on such a hunt for an idea until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me; for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it north, and bounded it south, and bounded it east, and bounded it west.

IMITATING THE SPECTATOR PAPERS *

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

About this time I met with an odd volume of the "Spectator." It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to

* From the *Autobiography*.

complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my "Spectator" with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. . . .

HOW I LEARNED TO WRITE *

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

All through my boyhood and youth, I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always

* From "A College Magazine" in *Memories and Portraits.* Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use, it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me; and I practised to acquire it, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with myself. Description was the principal field of my exercise; for to any one with senses there is always something worth describing, and town and country are but one continuous subject. But I worked in other ways also; often accompanied my walks with dramatic dialogues, in which I played many parts; and often exercised myself in writing down conversations from memory.

This was all excellent, no doubt; so were the diaries I sometimes tried to keep, but always and very speedily discarded, finding them a school of posturing and melancholy self-deception. And yet this was not the most efficient part of my training. Good though it was, it only taught me (so far as I have learned them at all) the lower and less intellectual elements of the art, the choice of the essential note and the right word: things that to a happier constitution had perhaps come by nature. And regarded as training, it had one grave defect; for it set me no standard of achievement. So that there was perhaps more profit, as there was certainly more effort, in my secret labors at home. Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it: and tried again, and was again unsuccessful and always

unsuccessful; but at least in these vain bouts, I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction and the co-ordination of parts. I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and to Obermann. I remember one of these monkey tricks, which was called *The Vanity of Morals:* it was to have had a second part, *The Vanity of Knowledge;* and as I had neither morality nor scholarship, the names were apt; but the second part was never attempted, and the first part was written (which is my reason for recalling it, ghostlike, from its ashes) no less than three times: first in the manner of Hazlitt, second in the manner of Ruskin, who had cast on me a passing spell, and third, in a laborious pasticcio of Sir Thomas Browne. . . . But enough has been said to show by what arts of impersonation, and in what purely ventriloquial efforts I first saw my words on paper.

That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write; whether I have profited or not, that is the way. It was so Keats learned, and there was never a finer temperament for literature than Keats's; it was so, if we could trace it out, that all men have learned; and that is why a revival of letters is always accompanied or heralded by a cast back to earlier and fresher models. Perhaps I hear some one cry out: But this is not the way to be original! It is not; nor is there any way but to be born so. Nor yet, if you are born original, is there anything in this training that shall clip the wings of your originality. There can be none more original than Montaigne, neither could any be more unlike Cicero; yet no craftsman can fail to see how much the one must have tried in his time to imitate the other. Burns is the very type of a prime force in letters: he was of all men the most imitative. Shakespeare himself, the imperial, proceeds directly from a school. It is only from a school that we can expect to have good writers; it is almost invariably from a school that great writers, these lawless exceptions, issue.

MY FIRST EFFORTS TO WRITE*

JACK LONDON

I completed the first half of my freshman year, and in January of 1897 took up my course for the second half. But the pressure from lack of money, plus a conviction that the university was not giving me all that I wanted in the time I could spare for it, forced me to leave. I was not very disappointed. For two years I had studied, and in those two years, what was far more valuable, I had done a prodigious amount of reading. Then, too, my grammar had improved. It is true, I had not yet learned that I must say "It is I"; but I no longer was guilty of the double negative in writing, though still prone to that error in excited speech.

I decided immediately to embark on my career. I had four preferences: first, music; second, poetry; third, the writing of philosophic, economic, and political essays; and, fourth, and last, and least, fiction writing. I resolutely cut out music as impossible, settled down in my bedroom, and tackled my second, third and fourth choices simultaneously. Heavens, how I wrote! Never was there a creative fever such as mine from which the patient escaped fatal results. The way I worked was enough to soften my brain and send me to a mad-house. I wrote, I wrote everything—ponderous essays, scientific and sociological, short stories, humorous verse, verse of all sorts from triolets and sonnets to blank verse tragedy and elephantine epics in Spenserian stanzas. On occasion I composed steadily, day after day, for fifteen hours a day. At times I forgot to eat, or refused to tear myself away from my passionate outpouring in order to eat.

And then there was the matter of typewriting. My brother-in-law owned a machine which he used in the daytime. In the

* *John Barleycorn,* Chapter XXIII. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

night I was free to use it. That machine was a wonder. I could weep now as I recollect my wrestlings with it. It must have been a first model in the year one of the typewriter era. Its alphabet was all capitals. It was informed with an evil spirit. It obeyed no known laws of physics, and overthrew the hoary axiom that like things performed to like things produce like results. I 'll swear that machine never did the same thing in the same way twice. Again and again it demonstrated that unlike actions produce like results.

How my back used to ache with it! Prior to that experience, my back had been good for every violent strain put upon it in a none too gentle career. But that typewriter proved to me that I had a pipe-stem for a back. Also, it made me doubt my shoulders. They ached as with rheumatism after every bout. The keys of that machine had to be hit so hard that to one outside the house it sounded like distant thunder or some one breaking up the furniture. I had to hit the keys so hard that I strained my first fingers to the elbows, while the ends of my fingers were blisters burst and blistered again. Had it been my machine I 'd have operated it with a carpenter's hammer.

The worst of it was that I was actually typing my manuscripts at the same time I was trying to master that machine. It was a feat of physical endurance and a brain storm combined to type a thousand words, and I was composing thousands of words every day which just had to be typed for the waiting editors. . . .

But the waiting editors elected to keep on waiting. My manuscripts made amazing round-trip records between the Pacific and the Atlantic. It might have been the weirdness of the typewriting that prevented the editors from accepting at least one little offering of mine. I don't know, and goodness knows the stuff I wrote was as weird as its typing. I sold my hard-bought school books for ridiculous sums to second-hand bookmen. I borrowed

small sums of money wherever I could, and suffered my old father to feed me with the meager returns of his failing strength.

It didn't last long, only a few weeks, when I had to surrender and go to work.

MY DEFINITE BEGINNINGS AS A WRITER *

JACK LONDON

I sought odd jobs. I worked days, and half-days, at anything I could get. I mowed lawns, trimmed hedges, took up carpets, beat them, and laid them again. Further, I took the civil service examinations for mail carrier and passed first. But alas, there was no vacancy, and I must wait. And while I waited, and in between the odd jobs I managed to procure, I started to earn ten dollars by writing a newspaper account of a voyage I had made, in an open boat down the Yukon, of nineteen hundred miles in nineteen days. I did n't know the first thing about the newspaper game, but I was confident I 'd get ten dollars for my article.

But I did n't. The first San Francisco newspaper to which I mailed it never acknowledged receipt of the manuscript, but held on to it. The longer it held on to it, the more certain I was that the thing was accepted.

And here is the funny thing. Some are born to fortune, and some have fortune thrust upon them. But in my case I was clubbed into fortune, and bitter necessity wielded the club. I had long since abandoned all thought of writing as a career. My honest intention in writing that article was to earn ten dollars. And that was the limit of my intention. It would help to tide me along until I got steady employment. Had a vacancy occurred in the post office at that time, I should have jumped at it.

* *John Barleycorn,* Chapter XXV. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

But the vacancy did not occur, nor did a steady job; and I employed the time between odd jobs with writing a twenty-one-thousand-word serial for the "Youth's Companion." I turned it out and typed it in seven days. I fancy that was what was the matter with it, for it came back.

It took some time for it to go and come, and in the meantime I tried my hand at short stories. I sold one to the *Overland Monthly* for five dollars. The *Black Cat* gave me forty dollars for another. The *Overland Monthly* offered me seven dollars and a half, pay on publication, for all the stories I should deliver. I got my bicycle, my watch, and my father's mackintosh out of pawn and rented a typewriter. Also, I paid up the bills I owed to the several groceries that allowed me a small credit. I recall the Portuguese groceryman who never permitted my bill to go beyond four dollars. Hopkins, another grocer, could not be budged beyond five dollars.

And just then came the call from the post office to go to work. It placed me in a most trying predicament. The sixty-five dollars I could earn regularly every month was a terrible temptation. I couldn't decide what to do. And I'll never be able to forgive the postmaster of Oakland. I answered the call, and I talked to him like a man. I frankly told him the situation. It looked as if I might win out at writing. The chance was good, but not certain. Now, if he would pass me by and select the next man on the eligible list, and give me a call at the next vacancy——

But he shut me off with: "Then you don't want the position?"

"But I do," I protested. "Don't you see, if you will pass me over this time——"

"If you want it you will take it," he said coldly.

Happily for me, the cursed brutality of the man made me angry.

"Very well," I said. "I won't take it."

ASSIGNMENT FOR GROUP I

Write a theme on one of these topics:

My First Theme
The First Letter I Ever Wrote
My Training as a Writer
My Chief Fault in Writing
How I Improved My Writing
Some Devices I Have Found Helpful in Writing
Watching Woolly Jim Write a Theme
The Piece of Writing I Admire Most
The Subjects Most Congenial for Me to Write About
The Quality I Most Desire in My Writing
The Kind of Writing I Shall Probably Do Most After Leaving School
The Way the Average Student Writes His Themes
Suggestions for the Improvement of This Course
Can Writing Be Taught?
What Is the Ideal Style?
The Purpose of a Course in Composition
How to Make Students Write Carefully in Courses Other Than English
The Ability to Write Well as an Asset in Life
The Inability to Write Well as a Handicap in Life.

GROUP II—BOOKS AND STUDY

The selection from Bacon in this group presents the whole subject of studies briefly. The selection from Sydney Smith discusses the spirit one should bring to study. The selection from Shaler recounts the method of a great teacher in acquainting a young man with the way to study. The selection from Kinglake sets forth the spontaneousness of childhood reading and compares it with the distastefulness of forced tasks at school. The selection from London traces the book-hunger of a child and indicates that, if not directed, it may be gratified unwisely. The selection from Ruskin contrasts the humdrum and

limited associations we actually have with the royal associations we could find in books. The selection from Eliot shows that by sparing a little time daily for reading we may amid material tasks attain culture.

OF STUDIES

Francis Bacon

Bacon took broad, abstract subjects, and so covered them in a page or two that he left no essential unexpressed. His method is not only inimitable; it leads, in most writing, to mere floundering ineffectiveness. Nevertheless we may analyze it to our advantage, and may even with some modifications apply it.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor * of a scholar. They perfect nature and are perfected by experience. For natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire † them, and wise men use them. For they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed,

* Trait, disposition.
† Wonder at, marvel at.

and some few to be chewed and digested,—that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously,* and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference † a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little he had need have a great memory; if he confer little he had need have a present ‡ wit §; and if he read little he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores* ||. Nay, there is no stond ¶ or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *cymini sectores;* ** if he be not apt to beat over matters and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Bacon compresses an astonishing amount of truth and wisdom into a single sentence, as "Reading maketh a full man, conference

* Carefully.
† Conversation, association with people.
‡ Ready, swift.
§ Judgment, knowledge
|| Studies develop into habits.
¶ Stand; that is, halt.
** Hair-splitters.

a ready man, and writing an exact man." Find a sentence that impresses you and expand it, or some portion of it, into a theme.

2. Reread the introductory comment to the group on "Books and Study" (pages 296-97). Illustrate the idea brought out in any one of the sentences by means of a theme of your own.

3. The following general statements are made in this book. Expand one of them into a theme.

a. "Revolutions are not made by men in spectacles" (page 224).
b. "A man [is] sometimes more generous when he has but little money than when he has plenty, perhaps thro' fear of being thought to have little" (page 149).
c. "[We] men . . . try on two or three characters before we fix upon one" (page 257).
d. "In general, we preserve three [characters] during our whole lives: one which we exhibit; one which we fancy we have; and another which we really have" (page 257).
e. "Old associations are sure to be fragrant herbs in English nostrils; we [Americans] pull them up as weeds" (page 266).
f. "Non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research [is] work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most honor upon the nation" (page 100).
g. "It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed" (page 100).
h. "To any one with senses there is always something worth describing" (page 290).
i. "The art of comparing objects . . . is the basis of the naturalist's work" (page 303).
j. "One of the most precious [pleasures in life is] frequent contact with quick and well-stored minds in large variety; [is] quickening intellectual encounters" (page 309).
k. "Ten minutes a day devoted affectionately to good books . . . will in thirty years make all the difference between a cultivated and an uncultivated man, between a man mentally rich and a man mentally poor" (page 310).
l. "That training of the intellect which is best for the individual himself, best enables him to discharge his duties to society" (page 312).

m. "A practical end [of] a University course . . . is . . . training good members of society" (page 312).

n. "A University is not a birthplace of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies, or conquerors of nations" (page 312).

4. The following topics are large and abstract. Write as many definite and concrete things as you can about one of them. Compare the number of your definite statements with the number made by Bacon in his essay. (The value of the exercise will consist largely in showing you how vague, loose, and unsure are your ideas upon large topics you think you understand.)

Honor	Liberty	Friendship
Patriotism	Progress	Americanism
Morality	Success	Public Welfare.
Truth	Democracy	

THE RIGHT KIND OF STUDY

SYDNEY SMITH

Curiosity is a passion very favorable to the love of study, and a passion very susceptible of increase by cultivation. Sound travels so many feet in a second, and light travels so many feet in a second. Nothing more probable; but you do not care how light and sound travel. Very likely; but make yourself care; get up, shake yourself well, pretend to care, make believe to care, and very soon you will care, and care so much that you will sit for hours thinking about light and sound, and be extremely angry with any one who interrupts you in your pursuits; and tolerate no other conversation but about light and sound; and catch yourself plaguing everybody to death who approaches you, with the discussion of these subjects.

I am sure that a man ought to read as he would grasp a nettle· do it lightly, and you get molested; grasp it with all your strength, and you feel none of its asperities. There is nothing so horrible as languid study, when you sit looking at the clock, wishing the time was over, or that somebody would call on you

and put you out of your misery. The only way to read with any efficacy is to read so heartily that dinner-time comes two hours before you expected it.

To sit with your Livy before you, and hear the geese cackling that saved the Capitol; and to see with your own eyes the Carthaginian sutlers gathering up the rings of the Roman knights after the battle of Cannæ, and heaping them into bushels; and to be so intimately present at the actions you are reading of that when anybody knocks at the door it will take you two or three seconds to determine whether you are in your own study, or in the plains of Lombardy, looking at Hannibal's weather-beaten face, and admiring the splendor of his single eye,—this is the only kind of study that is not tiresome; and almost the only kind which is not useless; this is the knowledge which gets into the system, and which a man carries about and uses like his limbs, without perceiving that it is extraneous, weighty, or inconvenient.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a theme which shall treat this same subject in a different way or from another point of view.

AN ASSIGNMENT BY AGASSIZ*

N. S. Shaler

When I sat me down before my tin pan, Agassiz brought me a small fish, placing it before me with the rather stern requirement that I should study it, but should on no account talk to any one concerning it, nor read anything relating to fishes, until I had his permission so to do. To my inquiry "What shall I do?" he said in effect: "Find out what you can without damaging the specimen; when I think that you have done the work I will question you." In the course of an hour I

* *Autobiography*, pages 98-99. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

thought I had compassed that fish; it was rather an unsavory object, giving forth the stench of old alcohol, then loathsome to me, though in time I came to like it. Many of the scales were loosened so that they fell off. It appeared to me to be a case for a summary report, which I was anxious to make and get on to the next stage of the business. But Agassiz, though always within call, concerned himself no further with me that day, nor the next, nor for a week. At first, this neglect was distressing; but I saw that it was a game, for he was, as I discerned rather than saw, covertly watching me. So I set my wits to work upon the thing, and in the course of a hundred hours or so thought I had done much—a hundred times as much as seemed possible at the start. I got interested in finding out how the scales went in series, their shape, the form and placement of the teeth, etc. Finally, I felt full of the subject and probably expressed it in my bearing; as for words about it then, there were none from my master except his cheery "Good morning." At length on the seventh day, came the question "Well?" and my disgorge of learning to him as he sat on the edge of my table puffing his cigar. At the end of the hour's telling, he swung off and away, saying, "That is not right." Here I began to think that after all perhaps the rules for scanning Latin verse were not the worst infliction in the world. Moreover, it was clear that he was playing a game with me to find if I were capable of doing hard, continuous work without the support of a teacher, and this stimulated me to labor. I went at the task anew, discarded my first notes, and in another week of ten hours a day labor I had results which astonished myself and satisfied him. Still there was no trace of praise in words or manner. He signified that it would do by placing before me about a half a peck of bones, telling me to see what I could make of them, with no further directions to guide me. I soon found that they were the skeletons of half a dozen fishes

of different species; the jaws told me that much at a first inspection. The task evidently was to fit the separate bones together in their proper order. Two months or more went to this task with no other help than an occasional looking over my grouping with the stereotyped remark: "That is not right." Finally, the task was done and I was again set upon alcoholic specimens,—this time a remarkable lot of specimens representing, perhaps, twenty species of the side-swimmers or *Pleuronectidæ*.

I shall never forget the sense of power in dealing with things which I felt in beginning the more extended work on a group of animals. I had learned the art of comparing objects, which is the basis of the naturalist's work. At this stage I was allowed to read and to discuss my work with others about me. I did both eagerly, and acquired a considerable knowledge of the literature of ichthyology, becoming especially interested in the system of classification, then most imperfect. I tried to follow Agassiz's scheme of division into the order of ctenoids and ganoids, with the result that I found one of my species of side-swimmers had cycloid scales on one side and ctenoid on the other. This not only shocked my sense of the value of classification in a way that permitted of no full recovery of my original respect for the process, but for a time shook my confidence in my master's knowledge. At the same time I had a malicious pleasure in exhibiting my *find* to him, expecting to repay in part the humiliation which he had evidently tried to inflict on my conceit. To my question as to how the nondescript should be classified he said: "My boy, there are now two of us who know that."

This incident of the fish made an end of my novitiate. After that, with a suddenness of transition which puzzled me, Agassiz became very communicative; we passed indeed into the relation of friends of like age and purpose, and he actually consulted me as to what I should like to take up as a field of study.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a theme on one of these topics:

The Right Way to Study
The Most Useful Lesson Ever Taught Me
Are Students Too Much Spoonfed?
Can a Student Without Initiative (one who waits for the teacher and absorbs what is told him) Become Truly Educated?
What Is an Educated Man?
The Subject I Worked Up for Myself and How I Proceeded
My Hobby and What I Do with It
Knowing for One's Self
A Course in Reading I Have Laid Out for Myself
How I Should Acquire Information on —— (a subject you are interested in)
Does a College Education Pay?

MY EARLY LOVE FOR THE ILIAD*

A. W. KINGLAKE

I too, loved Homer, but not with a scholar's love. The most humble and pious among women was yet so proud a mother that she could teach her first-born son, no Watts's hymns, no collects for the day: she could teach him in earliest childhood no less than this—to find a home in his saddle and to love old Homer and all that Homer sung. True it is that the Greek was ingeniously rendered into English,—the English of Pope,—but not even a mesh like that can screen an earnest child from the fire of Homer's battles.

I pored over the *Odyssey* as over a story-book, hoping and fearing for the hero whom yet I partly scorned. But the *Iliad*—line by line I clasped it to my brain with reverence as well as with love. As an old woman deeply trustful sits reading her Bible because of the world to come, so, as though it would fit me for the coming strife of this temporal world, I read and read

* *Eothen,* Chapter IV.

the *Iliad*. Even outwardly it was not like other books; it was throned in towering folios. There was a preface or dissertation printed in type still more majestic than the rest of the book; this I read, but not till my enthusiasm for the *Iliad* had already run high. The writer, compiling the opinions of many men, and chiefly of the ancients, set forth, I know not how quaintly, that the *Iliad* was all in all to the human race—that it was history, poetry, revelation; that the works of men's hands were folly and vanity, and would pass away like the dreams of a child, but that the kingdom of Homer would endure for ever and ever.

I assented with all my soul. I read, and still read; I came to know Homer. A learned commentator knows something of the Greeks in the same sense as an oil-and-colour man may be said to know something of painting; but take an untamed child and leave him alone for twelve months with any translation of Homer, and he will be nearer by twenty centuries to the spirit of old Greece; *he* does not stop in the ninth year of the siege to admire this or that group of words; *he* has no books in his tent: but he shares in vital counsels with the "king of men," and knows the inmost souls of the impending Gods. How profanely he exults over the powers divine when they are taught to dread the prowess of mortals! and most of all, how he rejoices when the God of War flies howling from the spear of Diomed, and mounts into heaven for safety! Then, the beautiful episode of the sixth book! The way to feel this is not to go casting about and learning from pastors and masters how best to admire it. The impatient child is not grubbing for beauties, but pushing the siege; the women vex him with their delays and their talking; the mention of the nurse is personal, and little sympathy has he for the child that is young enough to be frightened at the nodding plume of a helmet: but all the while that he thus chafes at the pausing of the action, the strong vertical light of Homer's poetry is blazing so full upon the people and things of the *Iliad*

that soon, to the eyes of the child, they grow familiar as his mother's shawl; yet of this great gain he is unconscious, and on he goes, vengefully thirsting for the best blood of Troy, and never remitting his fierceness, till almost suddenly it is changed for sorrow—the new and generous sorrow that he learns to feel when the noblest of all his foes lies sadly dying at the Scæan gate.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a theme on one of these topics:

A Book That Influenced Me in My Childhood (the book need not be a classic)
A Book That Captivated My Childish Imagination
An Unpretentious Book That Has Meant Much to Me
Literature for Children
The Kind of Stories That Children Like
How a Book May Influence One's Entire Attitude to Life.

MY EARLY READING *

JACK LONDON

By the time I was ten years old, my family had abandoned ranching and gone to live in the city. And here, at ten, I began on the streets as a newsboy. One of the reasons for this was that we needed the money. Another reason was that I needed the exercise. I had found my way to the free public library, and was reading myself into nervous prostration. On the poor-ranches on which I had lived there had been no books. In ways truly miraculous, I had been lent four books, marvelous books, and them I had devoured. One was the life of Garfield; the second, Paul du Chaillu's African travels; the third, a novel by Ouida with the last forty pages missing; and the fourth, Irving's "Alhambra." This last had been lent me by a school-teacher. I was not a forward child. Unlike Oliver Twist, I was incapable of asking for more. When I returned the "Al-

* *John Barleycorn,* Chapter V. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

hambra" to the teacher I hoped she would lend me another book. And because she did not—most likely she deemed me unappreciative—I cried all the way home on the three-mile tramp from the school to the ranch. I waited and yearned for her to lend me another book. Scores of times I nerved myself almost to the point of asking her, but never quite reached the necessary pitch of effrontery.

And then came the city of Oakland, and on the shelves of that free-library I discovered all the great world beyond the skyline. Here were thousands of books as good as my four wonder-books, and some were even better. Libraries were not concerned with children in those days, and I had strange adventures. I remember, in the catalogue, being impressed by the title, "The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle." I filled an application blank and the librarian handed me the collected and entirely unexpurgated works of Smollett in one huge volume. I read everything, but principally history and adventure, and all the old travels and voyages. I read mornings, afternoons, and nights. I read in bed, I read at table, I read as I walked to and from school, and I read at recess while the other boys were playing. I began to get the "jerks." To everybody I replied: "Go away. You make me nervous."

And so, at ten, I was out on the streets, a newsboy.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a theme on one of these topics:

The Book I Tried to Borrow
The Book I Have Always Wanted to Read
The Book from Which the Last Chapter Was Missing
An Overestimated Book
What My Parents Thought About Reading
A Book Much Discussed at Present
My Favorite Book
My Favorite Magazine
A Book I Do Not Like

A Good Book That Few People Know
The Book I Read in the Haymow.

CHOOSING OUR FRIENDS *

JOHN RUSKIN

But granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance or necessity; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humoredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a princess, or arresting the kind glance of a queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society, continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long,—kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it!—in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves,—we make no account of that company,—perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

* From *Sesame and Lilies.*

ASSIGNMENT

Write a theme on one of these topics:

Books as Friends
Some Books I Have Found Companionable
The Mental Poverty of the Bookless
A Great Man I Know Through His Books.

THE PLEASURES OF READING *

CHARLES W. ELIOT

Once, when I was talking with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes about the best pleasures in life, he mentioned, as one of the most precious, frequent contact with quick and well-stored minds in large variety; he valued highly the number, frequency, and variety of quickening, intellectual encounters. We were thinking of contact in conversation; but this pleasure, if only to be procured by personal meetings, would obviously be within the reach, as a rule, of only a very limited number of persons. Fortunately for us and for posterity, the cheap printing-press has put within easy reach of every man who can read, all the best minds both of the past and the present. For one tenth part of a year's wages a young mechanic can buy, before he marries, a library of famous books which, if he masters it, will make him a well-read man. For half-a-day's wages a clerk can provide himself with a weekly paper which will keep him informed for a year of all important current events. Public libraries, circulating libraries, Sunday-school libraries, and book-clubs nowadays bring much reading to the door of every household and every solitary creature that wants to read. This is a new privilege for the mass of mankind; and it is an inexhaustible source of intellectual and spiritual nutriment. It seems as if this new privilege alone must alter the whole aspect

* From "The Happy Life" in *American Contributions to Civilization.* Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

of society in a few generations. Books are the quietest and most constant of friends; they are the most accessible and wisest of counsellors, and the most patient of teachers. With his daily work and his books, many a man, whom the world thought forlorn, has found life worth living. It is a mistake to suppose that a great deal of leisure is necessary for this happy intercourse with books. Ten minutes a day devoted affectionately to good books—indeed to one book of the first order, like the English Bible or Shakspere, or to two or three books of the second order, like Homer, Virgil, Milton, or Bacon—will in thirty years make all the difference between a cultivated and an uncultivated man, between a man mentally rich and a man mentally poor. The pleasures of reading are of course in good part pleasures of the imagination; but they are just as natural and actual as pleasures of sense, and are often more accessible and more lasting.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a theme on one of these topics:

What the Public Library Means to My Community
What the Public Library Means to Me
Why I Sell (Don't Sell) My Old Books
What Volumes I Should Buy if I Had Fifty Dollars to Spend on Books
What I Could Invest Two Dollars in More Satisfactorily Than in a Book
Why an Investment in a Book Is an Investment in Culture
Is the Well-Read Man Who Has Not Attended College Educated?
The Department of Our Public Library That Needs Building Up
The Department of My Private Library That Needs Building Up
The Book I Would Like to Write
The Book I Would Like to Have Written
Why I Believe in Reading Modern Books
Why I Believe in Reading the Standard Authors
Why I Give Books as Presents

The Book I Would Recommend to a Sailor
The Book I Would Recommend to a Soldier
The Ideal Make-Up of a Book (size, binding, type, etc.)
The Most Useful Reference Book I Know
My Stand upon the Censuring of Books
A Book by Which I Test People's Taste
Why I Object to Motion-Pictures Being Made from Books
Some Famous Prices Paid for First Editions
The Way to Care for Books Properly
The Way Not to Treat Books
Why I Always Read the Preface of a Book
Ways in Which My Books Are Lost.

GROUP III—EDUCATION AND CULTURE

CULTURE NOT DISDAIN *

WILLIAM JAMES

We of the colleges must eradicate a curious notion which numbers of good people have about such ancient seats of learning as Harvard. To many ignorant outsiders, that name suggests little more than a kind of sterilized conceit and incapacity for being pleased. In Edith Wyatt's exquisite book of Chicago sketches called "Every One His Own Way" there is a couple who stand for culture in the sense of exclusiveness, Richard Elliot and his feminine counterpart—feeble caricatures of mankind, unable to know any good thing when they see it, incapable of enjoyment unless a printed label gives them leave. Possibly this type of culture may exist near Cambridge and Boston. There may be specimens there, for priggishness is just like painter's colic or any other trade-disease. But every good college makes its students immune against this malady, of which the microbe haunts the neighborhood of printed pages. It does so by its general tone being too hearty for the microbe's

* From "The Social Value of the College Bred" in *Memories and Studies.* Reprinted by permission of Longmans, Green & Co.

life. Real culture lives by sympathies and admirations, not by dislikes and disdains; under all misleading wrappings it pounces unerringly upon the human core. If a college, through the inferior human influences that have grown regnant there, fails to catch the robuster tone, its failure is colossal, for its social function stops: democracy gives it a wide berth, turns toward it a deaf ear.

AIM OF A UNIVERSITY COURSE *

CARDINAL NEWMAN

To-day I have confined myself to saying that that training of the intellect, which is best for the individual himself, best enables him to discharge his duties to society. The Philosopher, indeed, and the man of the world differ in their very notion, but the methods, by which they are respectively formed, are pretty much the same. The Philosopher has the same command of matters of thought, which the true citizen and gentleman has of matters of business and conduct. If then a practical end must be assigned to a University course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand, nor creates heroes or inspires genius on the other. Works indeed of genius fall under no art; heroic minds come under no rule; a University is not a birthplace of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies, or conquerors of nations. It does not promise a generation of Aristotles or Newtons, of Napoleons or Washingtons, of Raphaels or Shakespeares, though such miracles of nature it has before now contained within its precincts. Nor is it content on the other hand with forming the critic or the experimentalist, the economist or the engineer, though such too it includes within its scope. But a University training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary

* From "Idea of a University."

end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life. It is the education which gives a man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. He is at home in any society, he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably, when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion, and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. He has the repose of a mind which lives in itself, while it lives in the world, and which has resources for its happiness at home when it cannot go abroad. He has a gift which serves him in public, and supports him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar, and with which failure and disappointment have a charm. The art which tends to make a man all this, is in the object which it pursues as useful as the art of wealth or the art of health, though it is less susceptible of method, and less tangible, less certain, less complete, in its results.

THE ADJUSTMENT OF ONE'S SELF TO CONDITIONS *

WOODROW WILSON

Adjustment is exactly what a man gains when he comes to himself. Some men gain it late, some early; some get it all at once, as if by one distinct act of deliberate accommodation; others get it by degrees and quite imperceptibly. No doubt to most men it comes by the slow process of experience—at each stage of life a little. A college man feels the first shock of it at graduation, when the boy's life has been lived out and the man's life suddenly begins. He has measured himself with boys; he knows their code and feels the spur of their ideals of achievement. But what the world expects of him he has yet to find out, and it works, when he has discovered it, a veritable revolution in his ways both of thought and of action. He finds a new sort of fitness demanded of him, executive, thoroughgoing, careful of details, full of drudgery and obedience to orders. Everybody is ahead of him. Just now he was a senior, at the top of a world he knew and reigned in, a finished product and pattern of good form. Of a sudden he is a novice again, as green as in his first school year, studying a thing that seems to have no rules—at sea amid cross-winds, and a bit seasick withal. Presently, if he be made of stuff that will shake into shape and fitness, he settles to his tasks and is comfortable. He has come to himself: understands what capacity is, and what it is meant for; sees that his training was not for ornament or personal gratification, but to teach him how to use himself and develop faculties worth using. Henceforth there is a zest in action, and he loves to see his strokes tell.

* *When a Man Comes to Himself,* pages 7-9. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Bros.

MY BELATED EDUCATION *

JACK LONDON

In the course of my tramping over the United States I achieved a new concept. As a tramp, I was behind the scenes of society—ay, and down in the cellar. I could watch the machinery work. I saw the wheels of the social machine go around, and I learned that the dignity of manual labor was n't what I had been told it was by the teachers, preachers, and politicians. The men without trades were helpless cattle. If one learned a trade, he was compelled to belong to a union in order to work at his trade. And his union was compelled to bully and slug the employers' unions in order to hold up wages or hold down hours. The employers' unions likewise bullied and slugged. I could n't see any dignity at all. And when a workman got old, or had an accident, he was thrown into the scrap-heap like any worn-out machine. I saw too many of this sort who were making anything but dignified ends of life.

So my new concept was that manual labor was undignified, and that it did n't pay. No trade for me, was my decision, and no superintendent's daughter. And no criminality, I also decided. That would be almost as disastrous as to be a laborer. Brains paid, not brawn, and I resolved never again to offer my muscles for sale in the brawn market. Brain, and brain only, would I sell.

I returned to California with the firm intention of developing my brain. This meant school education. I had gone through the grammar school long ago, so I entered the Oakland High School. To pay my way, I worked as a janitor. My sister helped me, too; and I was not above mowing anybody's lawn or taking up and beating carpets when I had half a day to

* *John Barleycorn,* Chapters XXI and XXII. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

spare. I was working to get away from work, and I buckled down to it with a grim realization of the paradox.

. . . . . .

Three years was the time required to go through high school. I grew impatient. Also, my schooling was becoming financially impossible. At such rate I could not last out, and I did greatly want to go to the state university. When I had done a year of high school, I decided to attempt a short cut. I borrowed the money and paid to enter the senior class of a "cramming joint" or academy. I was scheduled to graduate right into the university at the end of four months, thus saving two years.

And how I did cram! I had two years' new work to do in a third of a year. For five weeks I crammed, until simultaneous quadratic equations and chemical formulas fairly oozed from my ears. And then the master of the academy took me aside. He was very sorry, but he was compelled to give me back my tuition fee and to ask me to leave the school. It was n't a matter of scholarship. I stood well in my classes, and did he graduate me into the university he was confident that in that institution I would continue to stand well. The trouble was that tongues were gossiping about my case. What! In four months accomplish two years' work! It would be a scandal, and the universities were becoming severer in their treatment of accredited prep schools. He could n't afford such a scandal, therefore I must gracefully depart.

I did. And I paid back the borrowed money, and gritted my teeth, and started to cram by myself. There were three months yet before the university entrance-examinations. Without laboratories, without coaching, sitting in my bedroom, I proceeded to compress that two years' work into three months and to keep reviewed on the previous year's work.

Nineteen hours a day I studied. For three months I kept this pace, only breaking it on several occasions. My body grew weary, my mind grew weary, but I stayed with it. My eyes

grew weary and began to twitch, but they did not break down. Perhaps, toward the last, I got a bit dotty. I know that at the time I was confident I had discovered the formula for squaring the circle; but I resolutely deferred the working of it out until after the examinations. Then I would show them.

Came the several days of examinations, during which time I scarcely closed my eyes in sleep, devoting every moment to cramming and reviewing. And when I turned in my last examination paper I was in full possession of a splendid case of brain-fag. I did n't want to see a book. I did n't want to think nor to lay eyes on anybody who was liable to think.

ASSIGNMENT FOR GROUP III

1. Analyze the method of approach to the subject in each of the selections in this group. Make a list of other possible methods.

2. Write a theme on one of these topics:

Educational Snobs
Are College Men Democrats?
What Noblesse Oblige Implies for the Student
Training for Service in Life
The Power to Ignore Non-Essentials as the Mark of a Trained Mind
The Tolerance of the Truly Educated
After Graduation, What?
What Sort of Job Befits the Graduate?
Making a Start
Why I Decided to Get an Education
Obtaining an Education Under Difficulties
Grandfather's Ideas of Education
A Defect in This School
Does Educational Training in America To-day Make for Real Culture?
Old-Fashioned vs. Present-Day Educational Methods
A Fault in Educational Methods To-day
Are Our Intelligence Tests Fair and Well-Balanced?
The Crankiest Pedagogue I Ever Saw
English vs. American Colleges

The American vs. the German (French) Educational System.

3. Adapt your material successively to different audiences as called for in one of the following:

Explain the superiority of your school to all others (a) to prospective students, (b) to its alumni in a distant city, (c) in a toast at a banquet given by your friends in a rival school.

Discuss the advantages of college education, having for your audience (a) students just entering college, (b) students you are trying to interest in going to college, (c) a hard-headed business man whom you are soliciting for a contribution to the endowment fund.

Urge the advantages of a change in the curriculum upon (a) your classmates, (b) the faculty in general, (c) the teacher whose courses would no longer be required.

Urge the erection of a new school building in an address (a) to clubwomen who have no satisfactory clubhouse, (b) taxpayers with children, (c) taxpayers without children.

Give an account of your year at school to (a) your parents, (b) your boyhood chum, (c) a child, (d) the editor of your home paper.

GROUP IV—WAR

THE CAUSES OF WAR *

JONATHAN SWIFT

He asked me what were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another. I answered they were innumerable; but I should only mention a few of the chief. Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern; sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in a war in order to stifle or divert the clamor of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinion has cost many millions of lives: for instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh †; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine; whether whistling

* *Gulliver's Travels,* Book IV, Chapter V.

† The doctrine of transubstantiation.

be a vice or a virtue *; whether it be better to kiss a post, or throw it into the fire †; what is the best color for a coat ‡, whether black, white, red, or gray; and whether it should be long or short, narrow or wide, dirty or clean; with many more. Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long continuance, as those occasioned by difference in opinion, especially if it be in things indifferent.

Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretends to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrels with another, for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon, because the enemy is too strong, and sometimes because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbors want the things which we have, or have the things which we want; and we both fight, till they take ours or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of a war to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominions round and compact. If a prince sends forces into a nation, where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honorable, and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he hath driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood or marriage, is a frequent cause of war between princes; and the nearer the kindred is, the greater their disposition to quarrel: poor nations are hungry, and rich

* Church music.
† Kissing the crucifix.
‡ Various sacred vestments betokened the various ecclesiastical orders.

nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For these reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honorable of all others, because a soldier is a *Yahoo* hired to kill in cold blood as many of his own species, who never offended him, as possibly he can.

THE FOLLY OF WAR *

THOMAS CARLYLE

What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain "Natural Enemies" of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men: Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending: till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word "Fire!" is given: and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so

* *Sartor Resartus,* Book II, Chapter VIII.

wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot. Alas, so is it in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands; still as of old, "what deviltry soever Kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper!"

THE NON-MILITARY DISCIPLINE OF COMMUNITIES *

WILLIAM JAMES

The war-party is assuredly right in affirming and reaffirming that the martial virtues, although originally gained by the race through war, are absolute and permanent human goods. Patriotic pride and ambition in their military form are, after all, only specifications of a more general competitive passion. They are its first form, but that is no reason for supposing them to be its last form. Men now are proud of belonging to a conquering nation, and without a murmur they lay down their persons and their wealth, if by so doing they may fend off subjection. But who can be sure that *other aspects of one's country* may not, with time and education and suggestion enough, come to be regarded with similarly effective feelings of pride and shame? Why should men not some day feel that it is worth a blood-tax to belong to a collectivity superior in *any* ideal respect? Why should they not blush with indignant shame if the community that owns them is vile in any way whatsoever? Individuals, daily more numerous, now feel this civic passion. It is only a question of blowing on the spark till the whole population gets incandescent, and on the ruins of the old morals of military honor, a stable system of morals of civic

* From "The Moral Equivalent of War" in *Memories and Studies.* Reprinted by permission of Longmans, Green & Co.

honor builds itself up. What the whole community comes to believe in grasps the individual as in a vise. The war-function has grasped us so far; but constructive interests may some day seem no less imperative, and impose on the individual a hardly lighter burden.

Let me illustrate my idea more concretely. There is nothing to make one indignant in the mere fact that life is hard, that men should toil and suffer pain. The planetary conditions once for all are such, and we can stand it. But that so many men, by mere accidents of birth and opportunity, should have a life of *nothing else* but toil and pain and hardness and inferiority imposed upon them, should have *no* vacation, while others natively no more deserving never get any taste of this campaigning life at all,—*this* is capable of arousing indignation in reflective minds. It may end by seeming shameful to all of us that some of us have nothing but campaigning, and others nothing but unmanly ease. If now—and this is my idea—there were, instead of military conscription a conscription of the whole youthful population to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against *Nature,* the injustice would tend to be evened out, and numerous other goods to the commonwealth would follow. The military ideals of hardihood and discipline would be wrought into the growing fibre of the people; no one would remain blind as the luxurious classes now are blind, to man's relations to the globe he lives on, and to the permanently sour and hard foundations of his higher life. To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dishwashing, clothes-washing, and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stoke-holes, and to the frames of skyscrapers, would our gilded youths be drafted off, according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas. They would have paid their blood-tax, done their own part in the immemorial human warfare

against nature; they would tread the earth more proudly, the women would value them more highly, they would be better fathers and teachers of the following generation.

Such a conscription, with the state of public opinion that would have required it, and the many moral fruits it would bear, would preserve in the midst of a pacific civilization the manly virtues which the military party is so afraid of seeing disappear in peace. We should get toughness without callousness, authority with as little criminal cruelty as possible, and painful work done cheerily because the duty is temporary, and threatens not, as now, to degrade the whole remainder of one's life. I spoke of the "moral equivalent" of war. So far, war has been the only force that can discipline a whole community, and until an equivalent discipline is organized, I believe that war must have its way. But I have no serious doubt that the ordinary prides and shames of social man, once developed to a certain intensity, are capable of organizing such a moral equivalent as I have sketched, or some other just as effective for preserving manliness of type. It is but a question of time, of skilful propagandism, and of opinion-making men seizing historic opportunities.

WAR THE INEVITABLE OUTGROWTH OF THE COMPLEXITIES OF LIFE *

W. G. Sumner

In the struggle for existence a man is wrestling with nature to extort from her the means of subsistence. When two men are striving side by side in the struggle for existence, they come into rivalry, and a collision of interest takes place. This collision may be light and unimportant, if the supplies are large and the number of men small; or it may be harsh and violent,

* From *War and Other Essays.* Reprinted by permission of the Yale University Press.

if there are many men striving for a small supply. This collision we call the competition of life. The greater or less intensity of the competition of life is a fundamental condition of human existence, and the competition arises between those ultimate unit-groups which I have described. The members of the unit-group work together. The Australian hunter goes abroad to seek meat food, while the woman stays by the fire at a trysting place, with the children, and collects plant food. They coöperate in the struggle for existence, and the size of the group is fixed by the number who can work together to the greatest advantage under their mode of life. Such a group, therefore, has a common interest. It must have control of a certain area of land; hence it comes into collision of interest with every other group. The competition of life, therefore, arises between groups, not between individuals; and we see that the members of the "in-group" are allies and joint partners in one interest, while they are brought into antagonism of interest with all outsiders. It is the competition of life, therefore, which makes war, and that is why war always has existed and always will exist. It is in the conditions of human existence.

ASSIGNMENT FOR GROUP IV

1. Analyze the mood, thought, and method of treatment of each selection in this group. Contrast the selections with reference to these matters.

2. Write a theme on one of these topics:

Present-Day Causes of War
The Relation of Civilized to Uncivilized Races
How War Affects the Laboring Man
How War Affects the Capitalist
Women in Modern War
Can the Profiteer in Time of War Be Suppressed?
What the War Cost Our Community
An Enterprise My Community (Group, Class) Should Engage In
Is the Present Organization of the World Such as to Lead to Another Great War?

How the Next War Will Be Conducted
The Next Step toward International Peace
Must War Be Followed by Political, Economic, Social, and Moral Reaction?
A Military Organization as the Embodiment of the Spirit of Feudalism
The Most Sensible Idea I Ever Heard about War
The Finest Piece of Wartime Self-Sacrifice I Know Of
My Favorite Military Hero.

GROUP V—HUNTING

THE BUFFALO OF PIONEER DAYS*

FRANCIS PARKMAN

These two selections are both from the same book and chapter. They treat the same general subject. One, however, is expository, while the other is narrative.

1. The Two Methods of Hunting Buffalo

The country before us was now thronged with buffalo, and a sketch of the manner of hunting them will not be out of place. There are two methods commonly practised, "running" and "approaching." The chase on horseback, which goes by the name of "running," is the more violent and dashing of the two, that is to say, when the buffalo are in one of their wild moods; for otherwise it is tame enough. A practised and skilful hunter, well mounted, will sometimes kill five or six cows in a single chase, loading his gun again and again as his horse rushes through the tumult. In attacking a small band of buffalo, or in separating a single animal from the herd and assailing it apart from the rest, there is less excitement and less danger. In fact, the animals are at times so stupid and lethargic that

* *The Oregon Trail,* chapter XXIV.

there is little sport in killing them. With a bold and well-trained horse the hunter may ride so close to the buffalo that as they gallop side by side he may touch him with his hand; nor is there much danger in this as long as the buffalo's strength and breath continue unabated; but when he becomes tired and can no longer run with ease, when his tongue lolls out and the foam flies from his jaws, then the hunter had better keep a more respectful distance; the distressed brute may turn upon him at any instant; and especially at the moment when he fires his gun. The horse then leaps aside, and the hunter has need of a tenacious seat in the saddle, for if he is thrown to the ground there is no hope for him. When he sees his attack defeated the buffalo resumes his flight, but if the shot is well directed he soon stops; for a few moments he stands still, then totters and falls heavily upon the prairie.

The chief difficulty in running buffalo, as it seems to me, is that of loading the gun or pistol at full gallop. Many hunters for convenience' sake carry three or four bullets in the mouth; the powder is poured down the muzzle of the piece, the bullet dropped in after it, the stock struck hard upon the pommel of the saddle, and the work is done. The danger of this is obvious. Should the blow on the pommel fail to send the bullet home, or should the bullet in the act of aiming, start from its place and roll towards the muzzle, the gun would probably burst in discharging. Many a shattered hand and worse casualties beside have been the result of such an accident. To obviate it, some hunters make use of a ramrod, usually hung by a string from the neck, but this materially increases the difficulty of loading. The bows and arrows which the Indians use in running buffalo have many advantages over firearms, and even white men occasionally employ them.

The danger of the chase arises not so much from the onset of the wounded animal as from the nature of the ground which the hunter must ride over. The prairie does not always present

a smooth, level, and uniform surface; very often it is broken with hills and hollows, intersected by ravines, and in the remoter parts studded by the stiff wild-sage bushes. The most formidable obstructions, however, are the burrows of wild animals, wolves, badgers, and particularly prairie-dogs, with whose holes the ground for a very great extent is frequently honeycombed. In the blindness of the chase the hunter rushes over it unconscious of danger; his horse, at full career, thrusts his leg deep into one of the burrows; the bone snaps, the rider is hurled forward to the ground and probably killed. Yet accidents in buffalo running happen less frequently than one would suppose; in the recklessness of the chase, the hunter enjoys all the impunity of a drunken man, and may ride in safety over gullies and declivities, where, should he attempt to pass in his sober senses, he would infallibly break his neck.

The method of "approaching," being practised on foot, has many advantages over that of "running"; in the former, one neither breaks down his horse nor endangers his own life; he must be cool, collected, and watchful; must understand the buffalo, observe the features of the country and the course of the wind, and be well skilled in using the rifle. The buffalo are strange animals; sometimes they are so stupid and infatuated that a man may walk up to them in full sight on the open prairie, and even shoot several of their number before the rest will think it necessary to retreat. At another moment they will be so shy and wary, that in order to approach them the utmost skill, experience, and judgment are necessary. Kit Carson, I believe, stands pre-eminent in running buffalo; in approaching, no man living can bear away the palm from Henry Chatillon.

2. A Buffalo Hunt

We had gone scarcely a mile when we saw an imposing spectacle. From the river bank on the right, away over the swelling

prairie, and in front as far as the eye could reach, was one vast host of buffalo. The outskirts of the herd were within a quarter of a mile. In many parts they were crowded so densely together that in the distance their rounded backs presented a surface of uniform blackness; but elsewhere they were more scattered, and from amid the multitude rose little columns of dust where some of them were rolling on the ground. Here and there a battle was going forward among the bulls. We could distinctly see them rushing against each other, and hear the clattering of their horns and their hoarse bellowing. Shaw was riding at some distance in advance, with Henry Chatillon: I saw him stop and draw the leather covering from his gun. With such a sight before us, but one thing could be thought of. That morning I had used pistols in the chase. I had now a mind to try the virtue of a gun. Deslauriers had one, and I rode up to the side of the cart; there he sat under the white covering, biting his pipe between his teeth and grinning with excitement.

"Lend me your gun, Deslauriers."

"Oui, Monsieur, oui," said Deslauriers, tugging with might and main to stop the mule, which seemed obstinately bent on going forward. Then every thing but his moccasins disappeared as he crawled into the cart and pulled at the gun to extricate it.

"Is it loaded?" I asked.

"Oui, bien chargé; you 'll kill, mon bourgeois; yes, you 'll kill—c'est un bon fusil."

I handed him my rifle and rode forward to Shaw.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Come on," said I.

"Keep down that hollow," said Henry, "and then they won't see you till you get close to them."

The hollow was a kind of wide ravine; it ran obliquely towards the buffalo, and we rode at a canter along the bottom until it became too shallow; then we bent close to our horses' necks, and, at last, finding that it could no longer conceal us,

came out of it and rode directly towards the herd. It was within gunshot; before its outskirts, numerous grizzly old bulls were scattered, holding guard over their females. They glared at us in anger and astonishment, walked towards us a few yards, and then turning slowly round retreated at a trot which afterwards broke into a clumsy gallop. In an instant the main body caught the alarm. The buffalo began to crowd away from the point towards which we were approaching, and a gap was opened in the side of the herd. We entered it, still restraining our excited horses. Every instant the tumult was thickening. The buffalo, pressing together in large bodies, crowded away from us on every hand. In front and on either side we could see dark columns and masses, half hidden by clouds of dust, rushing along in terror and confusion, and hear the tramp and clattering of ten thousand hoofs. That countless multitude of powerful brutes, ignorant of their own strength, were flying in a panic from the approach of two feeble horsemen. To remain quiet longer was impossible.

"Take that band on the left," said Shaw; "I 'll take these in front."

He sprang off, and I saw no more of him. A heavy Indian whip was fastened by a band to my waist; I swung it into the air and lashed my horse's flank with all the strength of my arm. Away she darted, stretching close to the ground. I could see nothing but a cloud of dust before me, but I knew that it concealed a band of many hundreds of buffalo. In a moment I was in the midst of the cloud, half suffocated by the dust and stunned by the trampling of the flying herd; but I was drunk with the chase and cared for nothing but the buffalo Very soon a long dark mass became visible, looming through the dusk; then I could distinguish each bulky carcass, the hoofs flying out beneath, the short tails held rigidly erect. In a moment I was so close that I could have touched them with my gun. Suddenly, to my amazement, the hoofs were jerked upwards,

the tails flourished in the air, and amid a cloud of dust the buffalo seemed to sink into the earth before me. One vivid impression of that instant remains upon my mind. I remember looking down upon the backs of several buffalo dimly visible through the dust. We had run unawares upon a ravine. At that moment I was not the most accurate judge of depth and width, but when I passed it on my return, I found it about twelve feet deep and not quite twice as wide at the bottom. It was impossible to stop; I would have done so gladly if I could; so, half sliding, half plunging, down went the little mare. She came down on her knees in the loose sand at the bottom; I was pitched forward against her neck and nearly thrown over her head among the buffalo, who amid dust and confusion came tumbling in all around. The mare was on her feet in an instant and scrambling like a cat up the opposite side. I thought for a moment that she would have fallen back and crushed me, but with a violent effort she clambered out and gained the hard prairie above. Glancing back I saw the huge head of a bull clinging as it were by the forefeet at the edge of the dusty gulf. At length I was fairly among the buffalo. They were less densely crowded than before, and I could see nothing but bulls, who always run at the rear of a herd to protect their females. As I passed among them they would lower their heads, and turning as they ran, try to gore my horse; but as they were already at full speed there was no force in their onset, and as Pauline ran faster than they, they were always thrown behind her in the effort. I soon began to distinguish cows amid the throng. One just in front of me seemed to my liking, and I pushed close to her side. Dropping the reins I fired, holding the muzzle of the gun within a foot of her shoulder. Quick as lightning she sprang at Pauline; the little mare dodged the attack, and I lost sight of the wounded animal amid the tumult. Immediately after, I selected another, and urging forward Pauline, shot into her both pistols in suc-

cession. For a while I kept her in view, but in attempting to load my gun, lost sight of her also in the confusion. Believing her to be mortally wounded and unable to keep up with the herd, I checked my horse. The crowd rushed onwards. The dust and tumult passed away, and on the prairie, far behind the rest, I saw a solitary buffalo galloping heavily. In a moment I and my victim were running side by side. My firearms were all empty, and I had in my pouch nothing but rifle bullets, too large for the pistols and too small for the gun. I loaded the gun, however, but as often as I levelled it to fire, the bullets would roll out of the muzzle and the gun returned only a report like a squib, as the powder harmlessly exploded. I rode in front of the buffalo and tried to turn her back; but her eyes glared, her mane bristled, and, lowering her head, she rushed at me with the utmost fierceness and activity. Again and again I rode before her, and again and again she repeated her furious charge. But little Pauline was in her element. She dodged her enemy at every rush, until at length the buffalo stood still, exhausted with her own efforts, her tongue lolling from her jaws.

Riding to a little distance, I dismounted, thinking to gather a handful of dry grass to serve the purpose of wadding, and load the gun at my leisure. No sooner were my feet on the ground than the buffalo came bounding in such a rage towards me that I jumped back again into the saddle with all possible despatch. After waiting a few minutes more, I made an attempt to ride up and stab her with my knife; but Pauline was near being gored in the attempt. At length, bethinking me of the fringes at the seams of my buckskin trousers, I jerked off a few of them, and, reloading the gun, forced them down the barrel to keep the bullet in its place; then approaching, I shot the wounded buffalo through the heart. Sinking to her knees, she rolled over lifeless on the prairie. To my astonishment, I found that, instead of a cow, I had been slaughtering a stout yearling bull. No longer

wondering at his fierceness, I opened his throat, and cutting out his tongue, tied it at the back of my saddle. My mistake was one which a more experienced eye than mine might easily make in the dust and confusion of such a chase.

Then for the first time I had leisure to look at the scene around me. The prairie in front was darkened with the retreating multitude, and on either hand the buffalo came filing up in endless columns from the low plains upon the river. The Arkansas was three or four miles distant. I turned and moved slowly towards it.

HUNTING BIG GAME IN AFRICA *

J. H. Patterson

These three selections are excellent examples of easy informal writing. Note the complete absence of any attempt to be "literary," either in vocabulary or style,—the effect is that the events are *told* rather than *written*. Since the events are related as they happened, the connectives are mostly those of time. Read through each selection pointing out these connectives and all the words and phrases denoting time. How is variety attained? Observe how you are made to feel the rapid passing of time when the author's narrative cannot keep up with the events. Now to see with what skill monotony has been avoided, read through each selection substituting wherever possible the usual "and then" of students' themes. Note how mediocre, even childish, the narratives have become.

1. Shooting a Hippopotamus

After an early dinner, which Mabruki soon got ready, I left my followers encamped in a safe *boma* a mile away from the river, and started out with Mahina to find a suitable tree, near a hippo "run," in which to spend the night. Having some difficulty in finding a likely spot, we crossed to the other side of the river—rather a risky thing to do on account of the number of crocodiles in it: we found a fairly shallow ford, however, and

* From *The Man-Eaters of Tsavo*, chapters XII, XVII, and XXIV. Published by The Macmillan Co., Limited, London.

managed to get safely over. Here, on what was evidently an island during flood time, we found innumerable traces of both hippo and rhino—in fact the difficulty was to decide which track was the best and freshest. At length I picked out a tree close to the river and commanding a stretch of sand which was all flattened down and looked as if at least one hippo rolled there regularly every night. . . .

By the light of a splendid full moon we settled ourselves on a great outspreading branch, and commenced our vigil. Soon the jungle around us began to be alive with its peculiar sounds—a night bird would call, a crocodile shut his jaws with a snap, or a rhino or hippo crash through the bushes on its way to the water: now and again we could even hear the distant roar of the lion. Still there was nothing to be seen.

After waiting for some considerable time, a great hippo at last made his appearance and came splashing along in our direction, but unfortunately took up his position behind a tree which, in the most tantalizing way, completely hid him from view. Here he stood tooting and snorting and splashing about to his heart's content. For what seemed hours I watched for this ungainly creature to emerge from his covert, but as he seemed determined not to show himself I lost patience and made up my mind to go down after him. I therefore handed my rifle to Mahina to lower to me on reaching the ground, and began to descend carefully, holding on by the creepers which encircled the tree. To my intense vexation and disappointment, just as I was in this helpless condition, half-way to the ground, the great hippo suddenly came out from his shelter and calmly lumbered along right underneath me. I bitterly lamented my ill-luck and want of patience, for I could almost have touched his broad back as he passed. It was under these exasperating conditions that I saw a hippo for the first time, and without doubt he is the ugliest and most forbidding brute I have ever beheld.

The moment the great beast had passed our tree, he scented us,

snorted loudly, and dived into the bushes close by, smashing through them like a traction engine. In screwing myself round to watch him go, I broke the creepers by which I was holding on and landed on my back in the sand at the foot of the tree—none the worse for my short drop, but considerably startled at the thought that the hippo might come back at any moment. I climbed up to my perch again without loss of time, but he was evidently as much frightened as I was, and returned no more. Shortly after this we saw two rhino come down to the river to drink; they were too far off for a shot, however, so I did not disturb them, and they gradually waddled up-stream out of sight. Then we heard the awe-inspiring roar of a hungry lion close by, and presently another hippo gave forth his tooting challenge a little way down the river. As there seemed no likelihood of getting a shot at him from our tree, I made up my mind to stalk him on foot, so we both descended from our perch and made our way slowly through the trees in the semi-darkness. There were numbers of animals about, and I am sure that neither of us felt very comfortable as we crept along in the direction of the splashing hippo; for my own part I fancied every moment that I saw in front of me the form of a rhino or a lion ready to charge down upon us out of the shadow of the bush.

In this manner, with nerves strung to the highest pitch, we reached the edge of the river in safety, only to find that we were again balked by a small rush-covered island, on the other side of which our quarry could be heard. There was a good breeze blowing directly from him, however, so I thought the best thing to do was to attempt to get on to the island and to have a shot at him from there. Mahina, too, was eager for the fray, so we let ourselves quietly into the water, which here was quite shallow and reached only to our knees, and waded slowly across. On peering cautiously through the reeds at the corner of the island, I was surprised to find that I could see nothing of the hippo; but I soon realized that I was looking too far ahead, for on

lowering my eyes there he was, not twenty-five yards away, lying down in the shallow water, only half covered and practically facing us. His closeness to us made me rather anxious for our safety, more especially as just then he rose to his feet and gave forth a peculiar challenge or call which we had already heard so often during the night. All the same, as he raised his head, I fired at it. He whirled round, made a plunge forward, staggered and fell, and then lay quite still. To make assurance doubly sure, I gave him a couple more bullets as he lay, but we found afterwards that they were not needed, as my first shot had been a very lucky one and had penetrated the brain. We left him where he fell and got back to our perch, glad and relieved to be in safety once more.

As soon as it was daylight we were joined by my own men and several Wa Kamba, who had been hunting in the neighborhood. The natives cut out the tusks of the hippo, which were rather good ones, and feasted ravenously on the flesh, while I turned my attention with gratitude to the hot coffee and cakes which Mabruki had meanwhile prepared.

2. An Infuriated Rhinoceros

About ten days after my arrival at Machakos Road I walked in this way for five or six miles ahead of the last-laid rail. It was rather unusual for me to go so far, and, as it happened, I was alone on this occasion, Mahina having been left behind in camp. About two miles away on my left, I noticed a dark-looking object, and thinking it was an ostrich I started off towards it. Very soon, however, I found that it was bigger than an ostrich, and on getting still nearer made out the form of a great rhinoceros lying down. I continued to advance very cautiously, wriggling through the short grass until at length I got within fifty yards of where the huge beast was resting. Here I lay and watched him; but after some little time he evidently suspected my presence, for rising to his feet, he looked

straight in my direction and then proceeded to walk round me in a half-circle. The moment he got wind of me, he whipped round in his tracks like a cat and came for me in a bee-line. Hoping to turn him, I fired instantly; but unfortunately my soft-nosed bullets merely annoyed him further, and had not the slightest effect on his thick hide. On seeing this, I flung myself down quite flat on the grass and threw my helmet some ten feet away in the hope that he would perceive it and vent his rage on it instead of me. On he thundered, while I scarcely dared to breathe. I could hear him snorting and rooting up the grass close to me, but luckily for me he did not catch sight of me and charged by a few yards to my left.

As soon as he had passed me, my courage began to revive again, and I could not resist the temptation of sending a couple of bullets after him. These, however, simply cracked against his hide and splintered to pieces on it, sending the dry mud off in little clouds of dust. Their only real effect, indeed, was to make him still more angry. He stood stock-still for a moment, and then gored the ground most viciously and started off once more on the semi-circle round me. This proceeding terrified me more than ever, as I felt sure that he would come up-wind at me again, and I could scarcely hope to escape a second time. Unfortunately, my surmise proved correct, for directly he scented me, up went his nose in the air and down he charged like a battering-ram. I fairly pressed myself into the ground, as flat as ever I could, and luckily the grass was a few inches high. I felt the thud of his great feet pounding along, yet dared not move or look up lest he should see me. My heart was thumping like a steam hammer, and every moment I fully expected to find myself tossed into the air. Nearer and nearer came the heavy thudding, and I had quite given myself up for lost, when from my lying position I caught sight, out of the corner of my eye, of the infuriated beast rushing by. He had missed me again! I never felt so relieved in my life, and assuredly did not attempt

to annoy him further. He went off for good this time, and it was with satisfaction that I watched him gradually disappear in the distance. I could not have believed it possible that these huge, ungainly-looking brutes could move so rapidly, and turn and twist in their tracks just like monkeys, had I not actually seen this one do so before my eyes. If he had found me he would certainly have pounded me to atoms, as he was an old bull and in a most furious and vicious mood.

3. A Narrow Escape

As it was now late in the afternoon, and as there seemed no possibility of inducing the lions to leave the thicket in which they had concealed themselves, we turned back towards camp, intending to come out again the next day to track the wounded lioness. I was now riding "Blazeaway" and was trotting along in advance of the *tonga,* when suddenly he shied badly at a hyena, which sprang up out of the grass almost from beneath his feet and quickly scampered off. I pulled up for a moment and sat watching the hyena's ungainly bounds, wondering whether he were worth a shot. Suddenly I felt "Blazeaway" trembling violently beneath me, and on looking over my left shoulder to discover the reason, I was startled to see two fine lions not more than a hundred yards away, evidently the pair which I had seen the day before and which we had really come in search of. They looked as if they meant to dispute our passage, for they came slowly towards me for about ten yards or so and then lay down, watching me steadily all the time. I called out to Spooner, "Here are the lions I told you about," and he whipped up the ponies and in a moment or two was beside me with the *tonga.*

By this time I had seized my .303 and dismounted, so we at once commenced a cautious advance on the crouching lions, the arrangement being that Spooner was to take the right-hand one and I the other. We had got to within sixty yards' range

without incident and were just about to sit down comfortably to "pot" them, when they suddenly surprised us by turning and bolting off. I managed, however, to put a bullet into the one I had marked just as he crested a bank, and he looked very grand as he reared up against the sky and clawed the air on feeling the lead. For a second or two he gave me the impression that he was about to charge; but luckily he changed his mind and followed his companion, who had so far escaped scot free. I immediately mounted "Blazeaway" and galloped off in hot pursuit, and after about half a mile of very stiff going got up with them once more. Finding now that they could not get away, they halted, came to bay and then charged down upon me, the wounded lion leading. I had left my rifle behind, so all I could do was to turn and fly as fast as "Blazeaway" could go, praying inwardly the while that he would not put his foot into a hole. When the lions saw that they were unable to overtake me, they gave up the chase and lay down again, the wounded one being about two hundred yards in front of the other. At once I pulled up too, and then went back a little way, keeping a careful eye upon them; and I continued these tactics of riding up and down at a respectful distance until Spooner came up with the rifles, when we renewed the attack.

As a first measure I thought it advisable to disable the unhurt lion if possible, and, still using the .303, I got him with the second shot at a range of about three hundred yards. He seemed badly hit, for he sprang into the air and apparently fell heavily. I then exchanged my .303 for Spooner's spare 12-bore rifle, and we turned our attention to the nearer lion, who all this time had been lying perfectly still, watching our movements closely, and evidently just waiting to be down upon us the moment we came within charging distance. He was never given this opportunity, however, for we did not approach nearer than ninety yards, when Spooner sat down comfortably and knocked him over quite dead

with one shot from his .577, the bullet entering the left shoulder obliquely and passing through the heart.

It was now dusk, and there was no time to be lost if we meant to bag the second lion as well. We therefore resumed our cautious advance, moving to the right as we went, so as to get behind us what light there was remaining. The lion of course twisted round in the grass in such a way as always to keep facing us, and looked very ferocious, so that I was convinced that unless he were entirely disabled by the first shot he would be down on us like a whirlwind. All the same, I felt confident that, even in this event, one of us would succeed in stopping him before he could do any damage; but in this I was unfortunately to be proved mistaken.

Eventually we managed to get within eighty yards of the enraged animal, I being about five yards to the left front of Spooner, who was followed by Bhoota at about the same distance to his right rear. By this time the lion was beside himself with fury, growling savagely and raising quite a cloud of dust by lashing his tail against the ground. It was clearly high time that we did something, so asking Spooner to fire, I dropped on one knee and waited. Nor was I kept long in suspense, for the moment Spooner's shot rang out, up jumped the lion and charged down in a bee-line for me, coming in long, low bounds at great speed. I fired the right barrel at about fifty yards, but apparently missed; the left at about half that range, still without stopping effect. I knew then that there was no time to reload, so remained kneeling, expecting him to be on me the next moment. Suddenly, just as he was within a bound of me, he made a quick turn to my right. "Good heavens," I thought, "he is going for Spooner." I was wrong in this, however, for like a flash he passed Spooner also, and with a last tremendous bound seized Bhoota by the leg and rolled over and over with him for some yards in the impetus of the rush. Finally he stood over

him and tried to seize him by the throat, which the brave fellow prevented by courageously stuffing his left arm right into the great jaws. Poor Bhoota! By moving at the critical moment, he had diverted the lion's attention from me and had drawn the whole fury of the charge on to himself.

All this, of course, happened in only a second or two. In the short instant that intervened, I felt a cartridge thrust into my hand by Spooner's plucky servant, Imam Din, who had carried the 12-bore all day and who had stuck to me gallantly throughout the charge; and shoving it in, I rushed as quickly as I could to Bhoota's rescue. Meanwhile, Spooner had got there before me and when I came up actually had his left hand on the lion's flank, in a vain attempt to push him off Bhoota's prostrate body and so get at the heavy rifle which the poor fellow still stoutly clutched. The lion, however, was so busily engaged mauling Bhoota's arm that he paid not the slightest attention to Spooner's efforts. Unfortunately, as he was facing straight in my direction, I had to move up in full view of him, and the moment I reached his head, he stopped chewing the arm, though still holding it in his mouth, and threw himself back on his haunches, preparing for a spring, at the same time curling back his lips and exposing his long tusks in a savage snarl. I knew then that I had not a moment to spare, so I threw the rifle up to my shoulder and pulled the trigger. Imagine my utter despair and horror when it did not go off! "Misfire again," I thought, and my heart almost stopped beating. As I took a step backwards, I felt it was all over now, for he would never give me time to extract the cartridge and load again. Still I took another step backwards, keeping my eyes fixed on the lion's, which were blazing with rage; and in the middle of my third step, just as the brute was gathering himself for his spring, it suddenly struck me that in my haste and excitement, I had forgotten that I was using a borrowed rifle and had not pulled back the hammer (my own was hammerless). To do this and put a

bullet through the lion's brain was then the work of a moment; and he fell dead instantly right on the top of Bhoota.

We did not lose a moment in rolling his great carcase off Bhoota's body and quickly forced open the jaws so as to disengage the mangled arm, which still remained in his mouth. By this time the poor *shikari* was in a fainting condition, and we flew to the *tonga* for the brandy flask which we had so providently brought with us. On making a rough examination of the wounded man, we found that his left arm and right leg were both frightfully mauled, the latter being broken as well. He was lifted tenderly into the *tonga*—how thankful we now were to have it with us!—and Spooner at once set off with him to camp and the doctor.

Before following them home I made a hasty examination of the dead lion and found him to be a very good specimen in every way. I was particularly satisfied to see that one of the two shots I had fired as he charged down upon me had taken effect. The bullet had entered below the right eye, and only just missed the brain. Unfortunately it was a steel one which Spooner had unluckily brought in his ammunition bag by mistake; still one would have thought that a shot of this kind, even with a hard bullet, would at least have checked the lion for the moment. As a matter of fact, however, it went clean through him without having the slightest stopping effect. My last bullet, which was of soft lead, had entered close to the right eye and embedded itself in the brain. By this time it had grown almost dark, so I left the two dead lions where they lay and rode for camp, which I was lucky enough to reach without further adventure or mishap.

ASSIGNMENT FOR GROUP V

Write the contrasting themes called for in one of the following sets, paying especial attention to your connectives in any of the subjects you develop in a time sequence:

(1) How To Set a Trap for Badger, (2) How I Caught the Shrewd Old Badger.

(1) The Annual Rainfall in My Section and Its Distribution, (2) The Best Distribution of Rainfall for Corn, (3) The Advantages and Disadvantages of Irrigation, (4) Caught in a Rainstorm, (5) A Quarrel about Water Rights.

(1) Should the Franchise of the Street Car Company Be Renewed? (2) My Summer's Work as a Motorman, (3) How I Missed the Car.

(1) Some Faults of the Modern Newspaper, (2) A Newspaper Man I Know, (3) How We Established a Student Paper in My School.

(1) Athletics for All the Students, (2) My Favorite Game, (3) The Closest Game I Ever Saw Played.

(1) Scene in Our Library, (2) Seen in Our Library, (3) How to Find Books Catalogued by the Dewey Decimal System.

(1) Reflections on Getting a Letter, (2) Reflections on not Getting a Letter, (3) Qualities of a Good Friendship Letter, (4) A Lively Correspondence in Literature (History, the Political World).

ASSIGNMENT FOR THE SECTION AS A WHOLE

1. Make out an exhaustive list of possible topics on a subject that interests you. Arrange them according to kinds of composition, mood, purpose, point of view, etc. Underline the ones that would appeal to you as topics for themes by yourself.

2. From time to time, as circumstances and inclination permit, write themes on the topics you have underscored.

TRANSITIONS, SUMMARIES, AND GOOD LITERARY CARPENTRY

It is imperative that our material in writing be neatly fitted part into part, that the important ideas be so emphasized and reiterated that readers cannot miss them, and that in general our workmanship be such as to prevent any avoidable distracting of the reader's attention. Hence the need for transitions, summaries, and deft carpentry.

TRANSITIONS

A transition should be, first of all, clear. No writer is skilful who leaves his readers in the slightest doubt as to the exact point at which he abandons one phase of his subject for another. It is better to make a bald announcement of the change than to let readers gradually perceive that it has been made without warning signal. An example of somewhat crude but perfectly clear transition is Motley's turning from Charles to Philip in a new paragraph (page 209): "So much for the father. The son . . ."

If in addition to being clear the transition can be graceful, so much the better. Study the transitions in the first four paragraphs of "In the Matter of a Private" (pages 123-25). The substance of the respective paragraphs is as follows: (1) Schoolgirls may become hysterical; (2) So may Thomas Atkins and his cronies; (3) The much-abused Thomas is but human; (4) Here is a story that proves it. But how does Kipling lead our minds across from one of these units to the next? He bridges

(1) and (2) by stating that a mother superior and an army colonel would be shocked at a comparison between schoolgirl and soldier, but that the likeness exists. He links (2) with (3) by ending the former and beginning the latter with a reference to "the brute's ammunition." When he comes to (4), he wishes the transition to be, not smooth, but jolting. He therefore says abruptly: "That is the prologue. This is the story."

Perhaps the most skilful as well as the tersest of transitions, at least in exposition, is that which in a single sentence summarizes the thought of what has preceded and gives the clue to the thought to come. Thus in the selection from Miss Edwards on pages 234-35 the first paragraph concerns itself with the vicious disposition of the camel, and the second with his extraordinary joints; the third is to be devoted to his paces. The transitional sentence to this third paragraph is admirably concise and summarizing: "His paces, however, are more complicated than his joints and more trying than his temper." Through a short, sharp comparison we are apprised of the next topic for discussion and at the same time reminded of the topics already disposed of.

SUMMARIES

Human minds are inattentive. The young writer usually fails to reckon sufficiently with this fact. He assumes that his readers follow the thread of his thought as painstakingly as he himself does. He would be wiser if he heeded the admonition: "Tell 'em what you 're going to say, tell 'em what you 're saying, tell 'em what you 've said." In other words, he should resort to summaries.

A prophetic summary (it should not be too detailed) may open a theme. A reminiscent one may bring a theme to its close.

Sometimes a long theme contains several sections, which themselves are somewhat complex. Summaries of these several units of the thought may come at the ends of the sections, and a general summary may introduce the theme, close it, or do both. A skilful exemplification of this method may be found in the selection from Gollomb on pages 380-94.

Summaries are of two kinds, the mechanical and the artistic. The mechanical summary is blunt and bald; it lays down its facts in undisguised one, two, three order. The artistic summary, as exemplified for instance in the last paragraph of the selection from Burke on page 367, may also for the sake of clearness employ numerals; but with them it interweaves other matter, or it invests them with a form of statement, that makes them appear less severely mathematical. Sometimes, as at the end of the selection from Motley (page 210), art permits a summary to be partial, modified. Sometimes, as in the concluding sentences of the selection from Taylor (page 270), the summary may be emotional. Sometimes, as at the close of the selection from Hawthorne (page 268), it may be compressed into an epigrammatic sentence. Sometimes, as in the final paragraph of the selection from Thackeray (page 199), it may radiate such beauty that only conscious thought on our part will teach us that it is a summary at all.

GENERAL CARPENTRY

The mark of good literary carpentry is orderliness. This orderliness may reveal itself in the treatment of incidents according to their succession in time, or of objects according to their contiguity in space, or of more abstract matters according to logical relationships.

The account of Tom Brown's meeting with East (pages 189-

91) illustrates orderly sequence of time. That of the visit to the Kickapoo village (pages 274-77) illustrates orderly progress in both time and space. But the ordering of intellectual matter is more baffling, and must have fuller illustration in a separate paragraph.

The account of Dobbin's visit to John Sedley (pages 79-80) generalizes in the first paragraph, and makes those general ideas specific in the second. The description of the view from Teufelsdröckh's tower (pages 85-87) gives one paragraph to the view by day and one to the view by night. The characterization of Wouter Van Twiller (pages 195-96) deals first with the person and later with the temperament of the statesman. "In the Matter of a Private" (see the analysis on pages 343-44) shows excellent carpentry through its logical divisions of the thought and its skilfully knit transitions. The opening of "The Three Musketeers" (pages 140-41) is a dexterous blending of exposition and suspense. The exposition of "The Two Methods of Hunting Buffalo" (pages 325-27) divides itself among the four paragraphs thus: (1) Naming of the two methods and explanation of the first ("running"); (2) Discussion of the chief difficulty in running; (3) Discussion of the chief danger in running; (4) Explanation of the second method ("approaching"), contrast of it with the first, and designation of the chief exponents of the two. Now the methods of these illustrations vary, but every piece considered makes use of a definite and orderly plan.

The orderliness which belongs to good carpentry must manifest itself in yet another way. A writer must make intelligent and ever-vigilant use of connectives. Just as he pins the larger units of his composition together with careful transitions (see pages 343-44), so must he through connecting words and phrases show between sentences and *within* sentences the exact relation-

ships. To do this requires alertness and close thinking—precisely the qualities that most writers lack. It has been stated (pages 3-4) that every paragraph one writes is a photograph of his mind. The statement is true, not only with reference to the rounding out of the thought contained within the paragraph, but also with reference to the proper binding together of the thought. Many a speaker, yea many a writer, has "and," "but," and "then" as his only binding material. He is an intellectual child who can do nothing but add the block of one concept to another, or set one block over against another, or string temporal ideas together into a necklace of uniform "thens." Correlation, subordination, cause and effect, and other relationships in thought are without a place in his mental processes. Were it otherwise, he would use the words to express them. His linguistic deficiencies show, as in a photograph, the gaps and impoverishment of his mind. Let us analyze these linguistic shortcomings. What kind of words does he lack? Not nouns and verbs, for among the parts of speech these demand a sense of fact—and that sense he has. Not adjectives and adverbs, for these rest mainly upon the imagination—and the absence of that faculty has little bearing on the matter we are discussing. But conjunctions, conjunctive adverbs, and other connecting words, for they call for close reasoning power—and close reasoning is the thing he never displays. His inability to correlate and subordinate his ideas correctly is a barometer of his mental development. The fault may be inborn and hopeless; but if it is superable, a thorough study of connectives will mitigate it. And this delicate and discriminating use of connectives, perhaps the very crux of one's improvement in writing, may be found in several of the selections here presented for study.

WHAT I PURPOSE IN MY HISTORY OF ENGLAND *

LORD MACAULAY

This selection has a summarizing forecast, a definite close, a paragraph devoted to each of the four stages of the thought, and absolutely clear transitions. Macaulay, instead of wielding a subtle art, works in the open; we can *see* his structure, see him glue it together.

I purpose to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and their parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. I shall relate how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how, under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how our country from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of umpire among European powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels which to the statesmen of any former age would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power, compared with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; how, in America, the British colonies rapidly

* *History of England,* Chapter I.

became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortes and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles the Fifth; how, in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander.

Nor will it be less my duty faithfully to record disasters mingled with triumphs, and great national crimes and follies far more humiliating than any disaster. It will be seen that even what we justly account our chief blessings were not without alloy. It will be seen that the system which effectually secured our liberties against the encroachments of kingly power gave birth to a new class of abuses from which absolute monarchies are exempt. It will be seen that, in consequence partly of unwise interference, and partly of unwise neglect, the increase of wealth and the extension of trade produced, together with immense good, some evils from which poor and rude societies are free. It will be seen how, in two important dependencies of the crown, wrong was followed by just retribution; how imprudence and obstinacy broke the ties which bound the North American colonies to the parent state; how Ireland, cursed by the domination of race over race, and of religion over religion, remained indeed a member of the empire but a withered and distorted member, adding no strength to the body politic, and reproachfully pointed at by all who feared or envied the greatness of England.

Yet, unless I greatly deceive myself, the general effect of this chequered narrative will be to excite thankfulness in all religious minds, and hope in the breasts of all patriots. For the history of our country during the last hundred and sixty years is eminently the history of physical, of moral, and of intellectual improvement. Those who compare the age on which their lot has fallen with a golden age which exists only in their imagination may talk of degeneracy and decay: but no man who is correctly informed as to the past will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present.

I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken if I were merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the parliament. It will be my endeavour to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Summarize the thought of each paragraph in a sentence.

2. Study the transitions and connectives. Try to improve upon them.

3. Study the relationship of ideas and the use of connectives in the fourth sentence of the second paragraph. Rewrite the sentence, making two or three sentences of it if necessary, to bring out the same relationships of thought in language of your own.

4. Write a theme on one of these topics:

The Advantages and Disadvantages of College Fraternities (Intercollegiate Athletics, Literary Society Work). (Give a conclusion as to which outweighs)

The arguments for and against a proposed course of action in college (with conclusion)

What has been accomplished and what has not been accomplished by some school organization or activity

What I Got and What I Failed to Get out of My Training in High School (My Association with My Fellows)

Merits and Shortcomings of My English (Science, History) Course in This (Some Other) Institution.

THE POPULATION OF ENGLAND IN 1685 *

LORD MACAULAY

One of the first objects of an inquirer, who wishes to form a correct notion of the state of a community at a given time, must be to ascertain of how many persons that community then consisted. Unfortunately the population of England in 1685 cannot be ascertained with perfect accuracy. For no great state had then adopted the wise course of periodically numbering the people. All men were left to conjecture for themselves; and, as they generally conjectured without examining facts, and under the influence of strong passions and prejudices, their guesses were often ludicrously absurd. Even intelligent Londoners ordinarily talked of London as containing several millions of souls. It was confidently asserted by many that, during the thirty-five years which had elapsed between the accession of Charles the First and the Restoration, the population of the City had increased by two millions. Even while the ravages of the plague and fire were recent, it was the fashion to say that the capital still had a million and a half of inhabitants. Some persons, disgusted by these exaggerations, ran violently into the opposite extreme. Thus Isaac Vossius, a man of undoubted parts and learning, strenuously maintained that there were only two millions of human beings in England, Scotland, and Ireland taken together.

We are not, however, left without the means of correcting the wild blunders into which some minds were hurried by national vanity and others by a morbid love of paradox. There are extant three computations which seem to be entitled to peculiar attention. They are entirely independent of each other: they proceed on different principles; and yet there is little difference in the results.

* *History of England,* Chapter III.

One of these computations was made in the year 1696 by Gregory King, Lancaster herald, a political arithmetician of great acuteness and judgment. The basis of his calculations was the number of houses returned in 1690 by the officers who made the last collection of the hearth money. The conclusion at which he arrived was that the population of England was nearly five millions and a half.

About the same time King William the Third was desirous to ascertain the comparative strength of the religious sects into which the community was divided. An inquiry was instituted; and reports were laid before him from all the dioceses of the realm. According to these reports the number of his English subjects must have been about five million two hundred thousand.

Lastly, in our own days, Mr. Finlaison, an actuary of eminent skill, subjected the ancient parochial registers of baptisms, marriages, and burials, to all the tests which the modern improvements in statistical science enabled him to apply. His opinion was, that, at the close of the seventeenth century, the population of England was a little under five million two hundred thousand souls.

Of these three estimates, framed without concert by different persons from different sets of materials, the highest, which is that of King, does not exceed the lowest, which is that of Finlaison, by one twelfth. We may, therefore, with confidence pronounce that, when James the Second reigned, England contained between five million and five million five hundred thousand inhabitants. On the very highest supposition she then had less than one third of her present population, and less than three times the population which is now collected in her gigantic capital.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Note the orderly progression of the thought in this selection, and the sharp division of the material into paragraphs.

2. Adapt Macaulay's method to a theme of three to five paragraphs on one of these topics:

The Different Schools I Have Attended (Grades I Have Passed Through)
The Different Communities I Have Lived In
Social Classes in School (College)
The Successive Economic Stages Through Which an American State Has Passed
The Different Sections of Our Country and Their Characteristics
The Different Kinds of Residences (frame, stone, brick, adobe, etc.)
How the Vote May Be Taken in a Public Meeting (various methods)
The Various Types of Flour Mills.

THE OPERATION OF TATTOOING *

HERMAN MELVILLE

In one of my strolls with Kory-Kory, in passing along the border of a thick growth of bushes, my attention was arrested by a singular noise. On entering the thicket, I witnessed for the first time the operation of tattooing as performed by these islanders.

I beheld a man extended flat upon his back on the ground, and, despite the forced composure of his countenance, it was evident that he was suffering agony. His tormentor bent over him, working away for all the world like a stone-cutter with mallet and chisel. In one hand he held a short slender stick, pointed with a shark's tooth, on the upright end of which he tapped with a small hammer-like piece of wood, thus puncturing the skin, and charging it with the coloring matter in which the instrument was dipped. A cocoa-nut shell containing this fluid was placed upon the ground. It is prepared by mixing with a vegetable juice the ashes of the "armor," or candle-nut, always preserved for the purpose. Beside the savage, and spread

* *Typee,* Chapter XXIX.

out upon a piece of soiled tappa, were a great number of curious black-looking little implements of bone and wood, used in the various divisions of his art. A few terminated in a single fine point, and, like very delicate pencils, were employed in giving the finishing touches, or in operating upon the more sensitive portions of the body, as was the case in the present instance. Others presented several points distributed in a line, somewhat resembling the teeth of a saw. These were employed in the coarser parts of the work, and particularly in pricking in straight marks. Some presented their points disposed in small figures, and being placed upon the body, were, by a single blow of the hammer, made to leave their indelible impression. I observed a few, the handles of which were mysteriously curved, as if intended to be introduced into the orifice of the ear, with a view perhaps of beating the tattoo upon the tympanum. Altogether, the sight of these strange instruments recalled to mind that display of cruel-looking mother-of-pearl-handled things which one sees in their velvet-lined cases at the elbow of a dentist.

The artist was not at this time engaged on an original sketch, his subject being a venerable savage, whose tattooing had become somewhat faded with age and needed a few repairs, and accordingly he was merely employed in touching up the works of some of the old masters of the Typee school, as delineated upon the human canvas before him. The parts operated upon were the eyelids, where a longitudinal streak, like the one which adorned Kory-Kory, crossed the countenance of the victim.

In spite of all the efforts of the poor old man, sundry twitchings and screwings of the muscles of the face denoted the exquisite sensibility of these shutters to the windows of his soul, which he was now having repainted. But the artist, with a heart as callous as that of an army surgeon, continued his performance, enlivening his labors with a wild chant, tapping away the while as merrily as a woodpecker.

ASSIGNMENT

1. This selection illustrates the explanation of a process, though it embeds the explanation in narrative. Show the sequence of thought in the successive paragraphs.

2. Write a theme on one of these topics:

Dressing a Window
Running a Furnace
The Care of an Automobile
Tending a Flower Garden
Dehorning Cattle
Marcelling the Hair
Cleaning House
Developing a Negative
How to Make Pottery
How to Control the Fly (Mosquito)
How to Prepare for the Exam in ——
How I Write My Freshman Themes.

HOW CRUSOE MADE EARTHEN VESSELS

Daniel Defoe

This selection is a concrete account of homely achievement and of the blunders, failures, and accidents that preceded it. It closes on a delightfully human note: Crusoe felt such joy in his completed vessels that he must forthwith use them to cook in.

I had long studied, by some means or other, to make myself some earthen vessels, which indeed I wanted sorely, but knew not where to come at them. However, considering the heat of the climate, I did not doubt but if I could find out any such clay, I might botch up some such pot as might, being dried in the sun, be hard enough and strong enough to bear handling, and to hold anything that was dry, and required to be kept so; and as this was necessary in the preparing corn, meal, &c., which was the thing I was upon, I resolved to make some as large as I could, and fit only to stand like jars, to hold what should be put into them.

It would make the reader pity me, or rather laugh at me, to tell how many awkward ways I took to raise this paste; what odd misshapen, ugly things I made; how many of them fell in, and how many fell out, the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how many cracked by the over-violent heat of the sun, being set out too hastily; and how many fell in pieces with only removing, as well before as after they were dried; and, in a word, how, after having labored hard to find the clay, to dig it, to temper it, to bring it home, and work it, I could not make above two large earthen ugly things (I cannot call them jars) in about two months' labor.

However, as the sun baked these two very dry and hard, I lifted them very gently up, and set them down again in two great wicker baskets, which I had made on purpose for them, that they might not break; and as between the pot and the basket there was a little room to spare, I stuffed it full of the rice and barley straw, and these two pots being to stand always dry, I thought would hold my dry corn, and perhaps the meal, when the corn was bruised.

Though I miscarried so much in my design for large pots, yet I made several smaller things with better success; such as little round pots, flat dishes, pitchers, and pipkins, and any things my hand turned to; and the heat of the sun baked them strangely hard.

But all this would not answer my end, which was to get an earthen pot to hold what was liquid, and bear the fire, which none of these could do. It happened after some time, making a pretty large fire for cooking my meat, when I went to put it out after I had done with it, I found a broken piece of one of my earthenware vessels in the fire, burnt as hard as a stone, and red as a tile. I was agreeably surprised to see it, and said to myself, that certainly they might be made to burn whole, if they would burn broken.

This set me to studying how to order my fire, so as to make it burn me some pots. I had no notion of a kiln, such as the potters burn in, or of glazing them with lead, though I had some lead to do it with; but I placed three large pipkins, and two or three pots in a pile, one upon another, and placed my firewood all round it, with a great heap of embers under them. I plied the fire with fresh fuel round the outside, and upon the top, till I saw the pots in the inside red-hot quite through, and observed that they did not crack at all. When I saw them clear red, I let them stand in that heat about five or six hours, till I found one of them, though it did not crack, did melt or run, for the sand which was mixed with the clay melted by the violence of the heat, and would have run into glass, if I had gone on; so I slacked my fire gradually till the pots began to abate of the red color; and watching them all night, that I might not let the fire abate too fast, in the morning I had three very good, I will not say handsome, pipkins, and two other earthen pots, as hard burnt as could be desired, and one of them perfectly glazed with the running of the sand.

After this experiment, I need not say that I wanted no sort of earthenware for my use; but I must needs say, as to the shapes of them, they were very indifferent, as any one may suppose, when I had no way of making them but as the children make dirt pies, or as a woman would make pies that never learned to raise paste.

No joy at a thing of so mean a nature was ever equal to mine, when I found I had an earthen pot that would bear fire; and I had hardly patience to stay till they were cold, before I set one upon the fire again, with some water in it, to boil me some meat, which it did admirably well; and with a piece of a kid I made some very good broth, though I wanted oatmeal and several other ingredients requisite to make it so good as I would have had it be.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Trace the sequence of thought through the successive paragraphs.

2. Analyze the transitions.

3. Write a theme on one of these topics:

A Makeshift
A Homemade Contrivance
A Rude Invention That I Profited By
How I Did It Without Tools
How I Made Something to Answer the Need
How an Inexperienced Boy Performed a Man's Task
Ann's Improvised Lunch for Company
How Jane Met the Emergency
A Homely Way around a Difficulty
How I Made a Willow Whistle.

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE PUPPET PLAY *

ANNE STODDARD

This selection begins strikingly, and with skilful transitions and orderly progress explains the nature of the latest revival of the old puppet show. The omitted section traces the past history of the art. The final paragraph, in function really a summary, brings us so dexterously back to the initial thought that all sense of its formal purpose is lost in sheer pleasure.

"It is not yet impossible," says Elnora Whitman Curtis, lamenting the decay of the puppet-stage, "that a gifted artist will yet bring it to new honors."

That pleasant prophecy has been recently fulfilled in New York through the genius of Tony Sarg and the generous cooperation of Mr. Winthrop Ames. The marionettes of Tony Sarg, which have made their début in three fairy-plays, are more elaborate in mechanism than the famous Munich puppets, some of the little figures being manipulated by as many as twenty-four strings, and requiring great dexterity as well as dramatic feeling

* Century Magazine, June 1918. Reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

on the part of the operator, or "puppeteer." They average three feet in height and are furnished with virtually all the joints of the human frame. The cast of the three plays comprises thirty-six puppets.

Not only are these manikins astonishingly ingenious, but their character and antics and the daring color-effects carried out in their costumes and backgrounds betray that quality of style which has made their creator's work in illustration and poster design noteworthy.

Let us pretend that we are attending the first-night performance at the playhouse where the little people made their first bow to the world. First on the bill is "The Three Wishes," a version of the familiar fairy-tale written for marionettes by Count Franz Pocci and adapted for Mr. Sarg's puppets by Mr. Ames.

The tiny stage is set in a shadow-box; the curtain rises on a sunny knoll with a glimpse of red roofs in the valley below; bright butterflies flutter above the grass; a saucy molly cotton-tail bobs across the hillside. The personages of the play are four: a blue-smocked wood-chopper, his wife in mob-cap and panniers, the neighborhood gossip,—a rosy little man with a round paunch,—and a fairy, such as children dream of. A frisking woolly dog is perhaps the most engaging actor in the cast.

This little play is remarkable for the charm and ingenuity of the puppets and the beauty of the settings. It is the most interesting of the three pieces presented, from the point of view of the critic of legitimate drama; but the playlets which follow are more successful as vehicles for displaying the accomplishments of the marionettes.

"The Green Suit" and "A Stolen Beauty and the Great Jewel" were written at Mr. Sarg's suggestion by Mrs. Hamilton Williamson. In these sketches appear many fascinating characters: a boy who, like "Alice in Wonderland," grows to strange

stature before one's wondering eyes; a skeleton who performs a *danse macabre* and tosses his head in the air; a monkey-man who grinds his little organ; a donkey who kicks and bucks, and his rider who hops nimbly off and on his back; a trick elephant who kneels to permit his master to mount, and later lifts him in his trunk to the window of his lady-love; a juggler; an Eastern potentate who smokes a narghile,—real smoke!—a veiled beauty who uncovers her face for her lover; a snake-charmer and a sinuous serpent who ripples across the stage with evil intent and comes to death on the block; a ghost that rises from a mysterious pot; and many others, all marvelously expressive and supple in movement.

One member of the cast of "A Stolen Beauty and the Great Jewel" deserves special mention, since hers is perhaps the most remarkable achievement of the marionettes. This doll is an Oriental dancer. Her contortions and posturings are in perfect imitation of the living nautch-girl, and it is safe to say that nothing ever seen on the puppet-stage, in America at least, can surpass the ease and grace with which her little body sways backward in an inverted crescent, the ethereal lightness of her circling about the stage, and the abandon of her attitudes of the dance.

Although there is a strong savor of the comic and grotesque about these productions, they are primarily things of beauty and skill. Very modern in coloring are the settings, and against these brilliant backgrounds move the manikins, charming in color and attitude. An atmosphere of færy hangs about them, an illusion of unreality, the sense of a lovely, yet comic, world that is a refreshment and a delight. Humor, skill, ingenuity, trained sense of color and composition, and instinctive understanding of the child heart have gone into their making.

. . . . . .

Is it not interesting that this decade, which has brought upon us all the woe in the world, should have witnessed a revival

which springs from the child heart of the race, and must inevitably appeal to those who are fortunate enough to have kept their simplicities? "The world is too much with us"; surely it is good to lose it for an hour in contemplation of this gentle art.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Trace the progress of thought from paragraph to paragraph, and analyze the transitions and connectives.

2. Write a theme on one of the following:

The Revival of an Oldtime Custom
Grandmother at the Spinning Wheel
The Pageant on the Early History of My Section
Some Present-Day Aspects of Folk-Dancing
An Oldtime Fashion in Dress Revived
Why It Is a Pity that the Old Handicrafts Have Decayed
The Household That Was Its Own Factory.

CAUSES FOR THE AMERICAN SPIRIT OF LIBERTY *

Edmund Burke

In building upon a stark mechanical basis an artistic treatment of material this selection is unsurpassed. Clues to an appreciation of its art will be found in the assignments.

In this character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your Colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English Colonies probably than in any other people of the earth, and this from a great variety of powerful causes; which, to understand the true temper of their minds and the direction

* From the "Speech on Conciliation with the Colonies."

which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

First, the people of the Colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, Sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The Colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favorite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, Sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates; or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens, and most eloquent tongues, have been exercised; the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English Constitution to insist on this privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact, and to prove that the right had been acknowledged in ancient parchments and blind usages to reside in a certain body called a House of Commons. They went much farther; they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of a House of Commons as an immediate representative of the people, whether the old records had delivered this oracle or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate, as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must

in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty can subsist. The Colonies draw from you, as with their life-blood, these ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed and attached on this specific point of taxing. Liberty might be safe, or might be endangered, in twenty other particulars, without their being much pleased or alarmed. Here they felt its pulse; and as they found that beat, they thought themselves sick or sound. I do not say whether they were right or wrong in applying your general arguments to their own case. It is not easy, indeed, to make a monopoly of theorems and corollaries. The fact is, that they did thus apply those general arguments; and your mode of governing them, whether through lenity or indolence, through wisdom or mistake, confirmed them in the imagination that they, as well as you, had an interest in these common principles.

They were further confirmed in this pleasing error by the form of their provincial legislative assemblies. Their governments are popular in an high degree; some are merely popular; in all, the popular representative is the most weighty; and this share of the people in their ordinary government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments, and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

If anything were wanting to this necessary operation of the form of government, religion would have given it a complete effect. Religion, always a principle of energy, in this new people is no way worn out or impaired; and their mode of professing it is also one main cause of this free spirit. The people are Protestants; and of that kind which is the most adverse to all implicit submission of mind and opinion. This is a persuasion not only favorable to liberty, but built upon it. I do not think, Sir, that the reason of this averseness in the dissenting churches from all that looks like absolute government is so much to be sought in their religious tenets, as in their history.

Every one knows that the Roman Catholic religion is at least co-eval with most of the governments where it prevails; that it has generally gone hand in hand with them, and received great favor and every kind of support from authority. The Church of England too was formed from her cradle under the nursing care of regular government. But the dissenting interests have sprung up in direct opposition to all the ordinary powers of the world, and could justify that opposition only on a strong claim to natural liberty. Their very existence depended on the powerful and unremitted assertion of that claim. All Protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our Northern Colonies is a refinement on the principle of resistance; it is the dissidence of dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religion. This religion, under a variety of denominations agreeing in nothing but in the communion of the spirit of liberty, is predominant in most of the Northern Provinces, where the Church of England, notwithstanding its legal rights, is in reality no more than a sort of private sect, not composing most probably the tenth of the people. The Colonists left England when this spirit was high, and in the emigrants was the highest of all; and even that stream of foreigners which has been constantly flowing into these Colonies has, for the greatest part, been composed of dissenters from the establishments of their several countries, who have brought with them a temper and character far from alien to that of the people with whom they mixed.

Sir, I can perceive by their manner that some gentlemen object to the latitude of this description, because in the Southern Colonies the Church of England forms a large body, and has a regular establishment. It is certainly true. There is, however, a circumstance attending these Colonies which, in my opinion, fully counterbalances this difference, and makes the spirit of liberty still more high and haughty than in those to the northward. It is that in Virginia and the Carolinas they have

a vast multitude of slaves. Where this is the case in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them, not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there, that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing and as broad and general as the air, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude; liberty looks, amongst them, like something that is more noble and liberal. I do not mean, Sir, to commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has at least as much pride as virtue in it; but I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so; and these people of the Southern Colonies are much more strongly, and with an higher and more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient commonwealths; such were our Gothic ancestors; such in our days were the Poles; and such will be all masters of slaves, who are not slaves themselves. In such a people the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible.

Permit me, Sir, to add another circumstance in our Colonies which contributes no mean part towards the growth and effect of this untractable spirit. I mean their education. In no country perhaps in the world is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful; and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the deputies sent to the Congress were lawyers. But all who read, and most do read, endeavor to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller, that in no branch of his business, after tracts of popular devotion, were so many books as those on the law exported to the Plantations. The Colonists have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's Commentaries in America as in England. General Gage marks out this disposition very particularly in a letter on

your table. He states that all the people in his government are lawyers, or smatterers in law; and that in Boston they have been enabled, by successful chicane, wholly to evade many parts of one of your capital penal constitutions. The smartness of debate will say that this knowledge ought to teach them more clearly the rights of legislature, their obligations to obedience, and the penalties of rebellion. All this is mighty well. But my honorable and learned friend on the floor, who condescends to mark what I say for animadversion, will disdain that ground. He has heard, as well as I, that when great honors and great emoluments do not win over this knowledge to the service of the state, it is a formidable adversary to government. If the spirit be not tamed and broken by these happy methods, it is stubborn and litigious. *Abeunt studia in mores.* This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources. In other countries, the people, more simple, and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.

The last cause of this disobedient spirit in the Colonies is hardly less powerful than the rest, as it is not merely moral, but laid deep in the natural constitution of things. Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance in weakening government. Seas roll, and months pass, between the order and the execution; and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have, indeed, winged ministers of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, *So far shalt thou go, and no farther.* Who are you, that you should fret and rage, and bite the chains of

nature? Nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive empire; and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In large bodies the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt and Arabia and Kurdistan as he governs Thrace; nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein, that he may govern at all; and the whole of the force and vigor of his authority in his centre is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is, perhaps, not so well obeyed as you are in yours. She complies, too; she submits; she watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law of extensive and detached empire.

Then, Sir, from these six capital sources—of descent, of form of government, of religion in the Northern Provinces, of manners in the Southern, of education, of the remoteness of situation from the first mover of government—from all these causes a fierce spirit of liberty has grown up. It has grown with the growth of the people in your Colonies, and increased with the increase of their wealth; a spirit that unhappily meeting with an exercise of power in England which, however lawful, is not reconcilable to any ideas of liberty, much less with theirs, has kindled this flame that is ready to consume us.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Is the introduction clear? Does it forecast the nature of the discussion to follow? Does it prepare you for a mathematical listing of items or for a broad, free consideration of successive matters?

2. Is the summary in the final paragraph adequate—that is, does it embrace all the vital ideas advanced in the selection? Is the numerical aspect of the summary emphasized, subordinated, or com-

pletely submerged? Are the last ten words a distracting element or in effect a powerful summary?

3. In the body of the selection Burke devotes one paragraph each to the six causes of American discontent. Does his treatment become mechanical? Are the transitions monotonous or varied? Make a list of all words and expressions used to effect transitions between paragraphs.

4. Study all the relationships within paragraphs—that is, the relationships between sentences and between parts of the same sentence. Determine whether the relationship is properly one of coördination, subordination, cause and effect, or the like. Does Burke ever mislead us as to the true relationship? Study his connectives. Are they adequate, accurate? Can you improve upon any of them?

ANIMAL CHEMISTRY *

Oliver Wendell Holmes

In this selection the simple chemistry of the human body is made more obvious through the comparison with the chemistry of an egg. Given his general idea to bring out, Holmes exhibits skilled carpentry in presenting it to us.

We will begin our talk with a few words on Animal Chemistry.

Take one of these boiled eggs, which has been ravished from a brilliant possible future, and instead of sacrificing it to a common appetite, devote it to the nobler hunger for knowledge. You know that the effect of boiling has been to harden it, and that if a little overdone it becomes quite firm in texture, the change pervading both the white and the yolk. Careful observation shows that this change takes place at about 150° of Fahrenheit's thermometer.—The substance which thus hardens or coagulates is called *albumen*. As this forms the bulk of the egg, it must be the raw material of the future chicken. There is some oil, with a little coloring matter, and there is the earthy shell, with a thin skin lining it; but all these are in small quan-

* From *Pages from an Old Volume of Life.*

tity compared to the albumen. You see then that an egg contains substances which may be coagulated into your breakfast by hot water, or into a chicken by the milder prolonged warmth of the mother's body.

We can push the analysis further without any laboratory other than our breakfast-room.

At the larger end of the egg, as you may have noticed on breaking it, is a small space containing nothing but air, a mixture of *oxygen* and *nitrogen,* as you know. If you use a silver spoon in eating an egg, it becomes discolored, as you may have observed, which is one of the familiar effects of *sulphur.* It is this which gives a neglected egg its peculiar aggressive atmospheric effects. Heat the whole contents of the shell, or, for convenience, a small portion of them, gently for a while, and you will have left nothing but a thin scale, representing only a small fraction of the original weight of the contents before drying. That which has been driven off is water, as you may easily see by letting the steam condense on a cold surface. But water, as you remember, consists of oxygen and *hydrogen.* Now lay this dried scale on the shovel and burn it until it turns black. What you have on the shovel is animal charcoal or *carbon.* If you burn this black crust to ashes, a chemist will, on examining these ashes, find for you small quantities of various salts, containing *phosphorus, chlorine, potash, soda, magnesia,* in various combinations, and a little *iron.* You can burn the egg-shell and see for yourself that it becomes changed into *lime,* the heat driving off the carbonic acid which made it a carbonate.

Oxygen.
Hydrogen.
Carbon.
Nitrogen.
Sulphur.
Lime.
Iron.
Potash.
Soda.
Magnesia.
Phosphorus.
Chlorine.

This is the list of simple elements to be found in an egg. You have detected six of them by your fireside chemistry; the others must be in very small quantity, as they are all contained in the pinch of ashes which remains after you have burned all that is combustible in your egg.

Now this egg is going, or rather was going, to become a chicken; that is, an animal with flesh and blood and bones, with a brain and nerves, with eyes ready to see and ears ready to hear, with organs all ready to go to work, and a voice ready to be heard the moment it is let out of its shell. The elements of the egg have been separated and recombined, but nothing has been added to them except what may have passed through the shell. Just these twelve elements are to be found in the chicken, no more, no less.

Just these same twelve elements, with the merest traces of two or three other substances, make up the human body. *Expende Hannibalem;* weigh the great general, the great thinker, his frame also may be resolved into a breath of air, a wave of water, a charred cinder, a fragment of lime-salts, and a few grains of mineral and saline matter which the earth has lent him, all easily reducible to the material forms enumerated in this brief catalogue.

All these simple substances which make up the egg, the chicken, the human body, are found in the air, the water, or the earth. All living things borrow their whole bodies from inanimate matter, directly or indirectly. But of the simple substances found in nature, not more than a quarter, or something less than that, are found in the most complex living body. The forty-five or fifty others have no business in our organization. Thus we must have iron in our blood, but we must not have lead in it, or we shall be liable to colic and palsy. Gold and silver are very well in our pockets, but have no place in our system. Most of us have seen one or more unfortunates whose skins were permanently stained of a dark bluish tint in

consequence of the prolonged use of a preparation of silver which has often been prescribed for the cure of epilepsy.

This, then, is the great fact of animal chemistry; a few simple substances, borrowed from the surrounding elements, give us the albumen and oil and other constituents of the egg, and, arranging themselves differently during the process of incubation, form all the tissues of the animal body.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Trace the sequence of paragraphs, and study the management of the transitions.

2. Study the relationships in thought within the several sentences of the second paragraph and the fourth paragraph. Does Holmes correlate properly, subordinate properly, understand cause and effect?

3. Is the summary in the final paragraph adequate? pleasing?

4. Write as interesting a theme as you can to show one of the following:

The principle upon which some piece of mechanism operates
The likeness between some struggle carried on by a lower animal and a struggle carried on by man
The likeness between some object in nature and some principle in your own thinking or writing
The analogy that has most impressed you.

SUSTAINED LITERARY EFFORT

HITHERTO most of your themes have been short. It is well that they have been. Most of the writing you will do in after life will be of comparatively brief compass, and if the choice were forced upon you, your practice should fit you for the actual rather than for the merely conceivable needs of the future. In reality, however, no such choice confronts you. Long compositions differ from short in bulk rather than in kind. In mastering the structure of short themes you have mastered the essential structure of long.

Though you need acquire a knowledge of no new principles in writing longer themes, you do need the stimulus and the experience of proving, once or twice at least, that you are capable of extended effort. In order that your work may be as fruitful as possible you should take especial pains to choose a congenial subject. Having found it, you have only to apply the principles you have learned already, to lay your plans well, and to make sure that your energy shall not flag. If you do all this and really have something to say, you need not disturb yourself as to the length of what you write. You may prolong it into an article or even into a book. Material truly interesting and truly well handled will, in spite of its length, find readers.

Before beginning the actual writing of an extended composition, it may be well to make an outline of your material, especially if the subject is one of exposition or argumentation. If a formal outline seems inadvisable, at least get your material shaped in your mind before you begin to write.

THE MORNING OF CIRCUS DAY *

BOOTH TARKINGTON

This selection illustrates sustained description. It shows us successively the country folk coming into town, the waiting swarms of people, and at length the parade. Over the whole piece hang dust and heat, the good-nature, exhilaration, and weariness of the crowds, and an overwhelming sense of rusticity on a day of splendor.

The length of Main Street and all the Square resounded with the rattle of vehicles of every kind. Since earliest dawn they had been pouring into the village, a long procession on every country road. There were great red and blue farm wagons, drawn by splendid Clydesdales; the elders of the family on the front seat and on boards laid from side to side in front, or on chairs placed close behind, while, in the deep beds back of these, children tumbled in the straw, or peeped over the sides, rosy-cheeked and laughing, eyes alight with blissful anticipations. There were more pretentious two-seated cut-enders and stout buckboards, loaded down with merrymakers, four on a seat meant for two; there were rattle-trap phaetons and comfortable carry-alls drawn by steady spans; and, now and then, mule-teams bringing happy negroes, ready to squander all on the first Georgia watermelons and cider. Every vehicle contained heaping baskets of good things to eat (the previous night had been a woeful Bartholomew for Carlow chickens) and underneath, where the dogs paced faithfully, swung buckets and fodder for the horses, while colts innumerable trotted close to the maternal flanks, viewing the world with their big, new eyes in frisky surprise.

Here and there the trim side-bar buggy of some prosperous farmer's son, escorting his sweetheart, flashed along the road, the young mare stepping out in pride of blood to pass the line

* *The Gentleman from Indiana,* Chapter VII. Reprinted by permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.

of wagons, the youth who held the reins, resplendent in Sunday best and even better, his scorched brown face glowing with a fine belief in the superiority of both his steed and his lady; the latter beaming out upon life and rejoicing in the light-blue ribbons on her hat, the light-blue ribbon around her waist, the light-blue, silk half-mittens on her hands, and the beautiful red coral necklace about her neck and the red coral buttons that fastened her gown in the back.

The air was full of exhilaration; everybody was laughing and shouting and calling greetings; for Carlow County was turning out, and from far and near the country people came; nay, from over the county line, clouds of dust rising from every thoroughfare and highway, and sweeping into town to herald their coming.

Dibb Zane, the "sprinkling contractor," had been at work with the town water-cart since the morning stars were bright, but he might as well have watered the streets with his tears, which, indeed, when the farmers began to come in, bringing their cyclones of dust, he drew nigh unto, after a spell of profanity as futile as his cart.

. . . . . .

The Square was heaving with a jostling, good-natured, happy, and constantly increasing crowd that overflowed on Main Street in both directions; and the good nature of this crowd was augmented in the ratio that its size increased. The streets were a confusion of many colors, and eager faces filled every window opening on Main Street or the Square. Since nine o'clock all those of the court-house had been occupied, and here most of the damsels congregated to enjoy the spectacle of the parade, and their swains attended, gallantly posting themselves at coigns of less vantage behind the ladies. Some of the faces that peeped from the dark, old court-house windows were pretty, and some of them were not pretty; but nearly all of them were rosy-cheeked, and all were pleasant to see because of the good

cheer they showed. Some of the gallants affected the airy and easy, entertaining the company with badinage and repartee; some were openly bashful. Now and then one of the latter, after long deliberation, constructed a laborious compliment for his inamorata, and, after advancing and propounding half of it, again retired into himself, smit with a blissful palsy. Nearly all of them conversed in tones that might have indicated that they were separated from each other by an acre lot or two.

Here and there, along the sidewalk below, a father worked his way through the throng, a licorice-bedaubed cherub on one arm, his coat (borne with long enough) on the other; followed by a mother with the other children hanging to her skirts and tagging exasperatingly behind, holding red and blue toy balloons and delectable batons of spiral-striped peppermint in tightly closed, sadly sticky fingers.

A thousand cries rent the air; the strolling mountebanks and gypsying booth-merchants; the peanut vendors; the boys with palm-leaf fans for sale; the candy sellers; the popcorn peddlers; the Italian with the toy balloons that float like a cluster of colored bubbles above the heads of the crowd, and the balloons that wail like a baby; the red-lemonade man, shouting in the shrill voice that reaches everywhere and endures forever: "Lemo! Lemo! Ice-cole lemo! Five cents, a nickel, a half-a-dime, the twentiethpotofadollah! Lemo! Ice-cole lemo!"—all the vociferating harbingers of the circus crying their wares. Timid youths, in shoes covered with dust through which the morning polish but dimly shone, and unalterably hooked by the arm to blushing maidens, bought recklessly of peanuts, of candy, of popcorn, of all known sweetmeats, perchance; and forced their way to the lemonade stands; and there, all shyly, silently sipped the crimson-stained ambrosia. Everywhere the hawkers dinned, and everywhere was heard the plaintive squawk of the toy balloon.

But over all rose the nasal cadence of the Cheap John, reek-

ing oratory from his big wagon on the corner: "Walk up, walk up, walk up, ladies and gents! Here we are! Here we are! Make hay while we gather the moss. Walk up, one and all. Here I put this solid gold ring, sumptuous and golden, eighteen carats, eighteen golden carats of the priceless mother of metals, toiled fer on the wild Pacific slope, eighteen garnteed, I put this golden ring, rich and golden, in the package with the hang-kacheef, the elegant and blue-ruled note-paper, self-writing pens, pencil and penholder. *Who* takes the lot? Who takes it, ladies and gents?"

His tongue curled about his words; he seemed to love them. "Fer a quat-of-a-dollah! Don't turn away, young man—you feller in the green necktie, there. We all see the young lady on your arm is a-langrishing fer the golden ring and the package. Faint heart never won fair wummin'. *There* you are, sir, and you 'll never regret it. Go—and be happy! Now, who 's the next man to git solid with his girl fer a quat-of-a-dollah? Life is a mysterus and unviolable shadder, my friends; who kin read its orgeries? To-day we are here—but to-morrow we may be in jail. Only a quat-of-a-dollah! We are Seventh-Day Adventists, ladies and gents, a-givin' away our belongings in the awful face of Michael, fer a quat-of-a-dollah. The same price fer each-an-devery individual, lady and gent, man, wummin, wife and child, and happiness to one and all fer a quat-of-a-dollah!"

Down the middle of the street, kept open between the waiting crowds, ran barefoot boys, many of whom had not slept at home, but had kept vigil in the night mists for the coming of the show, and, having seen the muffled pageant arrive, swathed, and with no pomp and panoply, had returned to town, rioting through jewelled cobwebs in the morning fields, happy in the pride of knowledge of what went on behind the scenes. To-night, or to-morrow, the runaways would face a woodshed reckoning with outraged ancestry; but now they caracoled in the dust with no thought of the grim deeds to be done upon them.

In the court-house yard, and so sinning in the very eye of the law, two swarthy, shifty-looking gentlemen were operating (with some greasy walnut shells and a pea) what the fanciful or unsophisticated might have been pleased to call a game of chance; and the most intent spectator of the group around them was Mr. James Bardlock, the Town Marshal. He was simply and unofficially and earnestly interested. Thus the eye of Justice may not be said to have winked upon the nefariousness now under its vision; it gazed with strong curiosity, an itch to dabble, and (it must be admitted) a growing hope of profit. The game was so direct and the player so sure. Several countrymen had won small sums, and one, a charmingly rustic stranger, with a peculiar accent (he said that him and his goil should now have a smoot' old time off his winninks—though the lady was not manifested), had won twenty-five dollars with no trouble at all. The two operators seemed depressed, declaring the luck against them and the Plattville people too brilliant at the game.

It was wonderful how the young couples worked their way arm-in-arm through the thickest crowds, never separating. Even at the lemonade stands they drank holding the glasses in their outer hands—such are the sacrifices demanded by etiquette. But, observing the gracious outpouring of fortune upon the rustic with the rare accent, a youth in a green tie disengaged his arm—for the first time in two hours—from that of a girl upon whose finger there shone a ring, sumptuous and golden, and, conducting her to a corner of the yard, bade her remain there until he returned. He had to speak to Hartley Bowlder, he explained.

Then he plunged, red-faced and excited, into the circle about the shell manipulators, and offered to lay a wager.

"Hol' on there, Hen Fentriss," thickly objected a flushed young man beside him, "iss my turn."

"I 'm first, Hartley," returned the other. "You can hold yer hosses a minute, I reckon."

"Plenty fer each and all, chents," interrupted one of the shell-men. "Place yer spondulicks on de little ball. W'ich is de next lucky one to win our money? Chent bets four sixty-five he seen de little ball go under de middle shell. Up she comes! Dis time *we* wins; Plattville can't win *every* time. Who 's de next chent?"

Fentriss edged slowly out of the circle, abashed, and with rapidly whitening cheeks. He paused for a moment, outside, slowly realizing that all his money had gone in one wild, blind whirl—the money he had earned so hard and saved so hard, to make a holiday for his sweetheart and himself. He stole one glance around the building to where a patient figure waited for him. Then he fled down a side alley and soon was out upon the country road, tramping soddenly homeward through the dust, his chin sunk in his breast and his hands clenched tight at his sides. Now and then he stopped and bitterly hurled a stone at a piping bird on a fence, or gay Bob White in the fields. At noon the patient figure was still waiting in the corner of the court-house yard, meekly twisting the golden ring upon her finger.

But the flushed young man who had spoken thickly to her deserter drew an envied roll of bankbills from his pocket and began to bet with tipsy caution, while the circle about the gamblers watched with fervid interest, especially Mr. Bardlock, Town Marshal.

. . . . . .

There was a fanfare of trumpets in the east. Lines of people rushed for the street, and, as one looked down on the straw hats and sunbonnets and many kinds of finer head apparel, tossing forward, they seemed like surf sweeping up the long beaches.

She was coming at last. The boys whooped in the middle of the street; some tossed their arms to heaven, others expressed their emotion by somersaults; those most deeply moved walked on their hands. In the distance one saw, over the heads of the

multitude, tossing banners and the moving crests of triumphal cars, where "cohorts were shining in purple and gold." She *was* coming. After all the false alarms and disappointments, she was coming!

There was another flourish of music. Immediately all the band gave sound, and then, with blare of brass and the crash of drums, the glory of the parade burst upon Plattville. Glory in the utmost! The resistless impetus of the march-time music; the flare of royal banners, of pennons on the breeze; the smiling of beautiful Court Ladies and great, silken Nobles; the swaying of howdahs on camel and elephant, and the awesome shaking of the earth beneath the elephant's feet, and the gleam of his small but devastating eye . . .; then the badinage of the clown, creaking along in his donkey cart; the terrific recklessness of the spangled hero who was drawn by in a cage with two striped tigers; the spirit of the prancing steeds that drew the rumbling chariots, and the grace of the helmeted charioteers; the splendor of the cars and the magnificence of the paintings with which they were adorned; the ecstasy of all this glittering, shining, gorgeous pageantry needed even more than walking on your hands to express.

Last of all came the tooting calliope, followed by swarms of boys as it executed, "Wait till the clouds roll by, Jennie" with infinite dash and gusto.

ASSIGNMENT

Into a long theme on one of these topics put all the variety, contrast, color, and vividness you can:

My First Day in a City
My First Day in the Country
The Country We Passed Through on That Automobile Trip
An Excursion on the Lake
The Street Fair
The Time We Gave a Show
When the Circus Came to Town

A Trip Through the Market
The Most Gorgeous Spectacle I Ever Beheld
Downtown on Saturday Night.

MEETING THE CRIME WAVE: A COMPARISON OF METHODS *

JOSEPH GOLLOMB

This selection illustrates sustained exposition. After a general introduction, the method of detecting criminals is presented successively for four great nations of Europe. The presentation is in each instance concrete, but at intervals through the selection the methods are generalized and compared. At the close the possibility of an international organization is presented.

The crime wave now afflicting the whole world is a logical aftermath of the war. Economic distress—poverty, insufficient food, clothing, and fuel—the loosing of men's animal passions, coupled with the general disorganization of our social structure, are producing their inevitable effect. While its manifestations vary, subject to local conditions, the disease knows no geographic boundaries, but its treatment is still largely national. Moreover, the police power of the world has been rudely shaken by events. It needs reconstruction, revitalization, and above all increased international cooperation. The American has, of course, always taken it for granted that his police organization is the best on earth, his system of detection the shrewdest, most scientific, most persevering. Present-day New Yorkers, in the face of a mounting epidemic of unsolved murder and robbery, may perhaps entertain a lurking doubt. But it is questionable whether we could ever justly boast of anything in this direction but a mistaken pride. The actual claims of France and Britain —in fact and fiction—seem more valid. What have we comparable to the great Bertillon and to M. Lecoq? What traditions to equal the famous Scotland Yard organization, what hero

* The Nation, Jan. 19, 1921. Reprinted by permission.

of detection superior to Sherlock Holmes? As for Germany, its "verboten" has become notorious as the symbol of the omnipresent and ever-watchful arm of the law. We shall do well to study our neighbors' methods.

The tracking by society of the men who prey on man is already something of a sport and sometimes an art—in fiction. In real life it is a crusade, a science, a profession; there is no sporting ethics in it as yet and police prefer the shortest way to the kill whether it is good sport, art, or neither. But the quarry has grown clever with science and technique, and the hunter has had to keep up with him. The result is that so infinitely complex, delicate, and manifold have become the means and weapons of crime and of man hunting with X-ray, dictaphone, micro-photography, chemical reagents, psychoanalysis, organization technique, card cataloguing, and ten thousand other devices that the modern detective has come to exercise something of the care of the artist in choosing weapon and trail in his hunt. It is interesting to observe, therefore, the differences in the manner of man hunting shown by the detective systems of London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, and how in their hunting they reveal their racial traits. Let us consider four actual cases.

In a half-asleep residential section of east London is a neglected three-story private dwelling with heavy shutters and doors, inconspicuous and unattractive. It was just the kind of house for which an old man, calling himself Smithers, had been looking. For twenty years he had been accumulating money by buying all kinds of objects and no questions asked. He could drive a shrewd bargain and his business associates usually acceded to his terms, though not without many a curse and often more or less impressive threats. Smithers did not mind the former; but as he grew more and more rich he worried about the threats. He knew his customers. So he tried to hide his riches and lived penuriously. Fear of being murdered and

robbed drove him from his business to a retreat. The house, by reason of its inconspicuousness, its strong doors and windows, attracted him and he bought it. He secured every possible entrance with bars and double locks and had his home wired so that nobody could touch a door knob, window sash, or grating without setting an electric bell ringing. In addition he arranged it so that if any one detected the wiring and cut it, the loosened wire, dragged down by a leaden weight, would fall on a cartridge and exploding it would give as effective notice of danger as the electric bell. He lived by himself, received no one, and attracted as little attention as he could.

Nevertheless, one day tradesmen began to wonder why he did not take in off the front steps the articles he had ordered delivered. The police were notified, an entrance was forced. Smithers was found murdered. The burglar alarm had been cut, under the fallen leaden weight was found a pad of cloth and the cartridge unexploded. A strong-box had been rifled. Whoever had done the business was no novice. There was not a finger-print to be found, the work having obviously been done in gloves. The only clue left for the police to work on was a small dark-lantern, a child's toy without doubt, which had been contemptuously left behind by the burglars.

Scotland Yard went to work on the case characteristically. A conference was held of the Central Office Squad, consisting of four chief inspectors, ten detective inspectors, nineteen detective sergeants, and fourteen detective constables. They went at their problem like a team, captained, but working as one. There was no star performer. With only the child's lantern to work on as a clue, the problem became at first mere drudgery. A tedious round of manufacturers and toy shops followed to determine if possible where that lantern was bought. In this search team-work was everything, individual cleverness nothing. Finally it seemed probable that the lantern was such as a mother

in one of several tenement districts in London would buy for a seven-year-old child.

A simple plan was devised as the next phase of the hunt. A detective who had a seven-year-old son was assigned to allow his boy to play with the lantern in the streets of the quarter from which it might have come and to see what happened. For a week nothing at all happened, and father and son were asked to repeat their task in the adjoining district. Here the simple device brought no better results and again they were assigned new territory. This happened several times, until it began to look as though nothing at all would come of it. But with the doggedness of the race Scotland Yard hung on to the trail. Then one day a little boy of the quarter edged up to the policeman's son, looked sharply at the lantern with which the youngster was playing, and set up a wail.

"I want mah lantern!" he said.

"'Tain't your lantern!" the policeman's son retorted indignantly.

"Yes, it is! I know it is!"

The detective came forward. "Are you sure?" he asked, gently. "Because my son has had it for many weeks, you know."

" 'Ere, I 'll prove it 's mine," the stranger boy said. "W'en mah wick burned out I cut off a little piece of my sister's flannel petticoat for a new wick."

The detective opened the lantern and examining the wick found it to be of flannel, as the boy had said. "We 'll have to ask your mother about this," the detective said. "If you 're telling the truth you shall have your lantern back."

The three went to the boy's mother, a widow who kept boarders. The woman, honest and hard working, confirmed her son's claim. The detective kept his word, returned the lantern, but questioning the widow further found out that the boy missed the lantern at about the same time that two of her boarders had

left without paying their board bills. One had told her that he was an electrician, the other a plumber's apprentice, and she remembered seeing tools of their trade, or what she thought were such, in their room.

Followed then another series of weary searches by the men of Scotland Yard; searches among young plumbers and among electricians; in the underworld for two young fellows answering to the descriptions the widow gave; in the files of criminal records in Scotland Yard; in more expensive boarding houses and in dance resorts. Nothing short of a big organization imbued with team work and bulldog perseverance could have accomplished that search. But at last two young men were found whom the widow, unknown to them, identified as her former boarders.

The police had as yet nothing more serious against them than unpaid board bills. So they secretly kept them under surveillance. It was thus they learned that the young men were fond of target shooting with a revolver at trees in the country. The bullets extracted from the trees proved to be of the same exceptionally large caliber as that found in the murdered miser's brain. Tactfully, patiently, a corps of detectives searched into the past of the two men, each finding out some seemingly unimportant item. But the whole was becoming a net in which one day the two men found themselves inextricably fast on the charge of the murder and robbery of Smithers.

Now let us contrast with this man hunt another under similar circumstances in Paris. There had been a remarkable series of burglaries in the aristocratic Etoile section. In each case the burglar—for there was every sign that one man was committing them—took art objects of considerable value but never of such marked uniqueness that they could not be disposed of without difficulty or danger. Indeed the man's skill in entering well-guarded homes, in gathering his loot, and in disposing of it was such that the Paris police had not a trace to work on. This

man, too, worked with gloves, so that there was never a finger-print left of his visits.

The Paris police, so to speak, ran around in circles trying to find his trail. One theory was as little fruitful as another and each man on the hunt followed his own. One detective-inspector, let us call him Dornay, struck out on a lone hunt. Posing as a *nouveau-riche* art collector and *bon vivant,* he made scores of acquaintances in the fast set where his quarry might conceivably be found. In this way he became interested in a rather quiet, alert man who knew where good values in art objects could be had. Dornay showed more friendliness than the other accepted and, apparently hurt in feelings, the detective thereafter avoided the unsociable man, whom he knew by the name of Laroche. Thus far Dornay had only a nebulous theory about Laroche's connection with the elusive burglar he was hunting. It was so nebulous that the detective could not convince his colleagues sufficiently to secure the number of men needed to keep track of all of Laroche's movements, for the latter had an uncanny way of eluding Dornay's vigilance. Thereupon Dornay determined to get Laroche unconsciously either to clear or to implicate himself. Watching one night outside Laroche's hotel he saw the latter leave in evening dress. Dornay stole up to the man's room, let himself in with a skeleton key, and made a thorough search. The only discoveries that interested him were a much-used pair of gloves and the water caraffe and drinking glass Laroche kept on a little stand to the left of his bed. With a file Dornay rubbed gently at a spot in the thumb of the left-hand glove until little more than a thin filament of chamois remained, which, however would not be noticeable at a careless glance. Then the detective carefully polished clean the outsides of the caraffe and the drinking glass. He took nothing with him when he left. But next morning, when Laroche again left the hotel Dornay stole back into the room and eagerly examined the caraffe and the drinking

glass. With a camel's-hair brush he dusted some graphite powder on it until Laroche's finger-prints showed clearly. Substituting other glassware Dornay carefully brought Laroche's to police headquarters.

Three weeks later still another burglary was reported, bearing all the marks of the elusive burglar. But this time the police found faint impressions of a left thumb—and only that. It was, however, sufficient. Dornay's instinct and little plot had won. As he knew, the moisture of the human finger is sufficient to leave a print even through gloves if the intervening texture is thin. And the finger-prints on the scene of the latest burglary were identical with those on Laroche's caraffe and drinking glass.

Call it Anglo-Saxon love of team-play, or a racial disinclination of the individual to shove himself forward at the expense of the group interest, or whatever other trait it illustrates, the Scotland Yard treatment of the Smithers murder mystery was characteristic. Certainly the instinct for organization and organized effort, which has made Scotland Yard the foremost man-hunting medium in the world, is the inspiration not of individuals but of the race. In contrast in method was the Paris police treatment of the Laroche burglaries. The Frenchman is keenly individual in his work. It makes him less patient, therefore less efficient in organization, and consequently throws him back again on individual effort. He is much more prone, as a detective, to hunt by himself than with his colleagues.

Like the Anglo-Saxon gift for organization is the German passion for it. But there is a vital difference between the two in the outcome of the organization, a difference which is illustrated in the treatment by the Berlin detective force of a murder mystery that occurred in that city several years ago. The under-secretary for one of the important governmental departments was found dead near his home in a Berlin suburb. He had evidently been seized from behind, garroted until dead,

dragged into an alley and robbed. It was not till late the next day that his body was found; no one had been seen lurking about the scene of the crime; so that the police had practically nothing to work on, other than the manner of the crime.

But they have a machine in the Berlin police department that works almost automatically in the solution of such mysteries. It is typically a German product in the thoroughness of its organization, in the ruthlessness of its operation, in the vastness and at the same time in the minuteness of its product. Its principal part is the *Meldewesen.* Every citizen and visitor in Germany, the former from the day of his birth, the latter from the day of arrival, is recorded at police headquarters, a card for each individual, and every card is kept up to date. If, for instance, the police want to know something about Carl Schmidt, respectable citizen, in three minutes after his name reaches police headquarters they know the date, place, and circumstances of his birth, a brief history of each of his parents—if German, a cross-reference to their individual cards will give a complete history; his education, religion, successive residences, dates of removals, names of business and other associates—again cross-references afford fuller information on each of these; the name of his wife, date of marriage, names, and other data of his children; dates of the death of any of the family, place of burial; names and histories of servants, employees, etc. At Berlin this *Meldewesen* department contains over 20,000,000 cards today, occupies 158 rooms, requires 290 employees, and is daily growing in size. The cards of names commencing with H alone take up ten rooms, S requiring seventeen.

What happens to any individual in Germany who fails to register can be seen in the working of the *Razzia* system, which is used as a complement to the *Meldewesen,* and which the police of Berlin proceeded to use in the case of the strangled under-secretary. The *Razzia* consists of police raids without warrants on gathering places of every kind and even on private dwellings.

Every person caught in such a raid is required to give a complete account of himself or herself. This account is checked up with the record in *Meldewesen*. If there is a discrepancy, it means anything from a fine, for a first offense for failing to register, to prison if it is repeated.

In this particular case the Berlin police raided Jungfernheide, an amusement park. Of the people there, three hundred could not give a clear account of discrepancies between their status then and what the *Meldewesen* showed. They were all arrested and a minute investigation of each case begun. Out of the three hundred sixty were found to be "wanted" by the police of other cities for various crimes. At the same time that this sifting was going on a special "murder commission," appointed to deal only with this particular case, was proceeding with coordinating investigations. Such a commission consisting of seven or eight men as a rule, but calling in as many others as necessary, usually includes three or four of the higher officials of the detective force, a police surgeon, a photographer, and one or two men from some highly specialized detective squad. There are thirty-one such squads, each sharply specialized. These squads are known by numbers and the classes of crimes they deal with. For instance: 1. Church thefts, counterfeiting, safe-breaking. 2. Thefts on stairs, streets, squares, hallways, cemeteries, gardens, lead pipes, zinc, etc. 6. Larcenies in flats, tenements, apartments. 7. Burglaries in flats, tenements, apartments. 11. Thefts of overcoats, umbrellas, canes, in restaurants, waiting rooms, institutions, etc. 24. Usury, postal frauds. 31. Perjury.

To the special commission in this case were added two members of a squad specializing on highway robberies and an expert on stranglers. These men sifted out the mountain of cards dealing with every individual who could even in the remotest way be suspected of a possible connection with the murder of Under-Secretary Rheinthal. Meanwhile forty-two individuals caught in the Jungfernheide were waiting in prison together with

other suspects arrested without warrant or charge. The search revealed that one of the women detained was the mistress of a man against whom were recorded in the police departments of two cities three former highway robberies and a burglary in which the victim was found nearly dead of strangulation, and through the elaborate system of records of the man's accomplices, friends, and family, he was finally caught. Once in the clutches of the police the celebrated method of "sweating" or "third degree," which includes every possible means of coercion, pinned the man to the crime itself and he confessed.

Clearly, then, what solved the Rheinthal mystery was a machine, which is what the German passion for organization produces, rather than a team, as in the case of Scotland Yard. With the Germans organization reduces its human elements to cogs and parts of an automaton. In England it binds human beings into a group, which retains initiative on the part of the individual and adds to it the increased competence of the group. In France organization is the minor fact, the individual is everything.

Aside from the emphasis which national and racial traits give to their different ways of man hunting, these things are also determined by the manner in which men are chosen in these countries to become detectives. In England the instinct is against the creation of a man-hunting class. Scotland Yard, therefore, looks for its raw material among the common people, preferably those near the soil. The Metropolitan Police send scouting teams into the country and offer sufficiently inviting terms to splendid physical specimens to join the police force of London. They investigate most carefully the moral character of the applicants, take the successful ones to London, and school them to become one of the world-famous force of "bobbies." Then if a man shows special aptitude for detective work he has to pass an examination, is given a special training in the detective school of Scotland Yard, and is allowed to work his

way up to the top of the system as fast as merit entitles him to promotion. Three elements in his education are constantly stressed—the jealously guarded right of every citizen to untrammeled freedom until sufficient evidence is available to justify arrest; the subordination of individual benefit to the good of the group; the duty of every individual to develop initiative and some degree of specialization.

In Germany the practice is to limit the detective force to men who have had at least nine years' training in the regular army. By the time a candidate becomes a member of the detective staff he is usually past the plastic stage of life and set in his ways. His army life has drilled every vestige of individuality out of him. He is confronted with a future in which he can rise only a grade or two, no matter how efficient he turns out to be. The higher ranks in the service can be reached only through a university training. The result is that the German detective can be depended upon only to follow a routine. It is a machine that the German system demands, rather than an organization.

In Vienna the detective system can draw on neither a people gifted with regimentalized efficiency, nor the individual efficiency of the Scotland Yard man or the French detective. Yet the man hunting done by the Vienna police equals in efficiency any other in Europe. For, in the professorial chairs, the laboratories, and the research departments of Austrian universities man hunting has attained its highest development. In Vienna it is not organization or the individual detective or a marvelous machine that hunts the criminal most successfully, but modern science with its microscope, chemical reagents, the orderly processes of inductive reasoning, carried out by professors, and a minimum contribution on the part of the professional detective.

Let us illustrate with the murder and robbery of a millionaire recluse who lived in a villa on the border of Wiener Wald. He was found dead in his barn, his skull crushed in with some blunt instrument which could not be found. The only clue left

by the murderer was a workman's cap. Dr. Gross in his celebrated work on criminal investigation, which is the most exhaustive study of the science of man hunting in existence, stresses the importance of hairs and dust as clues. The inside of the cap, therefore, was carefully examined and two hairs found, which were not those of the murdered man. These hairs were placed under the microscope, experts called in, and the following was ascertained as the description of the man to whom those hairs belonged: "Man about forty-five years old; robust constitution; turning bald; brown hair, nearly gray and recently cut." The cap was placed in a tough paper bag, sealed, and beaten with a stick as hard as possible. When it was opened again there was dust at the bottom of the bag. This dust was microscopically examined and chemically analyzed. Disregarding the elements that came obviously from the floor of the barn where the cap was found it was discovered that wood dust, such as is found in the shop of a carpenter, predominated. But there were also found minute particles of glue. The combination pointed to a wood joiner.

There was such a man living near the scene of the crime, who also answered to the description derived from the two hairs, a man of morose temperament rendered desperate by drink and poverty. A search of his premises for the instrument which might have caused the death of the murdered man yielded a hammer and two mortar pestles. The hammer with its octagonal nose was found incapable of inflicting the shape of the wound in the man's skull. The pestles fitted. There were two of them, an iron one rusted in spots and a polished brass one. The rust spots on the iron one were found on chemical analysis to be due to water. But under the metal polish of the brass pestle, when it was carefully scraped away, were found remnants of stains which on analysis and microscopic examination proved to be blood. By a system of reagents developed by Professor Uhlenhut the blood was found to be that of the murdered man.

After the investigation had proceeded a little further the murderer broke down and confessed his guilt.

Nothing is too small or insignificant to furnish clues to the Vienna school of laboratory detectives. The marks of teeth on a cigar holder left on the scene of the murder were found to indicate unusually long canines, a clue which led to the murderer. The dust found in pocket knives or clasp knives with which crimes had been committed brought many a criminal to justice wholly through laboratory methods.

The readiness of the German police to search, arrest, and detain citizens on the slightest ground, and the methods employed by the French police in extracting confessions from suspected persons vary fundamentally from the procedure followed in man hunting by the English. When a Scotland Yard man, backed with a warrant, makes an arrest he is compelled by law to say to his prisoner: "Do you wish to make any statement? I warn you that anything you say now may be used against you. You are not required to make any statement." It is generally acknowledged that a confession extorted from an accused would be barred as evidence in English courts. In contrast to this is the brilliant record made by a Paris detective in tricking arrested suspects into confessions. This man would cultivate the friendship of the accused, say, of murder. Outside of prison the detective would spend most of his time investigating not so much evidence of the prisoner's guilt but his grievance against the murdered man. Then one day he would rush into the accused man's cell, his face burning with indignation. "My friend!" he would exclaim. "I don't understand why you hesitate for one instant in confessing that you killed that snake! I am not a bad man myself. But if any man ruined my business and outraged the woman I love and did a tenth of the vile things that snake did to you, I would kill him and be proud of it!" "Is n't that so?" the accused would exclaim—and find himself betrayed.

In England a man's home is his castle and a detective is limited accordingly. No search can be effected, no arrest made without a warrant based on such evidence as will convince a judge in open court. In Berlin a police lieutenant boasted with truth to a student of European police methods: "I can have my neighbor arrested, his house searched, and the man detained in prison for twenty hours even if he is innocent as a lamb. And I can do it without a process beforehand or being made to answer for it afterward."

This free hand the German police has, together with the infinitely elaborate net in which the German public consents to live, gives its detectives a tremendous advantage over the English. A man's house in Germany is not his castle; an accused can be forced to testify against himself; the *habeas corpus* is not the institution it is in England. As Sir William Harcourt said: "You must not be surprised if the English police is sometimes foiled, baffled, or defeated. . . . It is the price England pays for a system which she justly prefers." On the other hand the German system does not necessarily argue a slavish people. The German is equally surprised at the English lack of the institution of the *Meldewesen* and other aids to the police. "What do people in England do to find where a certain criminal is?" a German asked in discussing the *Meldewesen.* "And why should I resent the *Meldewesen* when it operates to protect me against the criminal? Also suppose I want to find out the address of any man in Berlin or Dresden. For a small fee the police will get it for me. As for the right of search and arrest, well, an innocent man will not suffer long. In return he gets the protection of a system from which the criminal undergoes a maximum of insecurity."

As the criminal becomes more and more international in his operations, more and more cosmopolitan in his knowledge of the ways of man hunters, so the latter, too, are forced to become broader in their hunting methods. The science and some of

the organization technique of the Austrians and the Germans are being added to the equipment of Scotland Yard. Republican Germany, on the other hand, is modifying some of the autocratic police abuses established by an imperial regime. Paris police are working in close harmony with Scotland Yard and are assimilating from them some of the lessons of team work. Vienna is borrowing German organization and Scotland Yard emphasis on the selection of the raw material of its detective force and has surpassed Scotland Yard in the educational training it now gives its operatives. Some day there may even come true the dream of several visionaries among police chiefs—an international police headquarters in The Hague or in some other city from where man hunting in Europe will proceed on a world-wide scope and with the combined skill of all nations.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a full and careful exposition, using comparisons and summaries, on one of these topics:

The Life and Work of a Student in the Grades, in High School, and in College

The Life and Work of a Boy on the Farm, the Boy Who Is Clerk in a Store, and the Boy Who Has a Job with a Newspaper

The Life and Work of a Girl Who Is a Domestic Servant, the Girl Who Is a Stenographer, and the Girl Who Works in a Factory

The Influence upon a Boy (Girl) of Belonging to a Sunday School, the Boy Scouts (Campfire Girls), and the Public School

Three Types of Students: the Boy Who Must Make His Way through College, the Boy Who Has His Bare Expenses Paid, the Boy Who Has Money Lavished upon Him—What Each Gains and Each Loses

An Old and a New Method of Agriculture (with suggestions of possible developments in the future)

Various Means of Transportation, and the Advantages and Limitations of Each

An Old and a New Method of Answering Some Class of Human Needs (with suggestions of future developments)

Old and New Methods of Municipal Government
The Technique of Various Types of Research
Arguments for and against the Study of Latin and Greek
Studies That Will Be Most Useful to a Student Who Intends to Become a Lawyer (a Doctor, a Teacher, a Preacher, a Civil Engineer, a Business Man)
The Largest Living Wild Animals of North America (South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia)
Four Venomous Snakes of the United States
A Well-Balanced Diet (for students taking domestic science)
Five Epoch-Making Inventions
Eight Modern "Wonders of the World" (give reasons why they seem wonderful to you)
Some Laws That Ought to Be Enacted
Some Laws That Ought to Be Repealed
Six Stars (or Constellations) I Know and How I Can Tell Them
The Presidents of the United States Who Did Not Complete Their Terms of Office
My Choice for the American National Song (give reasons for your choice and for the rejection of other songs)
The Comparison of the National Songs of Three Countries
Five Old Songs That Everyone Knows (analyze why they are universally popular)
The Decisive Battles in American History
Why I Would (Would Not) Seek a Political Career
Arguments for and against the Compulsory Study of Mathematics
The Reasons Why Every Person Should Vote
Some Things I Would Have in a Utopia (tell why you think your suggestions would make living more ideal)
Why I Would Not Like to Live in a Utopia
The Kind of Philanthropy I Believe In
The Planets
Three of the Greatest Rivers of the World
Five of the Highest Mountain Peaks of the World
The History of the Names of the Months
The History of the Names of the Days of the Week
Interesting Nicknames of Some States (tell why they received these names)
My Three Favorite Breeds of Dogs
Some Unjust Criticisms of Rich Men.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE*

RUDYARD KIPLING

"An officer and a gentleman"

"Wee Willie Winkie" illustrates sustained narrative. That it may also illustrate the significance of point of view in narrative it is here told in two forms: first, in Kipling's original version, and secondly, in a derived version by a college student, Miss Irene Peterson. The two versions are printed on opposite pages in order that they may be compared in detail. Kipling tells the story from the standpoint of an outsider, Miss Peterson from the standpoint of Wee Willie himself. Miss Peterson is thus enabled to emphasize certain elements of child psychology which are forbidden to Kipling; on the other hand, despite her effort to follow his incidents as closely as possible, and to adhere to his order of facts, she is forced to forego some of his freedom in plot. Whether the story has gained or lost from the change in point of view is not to be rashly determined. Let the student weigh the full evidence and decide for himself.

His full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery-book, and that was the end of the christened titles. His mother's *ayah* called him Willie-*Baba,* but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the *ayah* said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was the Colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what Military Discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad, he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers so many chances to little six-year-olds of going wrong.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an

* From the Windsor Edition of Kipling's Works, George Sully & Co.

WEE WILLIE WINKLE

IRENE PETERSON

"An officer and a gentleman"

The writing of dialect always presents a difficult problem. If the attempt is made to represent the words exactly as they sound, they will likely be read with difficulty, and will certainly, if continued at any length, produce monotony. Some writers merely suggest the dialect; then let the reader supply it for himself. Of course this leads to inconsistency in spelling. It will be noted that Kipling is not absolutely consistent, and Miss Peterson, who is telling the entire story from the child's viewpoint, has introduced greater inconsistency. Since the value of the selection consists in its being a student's unaided production, it has not been edited in any way. Determine for yourself whether you prefer the story as it is now told or whether you prefer the dialect to be absolutely consistent throughout. Moreover, does a person speaking dialect always pronounce the same word the same way?

I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams. I used to be called Wee Willie Winkie. But vat's a silly name for a man. It was me started it, you know. From ve Winkie in the story what went "calling at ve windows." My muvver used to read it to me when I was a little boy.

You see, I 'm a soljer and my faver is the colonel of my wegiment. When I am good I have good pay and when I 'm bad my good-conduct badge is taked off and sometimes I 'm put under awwest. Lot of ve time I 'm bad and then my faver, who could even awwest Coppy if he wanted, makes me stay at my barracks a long time. But ven, there 's so much to do what 's fun for boys vat 's bad, you know.

But sometimes it 's more fun to be good. Like when I saw

(*Kipling Version*)

acquaintance, he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the Colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

"I like you," said he slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you *mind* being called Coppy? it is because of ve hair, you know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time, and then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of this habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the Commissioner's wife "Pobs"; but nothing that the Colonel could do made the Station forego the nickname, and Mrs. Collen remained Mrs. "Pobs" till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened "Coppy," and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in any one, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. "The Colonel's son" was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched, and in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances he had insisted upon having his long yellow locks cut short in the military fashion. "I want my hair like Sergeant Tummil's," said Wee Willie Winkie, and, his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on

(*Peterson Version*)

Coppy. I could go in the tea room or anywhere I liked cause I had n't chased ve hens round—I wanted to, vough, they act so silly and make such a funny noise—and I had a good-conduct badge. Coppy was in there drinking wiv my father and I watched him from ve door. He had his legs cwossed and he was awful tall. I liked him, and his hair, and when I knew I did I went over to him and said,

"I like you. I shall call you Coppy because of your hair." He looked at me like he did n't know what I said or else like he was kinda hurted; so I said, "Do you *mind* being called Coppy? it is because of ve hair, you know."

My faver said, "This is Leftenant Brandis, Winkie." But I liked Coppy better and he liked me and did n't care if I call him Coppy and the other off'cers called him Coppy too. He

[Kipling is freer to generalize about Wee Willie's habits and popularity than Wee Willie himself is. Therefore the narrative in Miss Peterson's version is here more concise.]

(*Kipling Version*)

Lieutenant Brandis—henceforward to be called "Coppy" for the sake of brevity—Wee Willie Winkie was destined to behold strange things and far beyond his comprehension.

Coppy returned his liking with interest. Coppy had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword—just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Coppy had promised him a terrier puppy; and Coppy had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more—Coppy had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap-box and a silver-handled "sputter-brush," as Wee Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one except his father, who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure, half so wise, strong, and valiant as Coppy with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Coppy be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing—vehemently kissing—a "big girl," Miss Allardyce to wit? In the course of a morning ride, Wee Willie Winkie had seen Coppy so doing, and, like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should also see.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppy ought first to be consulted.

"Coppy," shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern's bungalow early one morning—"I want to see you, Coppy!"

"Come in, young 'un," returned Coppy, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. "What mischief have you been getting into now?"

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days, and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

(*Peterson Version*)

letted me go over to his quarters by ve canal and I liked him better van ever. Even ve first time, he let me wear his own great bid sword vats most as high as me, and I looked just like a real big officer then. And besides he putted me on a chair where I could see him shaving. You have to be awful big to shave, you know, but Coppy says vat very soon *I* shall have a whole box of shiny knives and a silver soap box and a real sputter-brush and *I* shall shave, too. Like Coppy. Oh, I like Coppy. He is next strong to my father and he is not un-man-ly at all, very often. He is n't hardly as manly as my faver but ven *he 's* a colonel, you know, and Coppy is just a leftenant.

One morning when I was riding by ve canal ahead of ve groom, because I don't really need to be watched, I saw Coppy kissing a bid girl, kissing her hard. Of course, I went back so ve groom could n't see because—well, Coppy should n't have been kissing Major Allardyce's big girl at all:—even when nobody should see. It 's un-man-ly like crying over little fings, I fink. And ven I fought Coppy would n't like vat ve groom should see. I wanted to go and tell my father, but maybe Coppy oughted to know first vat I 'd seen him. So the after morning before breakfast even it was so early, I wode over to Coppy's.

"Coppy!" I called him when I was there—"I want to see you, Coppy."

Through ve window I could see Coppy eating his breakfast, and ve dogs—Coppy has the nicest dogs: he gived me a puppy after—vey was all round him. He saw me and called back.

"Come in, young 'un. What misch'ef have you been getting into now?"

I had had a good-conduct badge for free days so I did n't say anyfing till I got off my pony and sat down in Coppy's big chair like my faver does after a pawade when it 's hot and ven I said,

(*Kipling Version*)

"I 've been doing nothing bad," said he, curling himself into a long chair with a studious affectation of the Colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a tea-cup and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked:—"I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?"

"By Jove! You 're beginning early. Who do you want to kiss?"

"No one. My muvver 's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it is n't pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?"

Coppy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had with great craft managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

"I saw you," said Wee Willie Winkie calmly. "But ve groom did n't see. I said, *'Hut jao.'* "

"Oh, you had that much sense, you young Rip," groaned poor Coppy, half amused and half angry. "And how many people may you have told about it?"

"Only me myself. You did n't tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo ven my pony was lame; and I fought you would n't like."

"Winkie," said Coppy enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, "you 're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't understand all these things. One of these days—hang it, how can I make you see it!—I 'm going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she 'll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father."

"What will happen?" said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

(*Peterson Version*)

"*I've* been doing nothing bad." I tooked a cup of tea and when I was just going to drink—I could see Coppy over ve cup —I asked him,

"I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?"

"By Jove! You're beginning early," Coppy said and laughed. "Who do you want to kiss?"

I don't ever *want* to kiss any one and I told Coppy:

"No one. My muvver 's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn 't pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?"

Coppy did n't say anyfing. He just made his head all winkled and mussed his hair and looked at me like he did n't know what I had said.

"I saw you." I had to tell him. "But ve groom did n't see. I said, *'Hut Jao!'* "

"Oh, you had that much sense, you young rip," Coppy said and he sounded like he was angwy but wanted to laugh too. "And how many people may you have told about it?"

Coppy had forgotted, you know, vat I was a gentleman and an off'cer.

"Only me myself. You did n't tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo ven my pony was lame; and I fought you would n't like!"

Ven Coppy laughed and jumped up and shook my hand like I was bigger even van nearly seven and he said,

"Winkie, you 're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't understand all these things. One of these days—hang it— (He was excited, you know) how can I make you see it"—I *did* know all ve time—"I 'm going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she 'll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your mind is so san'lized at ve idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father."

He did n't sound like he wanted me to do vat, though.

"What will happen?" I asked him.

(*Kipling Version*)

"I shall get into trouble," said Coppy, playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

"Ven I won't," said Wee Willie Winkie briefly. "But my faver says it 's un-man-ly to be always kissing, and I did n't fink *you 'd* do vat, Coppy."

"I 'm not always kissing, old chap. It 's only now and then, and when you 're bigger you 'll do it too. Your father meant it 's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. "It 's like ve sputter-brush?"

"Exactly," said Coppy gravely.

"But I don't fink I 'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, 'cept my muvver. And I *must* vat, you know."

There was a long pause, broken by Wee Willie Winkie.

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Coppy?"

"Awfully!" said Coppy.

"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha—or me?"

"It 's in a different way," said Coppy. "You see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you 'll grow up and command the Regiment and—all sorts of things. It 's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. "If you 're

[Miss Peterson is freer than Kipling to show us the working of Wee Willie's mind. Has she, on the opposite page, made good use of this privilege?]

(*Peterson Version*)

Ven he looked so hurted and rumpled his hair more and said, "I shall get into trouble."

Coppy had keeped me out of trouble before and he is my friend; so of course I said, "Ven I won't." But Coppy should n't have done it anyway. I guess he did n't know it was n't pwoper. Maybe my faver never told *him,* so I did.

"But my faver says it 's un-man-ly to be always kissing, and I did n't fink *you 'd* do vat, Coppy."

Coppy lifted me up on ve table and put his hand on my shoulder like my faver does him sometimes and he told me,

"I 'm not always kissing, old chap. It 's only now and then, and when you 're bigger you 'll do it too. Your father meant it 's not good for little boys."

"Ah, it 's like ve sputter-brush?" I asked and ven I knew.

"Exactly!" said Coppy and lifted me down. But I did n't fink I 'd ever want to kiss big girls even when *I* was big. Not vem nor no one, 'cept my muvver. And I must *vat,* you know. But I kiss my muvver cause I love her and I did n't know why Coppy kissed Miss Allardyce. She was n't his muvver, but maybe he loved her anyway.

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Coppy?" I said to him.

"Auf'ly!" Coppy smiled and nodded his head.

Still Coppy did n't ought to care so much about girls and I did n't fink he did. "Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha—or me?" Coppy does like me, you know.

"It 's in a different way," Coppy 'splained. "You see, one of vese days Miss Allardyce will belong to me"—he was awful pwoud—"but you 'll grow up and command the regiment and—all sorts of things. It 's quite different, you see."

I knew then and I did n't ought to be gone so early and I was hungry for more van a cup of tea; so I got up and told Coppy,

"Very well. If you 're fond of ve big girl, I won't tell any

(*Kipling Version*)

fond of ve big girl, I won't tell any one. I must go now."

Coppy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding:—"You 're the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like—tell any one you like."

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Coppy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy's property, and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Coppy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "camp-fire" at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little hay-rick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment—deprivation of the good-conduct badge and, most sorrowful of all, two days' confinement to barracks—the house and veranda—coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering under-lip, saluted, and, once clear of

[Where has Miss Peterson sought an equivalent for Kipling's sentence about the secret of the engagement being dependent on the child's word?]

one. I must go now."

Coppy camed to ve door wif me and helped me on my pony—I can get on myself, though—. Ven he ruffled his hair again and when I was just going he said,

"You 're ve best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like—tell any one you like."

Every after day then I looked at Coppy's big girl every time I could see her. I looked at her all over. I did n't fink she was half as nice as my muvver. I could n't see why Coppy should wanted to kiss *her*. When I looked at her she would smile and her face would be pink like ve flowers by ve gate. I fink she thought I would tell, but Coppy knew I would n't cause I had pwomised, you know, and a gentleman *always* never bweaks a pwomise. I did n't like her much but ven she belonged to Coppy; so she must be precious like Coppy's sword and shiny pistol and so she must n't be hurted any at all. And he was *awful* fond of her, you know.

I knew no one at all but Coppy and me know vat Major Allardyce's big girl was going to belong to him and it 's fun to have a secwet all just wiv Coppy and I did n't do anyfing bad for free weeks. Ven one day I made the best camp-fire at ve bottom of our garden. It was so big ve sparkles just went way up and looked like wed stars. I did n't know vat some of them got on the hay till it was all burned and, oh! what a splen-did fire it was and I forgotted to run tell and when my faver found out he was angwy and he put me under awwest and tooked my good-conduct badge away, and for punis'ment he tole me to stay at my barracks—ve house and veranda are my barracks—for two days. I hate to be awwested and it hurted me and there was a funny fing in my froat, but I did n't cry. I was not un-man-ful. I just saluted and went to my room and I stayed all by me myself and even if I did feel awful cause

(*Kipling Version*)

the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery—called by him "my quarters." Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

"I 'm under awwest," said Wee Willie Winkie mournfully, "and I did n't ought to speak to you."

Very early the next morning he climbed on to the roof of the house—that was not forbidden—and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river—dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy—the almost almighty Coppy—had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big blue book, the history of the Princess and the Goblins—a most wonderful tale of a land where the Goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date it seemed to him that the bare black and purple hills across the river were inhabited by Goblins, and, in truth, every one had said that there lived the Bad Men. Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the Bad Men who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the Earth, lived the Bad Men. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders!

(*Peterson Version*)

I 'd lost my badge and was in disgwace, I only cried a little and nobody saw. Anyway Coppy camed after.

"I 'm under awwest," I told him, "and I did n't ought to speak to you." And he went in just a moment, but I felt better. He knowed I did n't mean to burn ve hay. I just liked ve fire, you see.

Ve after morning I waked up before even my *ayah* did and I did n't want to go to sleep any again so I dwessed me and got on ve roof of my house. I can see Coppy's from there and I wanted him. When I was there I saw Coppy's girl come riding on a big horse and I called her loud,

"Where are you going?"

"Acwoss ve wiver," she answered to me and before I could tell her any more she hitted ve horse and was way down ve road.

Now the wiver is on ve north of our cantonments. In winter there isn't any water at all in it, though. Ever since I first could wide my pony my faver and muvver and every one said I must n't *ever* go acwoss ve wiver. And not my faver or anybody, not even Coppy, who is not afwaid of anyfing, never goes over there. Acwoss there are hills black and purple like hills in the picture in my big blue book my muvver reads to me, where ve goblins lived and always they killed ve men and hurted ve pwincess till Curdie went and killed them all every one 'cause it was *his* pwincess, you know. And I bel'eved vat goblins lived in ve hills acwoss ve wiver too, and my faver and all the guards and every one *said* that bad men was there And did n't I know it was cause ve bad men shooted in windows and killed people if they can see, that all ve windows are cover'd on the bottom pawt?

And now Miss Allardyce was going there,—Coppy's big girl who must n't be hurted, and going acwoss where ve bad men surely lived and maybe goblins, too! And Coppy did n't know

(*Kipling Version*)

What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the Goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's Princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then—broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden-paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him in the hush of the dawn that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy groom handed him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib, and went out at a foot-pace, stepping on the soft mould of the flower-borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of Humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two ponies can do little against the long canter of a Waler. Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the corps, beyond the Police-post, when all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce a black speck, flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Coppy, in a tone of too-hastily-assumed authority, had told her over night that she must not ride out by the river And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

(*Peterson Version*)

she was going and ve bad men would carry her off, and Coppy was awful fond of her and he would feel awful bad if she was hurted and he would be angwy wif me if I letted her go, but I was under awwest and I did n't know what to do, at all. But I guessed she did n't know about what was over there and somebody had to tell her quick and only me was up and I had to hurry. So I went downstai's and ooh! but ve house was still and I made such a lot of noise, I fought. My faver would be angwy, I knowed, and I would be in disgwace but if I did n't Coppy's girl would be killed maybe or carried off and vat was worse. I knew Coppy would take care of anyfing vat was mine. So I bwoke my awwest and that was un-man-ly when I was on honor and I was a little afraid of my faver but I just had to, you see.

I went and got my pony and I said to ve groom,—he was so sleepy he did n't know hardly at all what I said—"I am going over to Coppy Sahib," because else maybe he would n't have let me go and I had to go after her fast. I started out slow and because I had to be still or some one would n't let me go, I made ve pony walk on the flowers and all spoiled them and I was sorry cause my muvver would be. When I was on ve road I leaned over ve pony's neck and just made him go as fast as I could, over ve wiver.

But Miss Allardyce was way 'head of me. She had a big horse what could go faster van my pony and she was clear by ve wiver before I was past ve guards. They was all asleep. Vey should n't have been, you see, but I was glad. I still whipped Jack and we went over ve wiver hard. Oh, but I was feeling funny 'cause I thought maybe ve goblins or ve bad man would come and take me even before I had made Miss Allardyce come back. I could just see her nearly by the hills. And that 's where the bad men were! I did n't see why she wanted to ride here cause it was all stony and dwy and black-ugly. When I 'd

(*Kipling Version*)

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the Waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having thus demonstrated her spirit, she wept copiously, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. "You did n't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardyce ruefully, ignoring the reproof. "Good gracious, child, what are *you* doing here?"

"You said you was going acwoss ve wiver," panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody—not even Coppy—must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard, but you would n't stop, and now you 've hurted yourself, and Coppy will be angwy wiv me, and—I 've bwoken my awwest! I 've bwoken my awwest!"

The future Colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Coppy. Coppy told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You did n't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I 've bwoken my awwest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. "I 've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a

nearly catched up wiv her, I saw her horse fall down hard and I guessed maybe she was killed or something bad and I kicked my pony harder and hurried up where she was on a rock holding her foot and crying.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" I asked her when I was close enough. "You did n't ought to be here."

She was so awful white but she sat up and said like she did n't know what I said or who I am or did n't care, "I don't know," and then she looked surprised like she 'd just seen me.

"Good gracious, what are *you* doing here?"

I jumped off my pony and sat down. I was tired and my bref was funny. I was angwy wiv her a little. She ought to know why I came but I told her anyway.

"You said you was going acwoss ve wiver and nobody—not even Coppy—must go here, and I came after you ever so hard; but you would n't stop, and now you 've hurted yourself; and Coppy will be angwy wiv me, and"—it *was* her fault you see, "I 've bwoken my awwest!" And it was so hard to be a man when you 've done somefing very un-man-ly I nearly cried, and even then Miss Allardyce did n't understand me and so she asked me,

"Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Coppy. Coppy tole me so!" I could n't help finking vat was why I had bwoken my awwest. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You did n't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I 've bwoken my awwest!"

She twied to get up but she gwoned and nearly cried again.

"I can't move, Winkie," she said. "I 've hurted my foot. What shall I do?"

And then she did twy just like a silly girl ven anyfing hurts a

(*Kipling Version*)

sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you 've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed towards the cantonments.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man coming—one of ve Bad Men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must *always* look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey 'll come and look for us. Vat 's why I let him go."

Not one man but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the Goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden, he had seen the picture, and thus had they frightened the Princess's nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the bastard Pushto that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be the Bad Men. They were only natives after all.

They came up to the bowlders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the Dominant Race, aged six and three quarters, and said briefly

(*Peterson Version*)

little and it was only half as bad for her as me. I had bwoken my awwest! I felt bad 'cause my awwest was bwoken and Coppy said sometimes mans cried ven they did things like vat.

"Winkie," she said to me, "when you 've wested a little, wide back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully." She meant her foot and she shut her eyes and was most terrible white.

Ven I saw a man coming! Just like ve goblin in ve picture in my book, vat comed out from ve hills. I could have got on my pony and went home hard, but of course, I could n't go and leave a girl to ve bad men and I could n't get her home alone. Ven I thought: ve pony could go home! So I tied the weins on to Jack and hit him hard wiv ve whip and he jumped and started back on a big wun.

Miss Allardyce saw me and she said a little afwaid and a little angwy, "Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?" She was badly frightened. She had n't seen ve bad man coming.

"Hush!" I told her. "Vere 's a man coming—one of ve bad men. I must stay wiv you. My father says a man must *always* look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey 'll come and look for us. Vat 's why I let him go."

I looked to see if the man was coming and ver was free of vem! Vey just came sneaking from one wock to ve next. Then I heard them talking and I could tell what they said. One of ve grooms who my faver had sent away 'cause he was bad used to talk like vat. I was n't afwaid any no more. Men vat talked like vat couldn't be ve bad men—they were just natives!

I looked and saw Jack go over ve wiver. No, ve wegiment would soon come! What man would be scared of any ol' native now, even if he *was* ugly or had a gun?

I waited till vey were close and now vere was twenty or lots of vem; then I stood on a big wock by Coppy's big girl and folded my arms like my faver does and as hard as I could

(*Kipling Version*)

and emphatically *"Jao!"* The pony had crossed the river-bed.

The men laughed, and laughter from natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart. Other men with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns crept out of the shadows of the hills, till, soon, Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the Colonel's son is here with her."

"Put our feet into the trap?" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you—I, the Colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These *were* the Bad Men—worse than Goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's *ayah,* would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future Colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

(*Peterson Version*)

I said "*Jao!*" Ve pony was home, you know.

Ve men laughed and white mans *never* lets a native laugh and vey made me angwy. More of them came and some had funny crooked guns and all had awful knives and they sneaked and crawled like cats among ve wocks. When Miss Allardyce saw them all she screamed. But she was just a girl and vey *was* awful ugly. But I was there. Vey could n't have hurted her.

"Who are you?" one of them said to me.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the Colonel's son is here with her." But even after I had told them vey would n't go. They laughed again and one said, "Put our feet into the trap? Hear this boy's speech!" I did n't know what trap he meant, but I wanted them to hurry and I knowed how natives liked money; so I told vem,

"Say that I sent you—I, the Colonel's son. They will give you money."

One man I could n't see in ve crowd said, and he was angwy I could tell and bad, too,

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask a ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights."

Oh, ven I knew they were ve bad men after all! Worse bad men van goblins even. I was fwightened and I *might* have cried only it 's more un-man-ly to cry when natives, even bad-men natives, see you van it is to bweak an awwest. Anyway my wegiment would soon come, I knowed. Ve pony had gone home.

"Are you going to take us away?" I asked and I felt like I was very empty. If they did take us in ve hills how could ve

(*Kipling Version*)

"Yes, my little *Sahib Bahadur,*" said the tallest of the men, "and eat you afterwards."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly,—"And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Speech in any vernacular—and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three—was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's" aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying:—"O foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let them go both, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breast-bone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child they will fire and rape and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that this child is their God, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the Colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "wegiment," his own "wegiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

. . . . . .

(*Peterson Version*)

wegiment find us? I felt very funny.

"Yes, my little *Sahib Bahadur,*" ve very tallest man said and made a bad face at me, "and eat you afterwards."

He thought I must be very little and silly. "That is child's talk," I said so he would know I was *not* foolish. "Men do not eat men."

They all yelled and laughed again but I did n't care—I knew vey would n't do *vat.*

"And if you *do* carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Then another of the men started to talk and when they kept still I saw vat it was ve groom my faver had sent away. *He* was frightened and he said,

"O foolish men! What this babe says is true." *Of course* it was true, but I 'm *not* a baby. "He is the heart's heart of those white troops." (He meant vey like me.) "For the sake of peace let them go both, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils." They are n't, you know; they 're the best wegiment in ve world. "Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that this child is their god, and they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

That was just what I had told them. I knew what my regiment would do if they hurted us.

Then they all talked at once and they was mad and yelled and everything. I stood by Miss Allardyce and waited. I wanted vem to talk till the wegiment had time to come and surely I knew my own best wegiment would come if they knew and vey would hurry too! While vey was quaweling and did n't

(*Kipling Version*)

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the Colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade-ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play Spoil-five till the afternoon. Devlin, the Color Sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack-rooms, kicking up each Room Corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! There 's something happened to the Colonel's son," he shouted.

"He could n't fall off! S'elp me, 'e *could n't* fall off," blubbered a drummer-boy. "Go an' hunt acrost the river. He 's over there if he 's anywhere, an' maybe those Pathans have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd don't look for 'im in the nullahs! Let 's go over the river."

"There 's sense in Mott yet," said Devlin. "E Company, double out to the river—sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt-sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring Sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the Colonel finally overtook E Company, far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river-bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's Bad Men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a look-out fired two shots.

"What have I said?" shouted Din Mahommed. "There is the warning! The *pulton* are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills, silently as they had appeared.

"The wegiment is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie confidently to Miss Allardyce, "and it 's all wight. Don't cwy!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his

SUSTAINED LITERARY EFFORT

(*Peterson Version*)

[Because of having Wee Willie's point of view Miss Peterson cannot show us the scene at the barracks. She gives us more fully, however, the emotions of the child when the first shots are fired.]

know just what to do, I fink, there was two shots! First I was more frighted—maybe vey were going to shoot us and I wanted to run, but Miss Allardyce could n't and they would catch us anyway and then Din Mahommed, vat was ve groom, shouted,

"What have I said? The *pulton* are out already and are coming across ve plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

And then I looked and I could see men coming. Vey were doubling hard, too, and some on horses. Ve bad men waited a minute and ven vere was another shot just like ve first and all went back in the hills just like goblins—quick and still. I knew vey could still see us but I could n't see them. When vey was all gone I looked at Miss Allardyce and she was crying and I said,

"The wegiment is coming, and it is all wight. Don't cwy!"

(*Kipling Version*)

[Note that Kipling can be more concise, has fewer threads to gather up, at the end of the story. Review the two versions with reference to the differing stages in the narrative at which certain information is conveyed.]

father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap.

And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse-sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the Colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Coppy," said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I *knew* she did n't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home."

"You 're a hero, Winkie," said Coppy—"a *pukka* hero!"

"I don't know what vat means," said Wee Willie Winkie,

(*Peterson Version*)

But she kept on and I cried a little, I was so glad, you know; and my faver says it 's not un-man-ly to cry when you are awful glad.

Then pretty soon my men came; mostly they did n't have coats or hats on and my faver came on a horse and his face was white and he could n't talk cause he sounded like he had somefing in his froat. And the men—some laughed and some yelled or swore and some took Miss Allardyce careful on their horses and my faver put me on in fwont of him and he was so big and stwong and I was so glad 'cause *nobody* could hurt me when *he* had me, not even goblins or bad men.

And ven we met Coppy. He was on a horse all white, he had wode so fast; and Coppy kissed me, right where ve men could see, just like I was a baby or a girl! Coppy had a bad way of kissing!

But my faver, after Miss Allardyce told him about ve bad men, hugged me and said he was n't angwy 'cause I 'd bwoken my awwest and vat as soon as my muvver could put it on my sleeve I could have my good-conduct badge back! And he sounded awful pwoud when he told me so. Men *can* bweak their awwest when they have to look after a girl, 'specially when she belongs to your bestest friend like Coppy, and if she is in twouble or goes acwoss ve wiver, you know.

Coppy looked all like he did n't all know and still afraid. I pointed to Miss Allardyce and said so *he 'd* know why I had to do it,

"She belonged to you, Coppy. I *knew* she did n't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come if I sent Jack home."

"You 're a hero, Winkie," Coppy said and he sounded choked —"a *pukka* hero!"

"I don't know what vat means" I said to him; but if I was a hero I was a man, so I told him, "but you must n't call me

(*Kipling Version*)

"but you must n't call me Winkie any no more. I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams."

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Find a notable short story that might be bettered, or at least given a different effect, if told from another point of view. Retell it from this point of view, making no unnecessary changes.

(*Peterson Version*)

Winkie any no more. I 'm Percival Will'am Will'ams." Winkie was such a silly name, you know. 'Specially for a hero.

And do you know why she went acwoss ve wiver? *'Cause Coppy told her not to!* And she is fond of him, too. I fink girls are very funny. 'Specially big girls.

I can go over to Coppy's any time I want to now and he lets me wear his big sword and shiny pist'ls every time. I never go acwoss ve wiver any no more, though. And Coppy lets me take his sputter-brush and all ve officers calls me my wight name. Some day soon I 'll shave and be Colonel of my wegiment. My faver and Coppy say so. And I like Mrs. Coppy better, too. I 'm a *weal* man now, you know. I 'm Percival Will'am Will'ams.

(Whether or not you improve the story, your painstaking study of the author's method will be of value to you.)

2. Tell an original story from the point of view that seems, on the whole, best. Consider carefully another possible point of view, and make a list of its advantages and disadvantages as compared with the first.

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(Arranged According to Kinds of Composition)

For an arrangement of the Contents upon a different basis see pages xi-xviii. In both tables the arrangement is now and then a little arbitrary, since some of the selections if emphasized or interpreted in a slightly different way could well be placed under other heads than those to which they are assigned.

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